Collier's

November 23, 1940

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ov. 23, 1940

A gift of finest quality

SHEAFFER'S

for every occasion!

Whenever a gift occasion comes along, haven't you always wanted to give the very finest gift of its kind—to express your fine sentiment? And isn't it always just too bad to discover that the finest usually costs more than the budget allows? Be of good cheer! The finest writing gift on earth is the handsome Sheaffer's *Lifetime** Feathertouch. It will serve daily, and recall you to mind, when frivolous gifts—costing the same—are worn out. When matched with Sheaffer's new permanently sharp Fineline pencil, you give the finest—at the price of the commonplace!

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO., FT. MADISON, IA. • TORONTO, ONT., CANADA

Lady Sheaffer Lifetime Ensemble, Carmine color, in white gift box at left—$12.25. Statesman Lifetime Ensemble, Marine Green color, in gift box below—$14.00. Individual Fineline pencil "in working togs"—$1.00. Fineline double length leads—15c and 25c. Brown Onyx Desk Set with Lifetime Pen—$12.50. Chemopure Skrip—15c and 25c.

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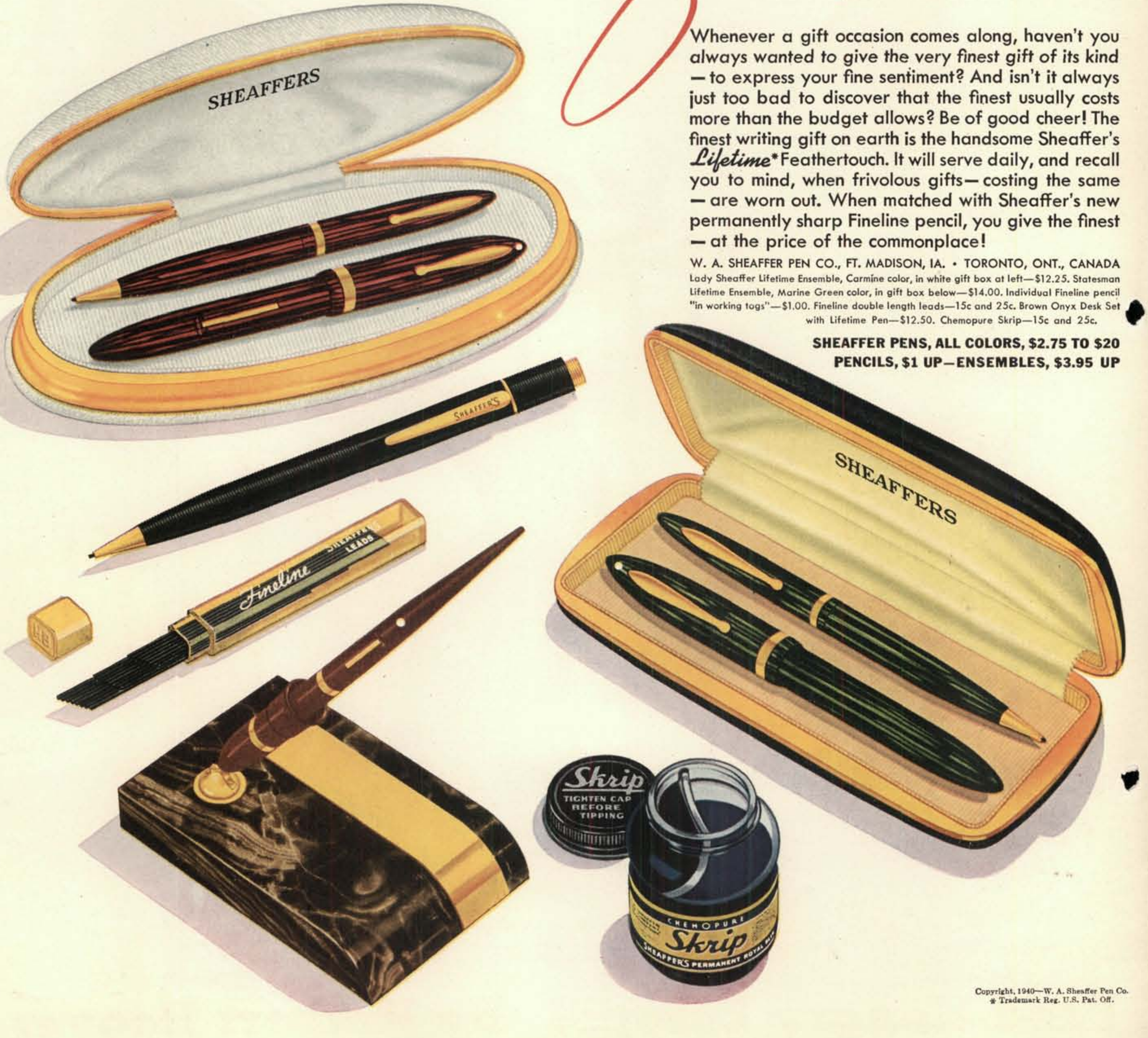
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Tired? Half Frozen?

LOOK OUT FOR A COLD!

Gargle LISTERINE

when you reach home!

There's nothing like one of those late season stubborn games played in miserable weather to soften you up so that a cold or sore throat may find you easy pickings. Everybody knows that after such games these troubles shoot up.

Amazing Germ Killing Power

The next time you go, remember to get warm as quickly as possible when you reach home and to gargle with full strength Listerine Antiseptic.

This prompt and pleasant precaution may head off an on-coming cold, or help control one that has already started.

Listerine Antiseptic kills by millions certain bacteria on throat surfaces . . . bacteria associated with colds and simple sore throat. Tests showed germ reductions ranging to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after.

These germs, harmless enough under ordinary circumstances, often invade the throat membranes and set up an infection when body resistance is lowered. And resistance may weaken under the chill, the dampness, the fatigue, the emotion and strain of a football game.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds for Garglers

So we repeat, when you reach home, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic every two hours. It's a sensible precaution to take.

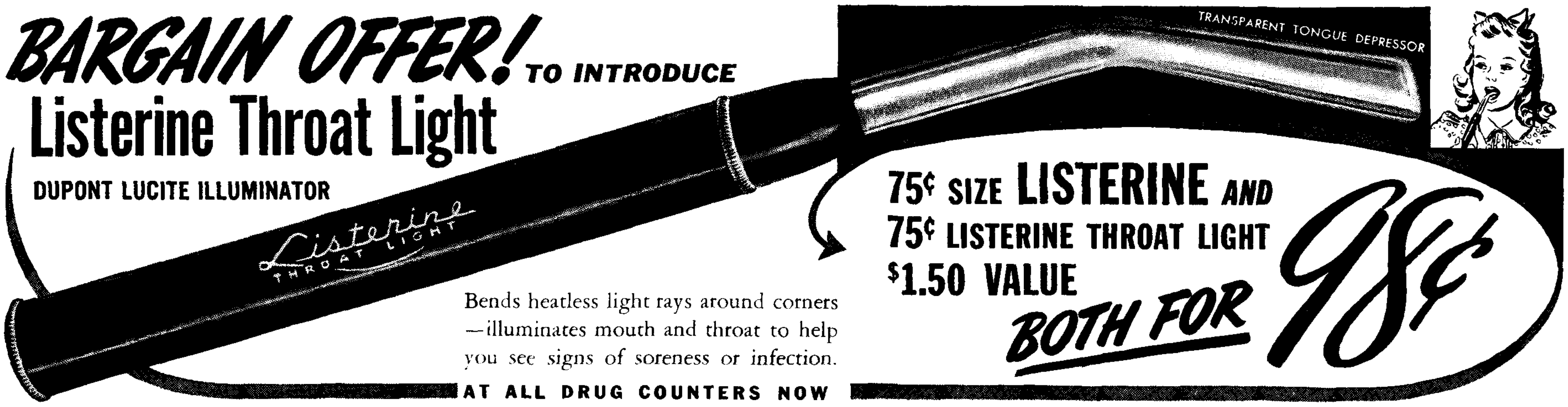
Remember that in tests made during 9 years of research, regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, colds of shorter duration than non-users.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

BARGAIN OFFER! **TO INTRODUCE**

Listerine Throat Light

DUPONT LUCITE ILLUMINATOR



Bends heatless light rays around corners —illuminates mouth and throat to help you see signs of soreness or infection.

75¢ SIZE LISTERINE AND
75¢ LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT
$1.50 VALUE
BOTH FOR 98¢

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NOVEMBER 23, 1940

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COVER ALAN FOSTER

ANY WEEK

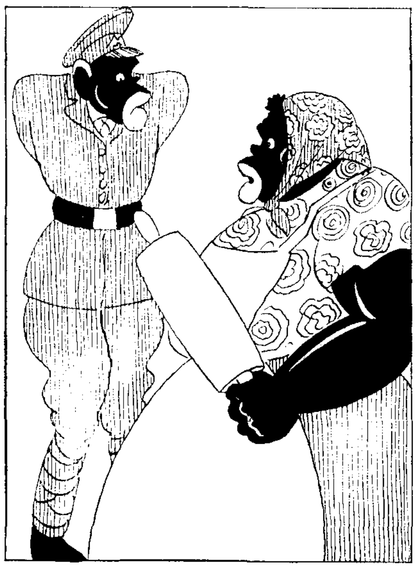
A WOMAN we know who's the successful head of a thoroughly successful business was called up not long ago by a young man who had typewriters to sell. She says it was a young voice, anyway. "Listen," said he, without the customary ceremonies of name and so on, "listen. Do you want to buy any typewriters?" A bit startled, she said that she didn't at the moment. "But who are you?" she asked. "Suppose I did want a few typewriters? Isn't it a bit unusual to—" But he had no time to waste. "Okay, okay," he replied. "You don't want any typewriters so what's it to you who I am? This is a business call and, anyway, I was just married two weeks ago." She says that she can't get that young voice out of her ears and is beginning to believe that she could do with a few new typewriters. Well, maybe he reads Collier's.

EVEN more bewildered, and for a wholly different reason, is Mr. Bruce Hutchinson of Victoria, British Columbia. Mr. Hutchinson is a journalist. Not long ago he addressed twelve hundred members of the Woman's Canadian Club in Vancouver. "I talked for an hour," says Mr. Hutchinson. "It was a most commonplace speech about the state of the nation. In it I said nothing that I have not written a thousand times. I said nothing that hasn't appeared in every newspaper in the country. I said nothing that shouldn't be familiar to every literate Canadian. When I had finished, the ladies told me that they were interested indeed to get all these hitherto undisclosed facts, and where on earth did I hear all this new stuff? What I wonder now is how people spend their spare time. What do they read? Don't they remember what they've read and heard so many times? And what a state the nation has reached when people gather around to listen to fellows like me!"

WE THINK that Mr. Hutchinson is *too easily discouraged.* Sometimes we hope to call on Mr. W. H. Stinehouse of Los Angeles, California, and take Mr. Hutchinson with us. Fifty years ago Mr. Stinehouse received a raft of political propaganda glorifying both Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland. He saved it. He has collected and saved similar ballyhooing ever since. He assures us that nothing new has been said in any of it and "I have copied a lot of these booklets and speeches, omitting the names of the candidates, and I defy you to identify them. Better men than you have tried it and you may be surprised to learn that I have won more than three hundred dollars betting that my callers can't give me the date or the candidate. The only break in the sameness was the stuff sent out for President Franklin Roosevelt, and that sounded a little bit like William Jennings Bryan."

WE stopped off in Washington, bound for El Paso, to see a gentleman who has been giving about sixteen hours a day to the business of registering the country's youth for military training. He was pretty tired. We asked him how he liked his job. "Fine, fine," he shouted, "but it's getting me down." Then: "I never knew there could be so many men in one country who were young and nothing else."

LATER, in Atlanta, we got to talking to a Japanese gentleman who, too, has been in Washington. He was a little alarmed by all the war talk he'd heard. "I should like to say," said he, "that if America insists upon fighting Japan she should at least await her turn. At the present moment Japan is very busy in China and it is my opinion that we shall be engaged with those difficult peoples for some time to come. I am sure that the courtesy of the American government will take care of this. I'm sure, too, that Japan is far too busy to travel seven thousand miles for additional trouble, particularly in that the American people offer us no guarantee of victory. Please, as they say, the line forms to the left."



AND a Mr. Cherell of New Orleans, Louisiana, told us that the son of his cook showed up one afternoon looking very well indeed in the uniform of the United States Army. His mother looked him over without enthusiasm, however. "Guess it's all right, all right," she said, "but lemme tell you one thing, Ellick: If I ketch you goin' up nawth to Europe and muxin' with that white man's war, I'm goin' to whale you good the minute you come home. Ise dawg-tired gittin' you outa trouble with the police."

IF Mrs. S. Y. Throgg of St. Paul, Minnesota, had any children they would not be permitted to read this magazine. And Mrs. Throgg admits that it would be a great pity because, says she, she'd "hate to do without it herself." But Mrs. Throgg says that she's middle-aged and has fixed convictions which even we cannot upset. "What I mean is," writes she, "that too many of the men writing for you drink. They not only drink but they confess to it in their stories and articles. I have cut out twelve instances where men writing your articles say that they had drinks with people they met. This is a bad influence on children, especially children just growing up. Adolescent children regard writers and illustrators as heroes, and many hope to be writers and illustrators. Therefore, this habit of your writers admitting that they drink with people they meet is unpardonable."

NOT that we disagree completely with Mrs. Throgg but her letter recalls something we heard the late Mr. Lew Beatty say a long time ago. Mr. Beatty was a wise old man even then, and a very tolerant one. He was our first boss, the city editor of a Philadelphia paper. One day Mr. Beatty had an important assignment and was looking around for a high-priced reporter who had been imported from New York but who had not lived up to his dazzling New York reputation. Presently someone came in and told Mr. Beatty that the star was drunk. "Well," sighed Mr. Beatty, "it's nice to know that he can be depended upon for something."

IN Dallas, Texas, we met a Doctor Brennish who was preparing to get very busy examining young men for Army duty. He told us that our borning draft Army is seven eighths of an inch taller and five pounds heavier per man than the conscripts of 1917. Wiser, too. He said that the drafted men of 1917 had almost no idea what it was all about, but these lads know practically everything about international politics. We thought that was fine but the doctor said he didn't know. "It isn't good to have a soldier know too *much," he said. "The more they know* the less they're inclined to blind obedience and faith. These boys are pretty independent. But maybe a little pick-and-shovel work will take care of it."

WE WERE told, too, that the new army may hire civilian labor to do Kitchen Police. But the Army officer who told us warned us against laying it to coddling or any softness in the soldiers. "The men will be too busy learning mechanization to waste time paring potatoes and playing waiter. Of course, a lot of the old-timers are sniffing a good deal—but then they always do. And it isn't true that we're going to have floor shows in the mess halls. That's fifth-column propaganda."

SO STOP sniffing. W. D.

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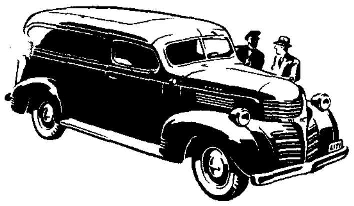

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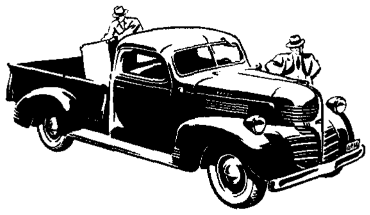

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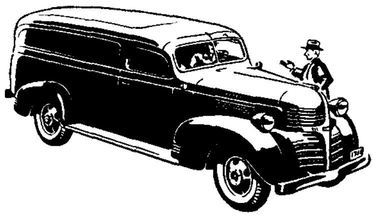

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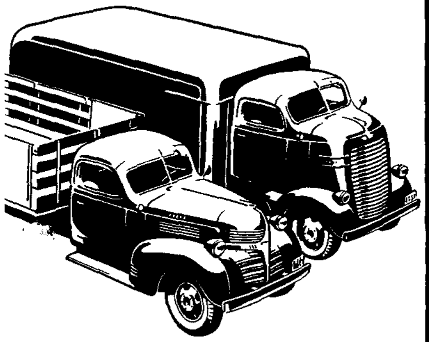

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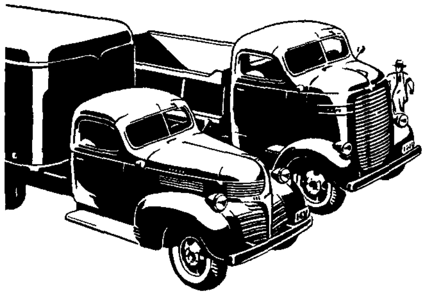

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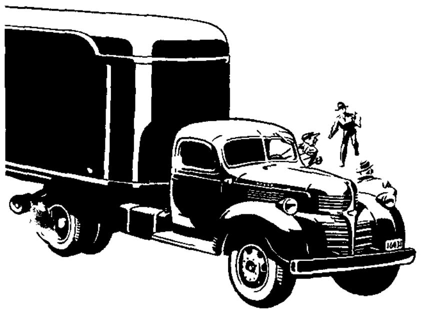

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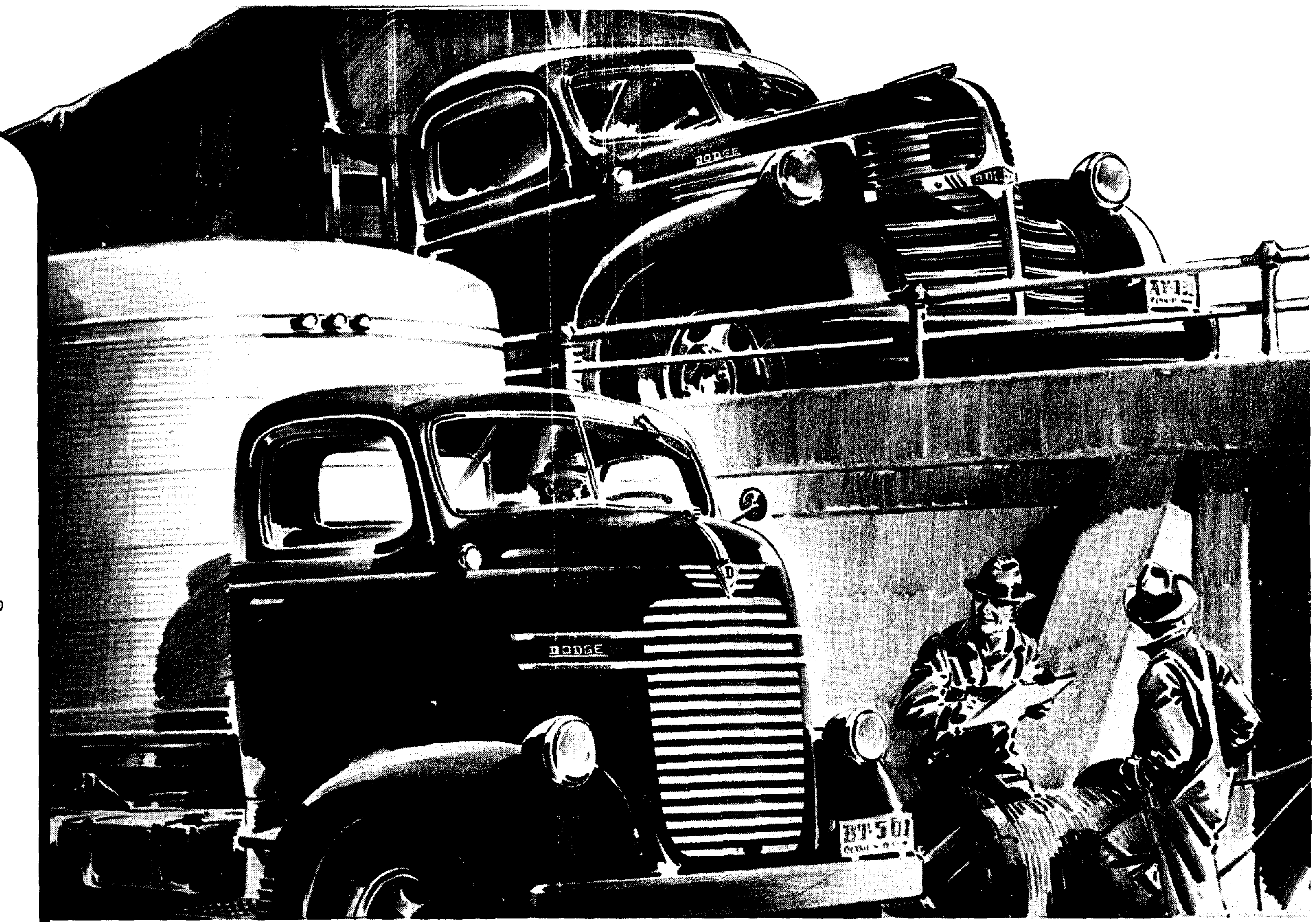
SEE YOUR DODGE DEALER FOR A GOOD DEAL ON RELIABLE USED TRUCKS, TOO!



NEW 1941 DODGE *Job-Rated* TRUCKS

they've got what it takes to cut your hauling costs

OF COURSE you're interested when we say, "Here's a truck that will lop off dollars of expense for you."

Naturally, you want to know why . . . and how!

Part of the answer is in the chart (at right). That's what Dodge means by "Job-Rated" trucks.

The rest of the answer is something that Dodge has been doing now for over a quarter of a century . . . *building dependable quality motor transportation.*

These new 1941 Dodge *Job-Rated* trucks are simply the result of a tremendous accumulation of knowledge and experience on how to build trucks *right*. For example: The *right* kind of fine quality steel for each part according to the work the part must do; the *right* "heft" or weight for each part . . . strength to "take it" . . . and *keep taking it* so you won't have to go to the expense of replacing it.

Precision-made watches? Well . . . you ought to see the way they "precision-build" a Dodge *Job-Rated* truck! Actually, watch-makers use some of the processes employed by Dodge.

It all adds up to this: You save money with a *better quality* truck . . . with a truck that fits your job.

See your Dodge dealer now! Get the rest of this interesting money-saving story from him . . . including his recommendation for the right Dodge *Job-Rated* truck for your job!

DODGE DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

HERE'S WHY

A TRUCK THAT FITS YOUR JOB *SAVES YOU MONEY!*

Trucks too small for your job or too large for your job are costly.	Dodge builds 112 standard chassis and body models—one to fit your job.
Trucks that are underpowered or overpowered are wasteful.	Each Dodge *Job-Rated* truck has the *right* one of 6 different truck engines.
Trucks with the *right* sized units throughout last longer on your job . . .	Each Dodge truck has the *right* one of many clutches, transmissions, rear axles, etc.
What you pay for trucks is important . . . but what you get for what you pay is even more important.	Dodge *Job-Rated* Trucks are **PRICED WITH THE LOWEST** for Every Capacity

DEPEND ON DODGE* *Job-Rated* TRUCKS

½-¾-1-1½-2-3-TON CAPACITIES . . . 112 STANDARD CHASSIS AND BODY MODELS ON 18 WHEELBASES **Job-Rated* MEANS: A TRUCK THAT FITS YOUR JOB

FLORSHEIM GIFT CERTIFICATE
PRESENTED WITH HOLIDAY GREETINGS AND BEST WISHES
DATE
THE Florsheim SHOE
FOR A PAIR OF Florsheim SELECTED FROM OUR STOCK
RETAILING AT A VALUE NOT IN EXCESS OF DOLLARS
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NOT TRANSFERABLE OR REDEEMABLE IN CASH

Your Florsheim Dealer Has the Right Gift For A Merry Christmas and A Happy Shoe Year

The HIGHLAND
The DEARBORN

Make your Christmas gift this year truly a remembrance—one that will recall with every step the pride, the comfort, the style leadership that are as exclusively Florsheim as the shield on the sole. The important man on your list deserves an important gift; give him a Florsheim gift certificate! *Most Styles* $8.95 *and* $10

THE Florsheim SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company, Mfrs., Chicago • Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In 16th-century England, numerous persons who owned oil paintings of themselves employed an artist, at intervals of from ten to twenty years, to bring the picture up to date by aging the features and the hair and by changing the clothes to those of the prevailing style.—*By Ellen Baker, Portland, Oregon.*

Constantinople was 1,600 years old and had a million inhabitants before it named its streets and numbered its houses in 1916; Richmond, Virginia, long famed as a great cultural center, was 191 years old and had about 200,000 residents before it established its first public library in 1924; and the telephone was fifty-one years old before one was installed on the desk of the President of the United States in 1929.

The only strict regulation in the prison in Loanda, Portuguese West Africa, is that which requires the inmates, who are allowed to work about the town during the day, to be "home" at seven o'clock sharp so they will not be late for their dinner.

Buddhist priests in the monasteries in the Kalmuck district of Russia wear an amulet made of the teeth of small children as a safeguard against the allure of women.

The parrot is the only bird that holds its food in its claw while eating; the silkie is the only chicken that has a coal-black skin; and the hummingbird is the only bird that can fly forward, backward, up, down and sideways, or poise in the air, with equal ease.

In Iwakura, Japan, and Gheel, Belgium (before the outbreak of the present war), every family was paid by the government to keep and protect one or more insane persons. Under this method of care patients were treated as members of the household and, in most cases, allowed to go visiting and shopping alone.

The plant whose flowers and leaves produce marijuana, the narcotic, has many legitimate uses. The fiber is employed in the making of cloth, floor covering, cordage, paper and hats; the seeds are used as bird food; the seed oil enters into the manufacturing of paints, varnishes, soaps and pharmacal emulsions, while the seed residue is employed as fertilizer and livestock feed.

Of all the states, Nevada has the smallest population, is the most sparsely settled and most arid. Furthermore, it has the smallest percentage of privately owned land, more than two thirds of it still being in the possession of the United States government.

In the West River in the Kwangsi province of China, the current is so strong that shoals of fish frequently have to rest on the leeward side of natural and artificial piles of rocks in the middle of the stream, where they are easily caught in nets. Consequently, these piles are very valuable to fishermen, who buy and sell them for as much as $5,000 in local money.—*By Dale Holcomb, Greenville, Illinois.*

Throughout Europe for many centuries, inanimate objects that caused the accidental death of a person were placed on trial and destroyed if found guilty. Less than ten years ago in Madrid, a gun that had fatally shot a Spanish army officer was court-martialed, convicted of murder and "executed."

The physical differences between man and woman extend even to the surface of their skulls. The male skull is marked by numerous ridges, asperities and prominences, while that of the female is delicate and smooth.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Can a typewriter help your child to think?

YOUR FIRST impulsive answer is probably..."No."

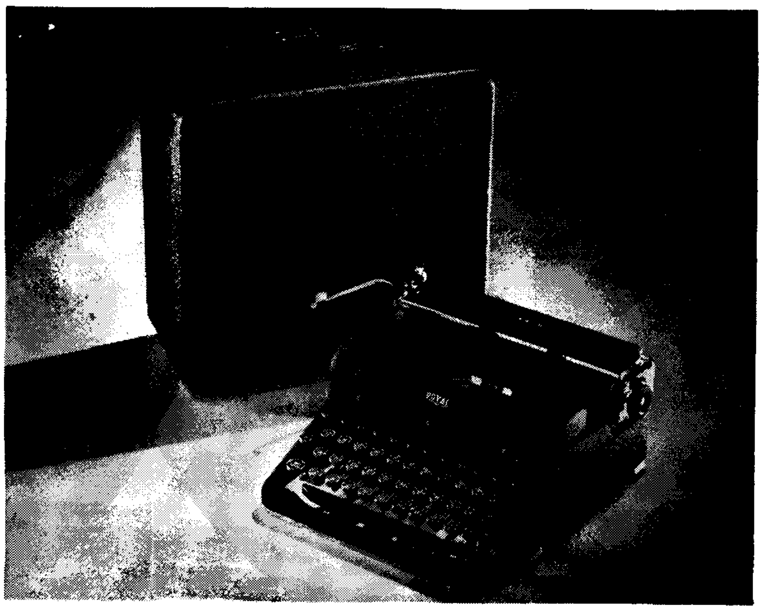
The correct answer is . . . Yes!

Modern educators and psychologists have found, through thousands of tests in the nation's schools, that "typewriter" children do better work . . . get from 10% to 30% higher grades in many subjects . . . than those who rely on the old-fashioned method—longhand.

Why? Because the greater speed and ease of typing free your child's energy for *thinking* . . . give wings to his eager mind.

Moreover, when your child finishes school, his knowledge of typing will be a valuable aid in *scores* of professions . . . and it can be a career in itself. The average child readily learns to type faster than he can *write!*

Don't blame the child entirely! He learns from the printed page. Yet he does his homework in *longhand.* Spelling . . . punctuation . . . grammar—all suffer in the translation from one medium to the other. Not so when homework is done on a typewriter! Typewritten work offers *direct comparison* with the printed page.



ROYAL ARROW MODEL—$54.50. OTHER ROYAL PORTABLES FROM $34.50 TO $64.50

But why should you buy a Royal for your child? Because Royal is the one and only Portable that is actually a *replica* of a standard office typewriter. In durability, looks, method of operation. Royal alone has a keyboard *identical* with that on a standard office machine. (One reason why typing teachers recommend the Royal for home use.)

This Royal Portable contains those same famous features which have helped make the full-sized Royal the World's Number One typewriter: MAGIC* Margin (just flick the lever and your margin's set) . . . Touch Control*, which automatically adjusts key tension to your particular touch . . . dust-proof construction . . . locked bob-less shift, which saves eye-strain, cuts down noise—these are only a few of the many exclusive Royal advantages.

Each Royal Portable includes the Royal "Self Teacher," at no extra cost. Through its use, even a 10-year-old can learn to type.

Yet the Royal costs no more than other portables! And your typewriter dealer is authorized to sell you a Royal for as little as $3 down and $3 a month . . . no more than the cost of *renting one!* Write to Royal, 2 Park Avenue, New York City, for a free trial in your home.

Royal Portable

The only STANDARD Typewriter in PORTABLE Size

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PHILCO brings you a new kind of Radio-Phonograph!

See and hear the 1941 PHILCO RADIOS, RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS and AUTO RADIOS FROM \$9.95 TO \$395 ...at your Philco dealer!

NO NEEDLES TO CHANGE
RECORDS LAST TEN TIMES LONGER
GLORIOUS NEW PURITY OF TONE

Plays any Phonograph Record on a "BEAM OF LIGHT"!

NEW TILT-FRONT CABINET . . . *No lid to raise . . . no unhandy compartment!*

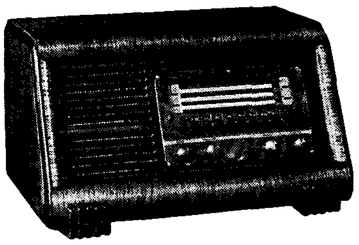
The new Philco *"Beam of Light"* Radio-Phonograph is the new sensation of the radio world! Lovers of recorded music everywhere have hailed it as the first basic improvement in record reproduction since the phonograph was invented. Based on *modern* scientific discoveries, it brings you new delights in radio and recorded music which you enjoy for the first time . . . and *only in a Philco!*

It's needless, now, to change needles, to put up with surface noise and record wear, to fuss with lids, doors and clumsy compartments. In the new Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph, a rounded jewel floats over the records and *reflects* the music on a *beam of light* from a tiny mirror to a photo-electric cell. The scraping needle is gone . . . no needles to change. Record wear and surface noise are reduced by 10 to 1. And you hear new overtones of beauty, released from your records for the first time!

Only Philco gives you the Tilt-Front cabinet. No lid to lift, no need to remove decorations, no unhandy compartment. Simply tilt forward the grille, place your records and tilt it back again!

HOME RECORDING is *optional equipment* with every Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph. Make your own records at home; record family voices and events, radio programs, etc.

PHILCO 608P Radio Phonograph, *illustrated above,* brings you these new Philco achievements at a popular price. Powerful 9-tube circuit, Automatic Record Changer, American and Foreign radio reception. Hand-rubbed Walnut cabinet. *Only \$12.95 down.*



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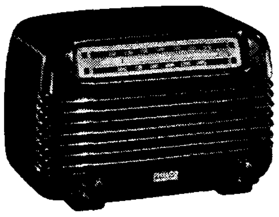

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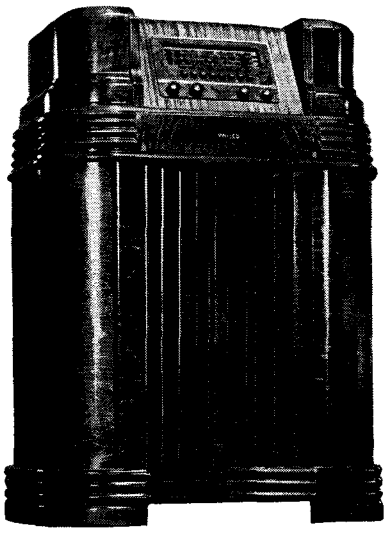

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Collier's The Na for November 23, 1940

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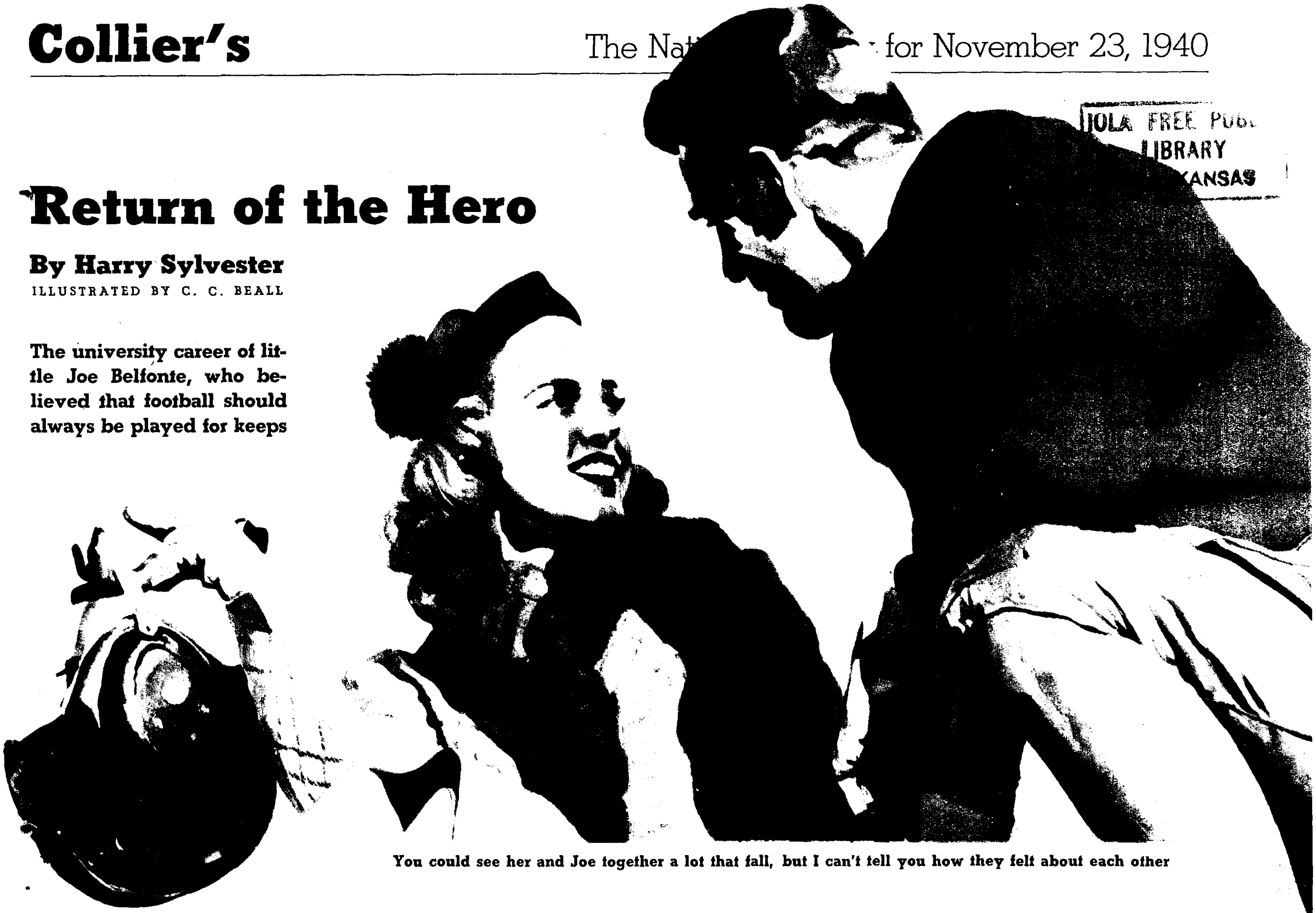
Return of the Hero

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The university career of little Joe Belfonte, who believed that football should always be played for keeps



You could see her and Joe together a lot that fall, but I can't tell you how they felt about each other

EVERY year during the football season and sometimes for a while afterward you hear of people like Joe Belfonte. They are relatively small young men who somehow manage to become distinguished at playing the game of American football. One year there is Monk Meyers and another year Davey O'Brien and a while before them there was Bert Metzger, who was a good guard. And every year their smallness is stressed by the newspapers, which are always looking for heroes and which, if they don't find heroes, must manufacture them. And it provides the heroic contrast, all right, the little man beating the big man at a game that was made for the big man. But if you've ever been close to any of these little giants or mighty midgets or pocket-sized goliaths, you would notice that in a very important sense they are not small men at all. All of them are abnormally strong, very well knit and almost always big boned. They really aren't small men, but big men somehow compressed into a small man's figure.

I tell you this to emphasize certain of the qualities that were Joe Belfonte's, because Joe was not only a small man but he had none of the qualities of strength or body tone, as they say in the medical profession, that go with a big man. And despite this, Joe managed to be a good football player. He was never better than fourth-string quarterback—although that was pretty high at the school we went to—but he was always a hero to us in those strange, strained days when man is what is called an undergraduate, and sometimes he was a hero in the papers, too.

He weighed about one hundred thirty-seven pounds but he was tall for that. What muscle he had was symmetrical, loose and relaxed, conditioned. He came from Massachusetts, near the New Hampshire border, and he had the dark-skinned, dark-bearded but somehow childish face that many others of French-Canadian stock possess. The features were well formed and there was always about them a quality of eagerness as though he was glad to be alive and was always looking for the next pleasant surprise life had for him.

Women liked him and he had known a lot of them. It was easy to understand why, because besides being very masculine he had some of the qualities of a child: his eagerness, his relatively slight body, his newspaper reputation, his constant concern with having a mild sort of good time, and his almost indefatigable happiness.

HE COULD never get over the fact that he, a poor boy and a small one, was in college, was part of a nationally famous football team and was liked by many people. It made him happy for years. Like most good football players he was not very young when he entered college, and he had a good prep-school reputation. He had gone to the prep school, too, on the strength of his ability to play football, and since he came from desperately poor people and the only approximation to a full life he had ever known came from his skill, it is maybe easy to understand why some of his values were distorted and why he did certain things.

He was a junior when we were freshmen, but he was twenty-five or twenty-six years old. His reputation was sectional then because the greatest and most unusual skill he had was known only to us and to Tug Morgan, the coach. When it first reached the newspapers it gave Joe a national reputation. But I remember when those at school first discovered it.

At that school the freshmen were always used as scrub teams for the varsity. I remember scrimmaging against a varsity team that Joe Belfonte was quarterbacking that day, seeing him take the ball from under the center, fake a cross buck to two backs crisscrossing, hide the ball and then fade back to pass. We had seen the play before and started to rush him, knowing that he would run to the right because he was a right-handed passer. The other end and I were charging in, bearing to our own left. He wasn't even there. He had faded to the left and tossed a left-handed pass that went for a touchdown, since no one was even near the receiver.

Besides being a good football coach, Tug Morgan had a fine sense of the dramatic. Beyond these there wasn't much else to admire, but we were too young to realize that then. There was a curious silence on the field, in which we freshmen felt even more sheepish than usual, and in that silence Tug called Joe Belfonte over to him. Joe came, almost as sheepish as we, an odd sort of embarrassed grin on the childish face with its blue-black beard showing through the skin. He had always thought a great deal of Tug—more so than the rest of us, even—perhaps because he had never had any other man to admire; it's difficult to admire your father when he's usually out of work, even if it isn't his fault.

"What the hell did you do then, Joe?" Tug said.

"Threw a pass, Tug."

"I know you threw a pass. Did you throw it with your left hand?"

Joe nodded. He was liking it, too, the surprise, the eyes watching him, the pleasure under the surprise and Tug's roughly, friendly interrogation.

TUG turned away, his face in a kind of caricature of a man about to start gibbering. We all started to laugh a little. Tug turned back and faced Joe. "So you threw it with your left hand? Three years you've been here and now you finally let us know you can throw a left-handed pass. What were you saving it for—to frighten us with at Halloween?"

We all thought that was pretty funny. Joe moved his head sideways, uneasily like a child, but still grinning. Then Tug got serious. He called both the freshmen and the varsity squad in around him and told them all what had happened. Everyone laughed again but the laughter was cut off short because Tug was serious and he liked no one to laugh unless that was exactly what he wanted them to do.

"I hope we haven't any big-mouths in uniform this year," he said. "A thing like this can be very valuable in a tight game, and I want to save it until we actually need it sometime. And that means that no one is to hear of this, none of your newspaper friends or your family or your girls. If it leaks out and I find out how, the man responsible will never wear a uniform at this school."

Now, looking back, it is difficult to realize why the fact of Joe's being ambidextrous didn't get out. But football was the most important thing in our lives then, unfortunately, and we kept the secret. That first day it was discovered was a day of secret practice and the only time after that that Joe threw left-handed passes was when we had secret practice, with newspapermen and any other spectators barred.

We went to the Rose Bowl that year on our undefeated record and a lot of us went along in a special train to see the game. It was one of those terribly bitter games with everyone keyed up by the California publicity and the screaming crowd, so that none of the players were much worried or even thinking about what might happen to them or to their opponents. There were a lot of injuries and Southern Cal pushed us around most of the first half because they were bigger and it was their climate and they were as good as we were as a team. They made twelve first downs in that half to our three and they scored early to lead, 6-0. But we shook a back loose late in the half and he went 47 yards to a touchdown and we kicked the goal and at the half we led, 7-6.

We were always an offensive team, year in and year out, but somehow—maybe the climate had tired them—our team that day fell back on trying to protect that lead. They couldn't do it. Early in the fourth quarter Southern Cal scored again but again missed the point after touchdown and it looked like the works. It was their turn to protect a lead and it wasn't too tough for them to do it.

From the stands it was like being some sort of a little god or having the omnipresent mind that novelists are supposed to have. We could see the thing unfolding, the situation being set up, and we were the only ones who had the knowledge that somehow, probably, our team had the secret power to change an apparently sure defeat into a victory.

There was only three or four minutes left to play and the second team, comparatively fresh, had been pushing down the field, gaining but never getting really close, never even getting to that section inside the 20-yard line which some coach once called the "zone of intense resistance."

That second team had two ends who were the best pass catchers on the squad; they couldn't block as well as the first-team ends nor were they as good on the defense but they were tall and could pull down a pass. It was one reason the second team was in.

Southern Cal stopped them one more time and punted, on fourth down, 'way back to mid-field. The quarter came back with it about eight yards and was dropped, hard. Whether he was really hurt or whether they didn't want to make Joe's entrance into the game too obvious, we even forgot to ask about later. But the quarter looked as though he was hurt. They helped him off and the big clock over the scoreboard showed something like three minutes to play.

THEN Joe Belfonte went out on the field and, seeing him coming, seeing something beginning to happen that we had waited for months to happen, we were so delighted we even forgot to yell. It was all as though some person—fate or Tug Morgan—had conspired to set up this time and place and the little man trotting out, almost trippingly, into glory. His hands were at his helmet, adjusting the chinstrap in that gesture that is as old as football, and he moved neither fast nor slow but with an infinite, an incredible assurance.

Maybe the crowd felt it too, the heaviness of the moment, because there was a brief time of comparative silence, in which, even far up in the stands, we could hear that voice of his, a little high now with repressed excitement as he began to call the signals. And since we all knew the signals from having scrimmaged against the varsity for a season, we knew that it was coming now, right away, without any fooling around or setting up of a situation. And we even knew what was happening in the Southern Cal players' minds. How they were checking back to the long blackboard talks and reports of the scouts and remembering the number, the name, the qualities of the new player: "67 . . . that would be Belfonte . . . little, but shifty . . . hurts easily . . . runs usually to the right, passes right-handed . . . smart and a good blocker for his size . . . for his size. . . ."

And the signals, in that high, clear voice, piping all through that great bowl, and the two teams suddenly locked in a quick fury of action. The bright new leather of the ball flicking out in the sleight of hand of a good quarterback as he faked the cross buck, left, right, hesitated, hiding the ball in the pit of his stomach for an instant as the great lines locked behind him, then running back, and the red jerseys of the Californians deploying almost automatically to their left and Joe's right, and their right end even coming in too far to the left, and Joe, fading back, taking one step toward our right in the feint that was the absolute ultimate in making the play perfection, then breaking to the left and no longer running, but just standing there, alone, no one within ten yards of him, picking his receiver over near the left side line and flicking a long, not particularly flat pass to him with his left arm, and the big end reaching up and pulling it down on the dead run that didn't end until he had scored, with no one near him.

His picture, his name were always in the paper the next year; a lot considering the small amount of time he actually played. Because he was publicized, because he was small and with special ability, and these things bothered most men who played against him, he was always being hurt. I didn't know him well in this time. We had a squad of close to a hundred men and I was lucky to be even on the seventh or eighth teams and there was almost as much of a gap between the sophomores and the varsity as there had been between the freshmen and the varsity.

WOMEN still found him attractive, perhaps more so because of the cleat marks or cloth burns that were usually on the childish, dark face. And perhaps because he somehow felt that all this new publicity gave him a kind of security, he seemed to become more interested in one girl than he had ever been before.

We knew just who she was and we were envious of him in a way, although in some of us who were starting to grow up a little, there was a feeling of an impending, at least a possible tragedy. Her name was Helen Marquell and she went to the near-by girl's college but also lived in the town, where her father was a state judge.

She was a very pretty girl who dressed well and drove a car that was just a little too big for an undergraduate. You could see her and Joe together a lot that fall, but since I knew them no more than to say hello to, I can't tell you too well how they felt about each other. But she was the first of the many girls Joe had known that he went with for more than a little while.

He was a valuable player, because he

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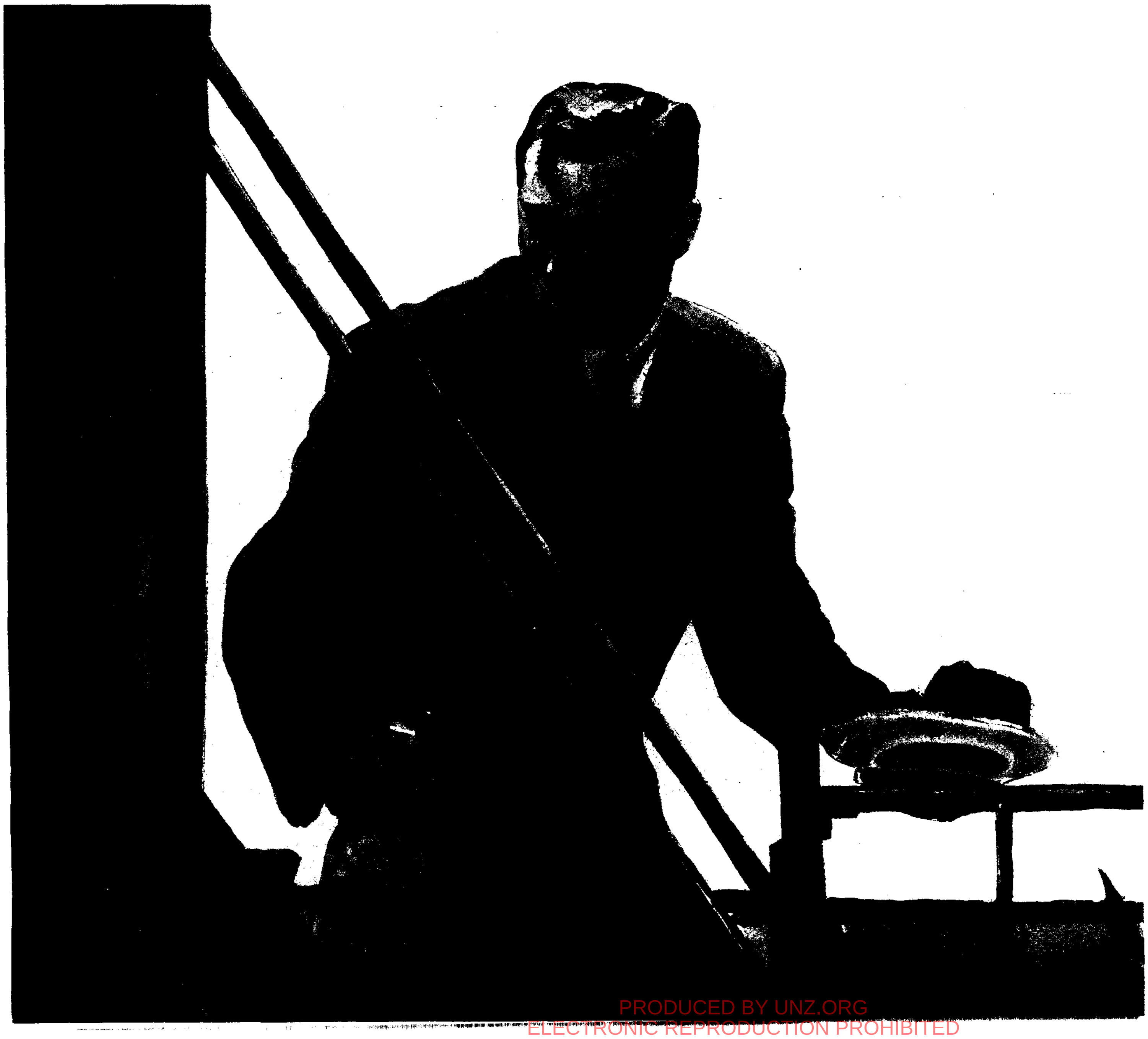


Joe had been coming down a fire escape at night, going into the kitchen and raiding the icebox

We Defend Alaska

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

Take a look at your old Uncle Sam burning up the tundra in an effort to create plane and submarine bases, practically overnight, from which we can defend Alaska. What's the rush? Well, nobody's talking, but you're welcome to figure it out for yourself

Workmen laying one of the long concrete runways at the air field at Fairbanks, Alaska. The Fairbanks field will be the second largest of the U. S. Army's new air bases in Alaska

THINGS are happening in Alaska these days. The territory is being gripped with such a burst of activity as has not struck it since gold-rush times.

Bull-dozers and angle-dozers are hacking the frozen ground into huge landing-fields. Mammoth yellow carry-all scrapers strip the deep moss; spruces topple, and caterpillar tractors haul out the roots; the blue smoke from burning stump piles mingles with the choking clouds of dust kicked up by toiling trucks and tractors, working on the new Army bases.

Mile after added mile of concrete runway reaches across the astonished tundra. Alongside the railroad tracks, workers stripped to the waist and streaked with sweat in Alaska's blistering sun unload thousands of tons of structural steel for ammunition sheds and hangars. Day after day a wooden framework of barracks rises against the incongruous background of snow-capped peaks, to house the personnel of two complete bomber and pursuit squadrons and a ground force of 6,500 men who are arriving in Alaska this winter.

What's all the excitement for, you wonder. What danger threatens this far-off possession of ours, huddled almost at the base of the Pole? Why this sudden defense of Alaska?

Flying along the narrow Bering Strait, you gaze a little apprehensively from your plane at the coastline of Siberia, a low, gray bank of cloud along the western horizon. A silent and mysterious country. Below you, several white Beluga whales roll and submerge slowly, and sea birds wheel and scream across the fifty-six miles of open water which is the only physical barrier between Alaska and Soviet Russia. From Nome, as you head north, you straddle the International date line. Over here, to your right, is today; over there to your left, shrouded in mist and fog, is tomorrow. You wonder what planes and guns are concealed over there on the forbidden mainland, what dangers tomorrow may hide.

Suppose for a moment that your plane could mount higher and higher, until the whole Siberian peninsula flattened out below and gradually took the outline of a crouching bear; and suppose that with some infrared eye you could pierce the fog and make out just what is going on over there right now. It would not be a reassuring sight. Along the Arctic shore, the forehead of the bear, you would see at least two big Soviet naval and air bases.

Where the bear's snout thrusts within sixty miles of Alaska you would observe another carefully guarded Russian base at East Cape, dominating the entire Bering Strait. Below it, forming roughly the jaws of the bear, would be the Gulf of Anadyr, where a co-ordinated and fully equipped naval and air base is less than a hundred miles from our shores. (An American pilot, attempting to land a sick native recently at the hospital there, turned back in haste when he observed a hundred glistening Soviet warplanes lined up on the new airfield). Southward toward Vladivostok you would spot a dozen more air stations; and scattered strategically along the entire coast would be the ubiquitous "bases of culture," polar weather stations frankly admitted by Russia to have military as well as civilian purpose.

Where the bear's extended right forepaw is planted in the Bering Sea, 280 miles from the tip of our Aleutian chain, would be the Komandorskie Islands, a vital Soviet submarine base where German officers assist in training the crews. And, if your infrared eye could see just a little farther south, off the tip of Kamchatka you could make out the first huge Japanese naval base on Paramoshiri Island, northernmost of Japan's Pacific defenses and only seven hundred miles from United States territory.

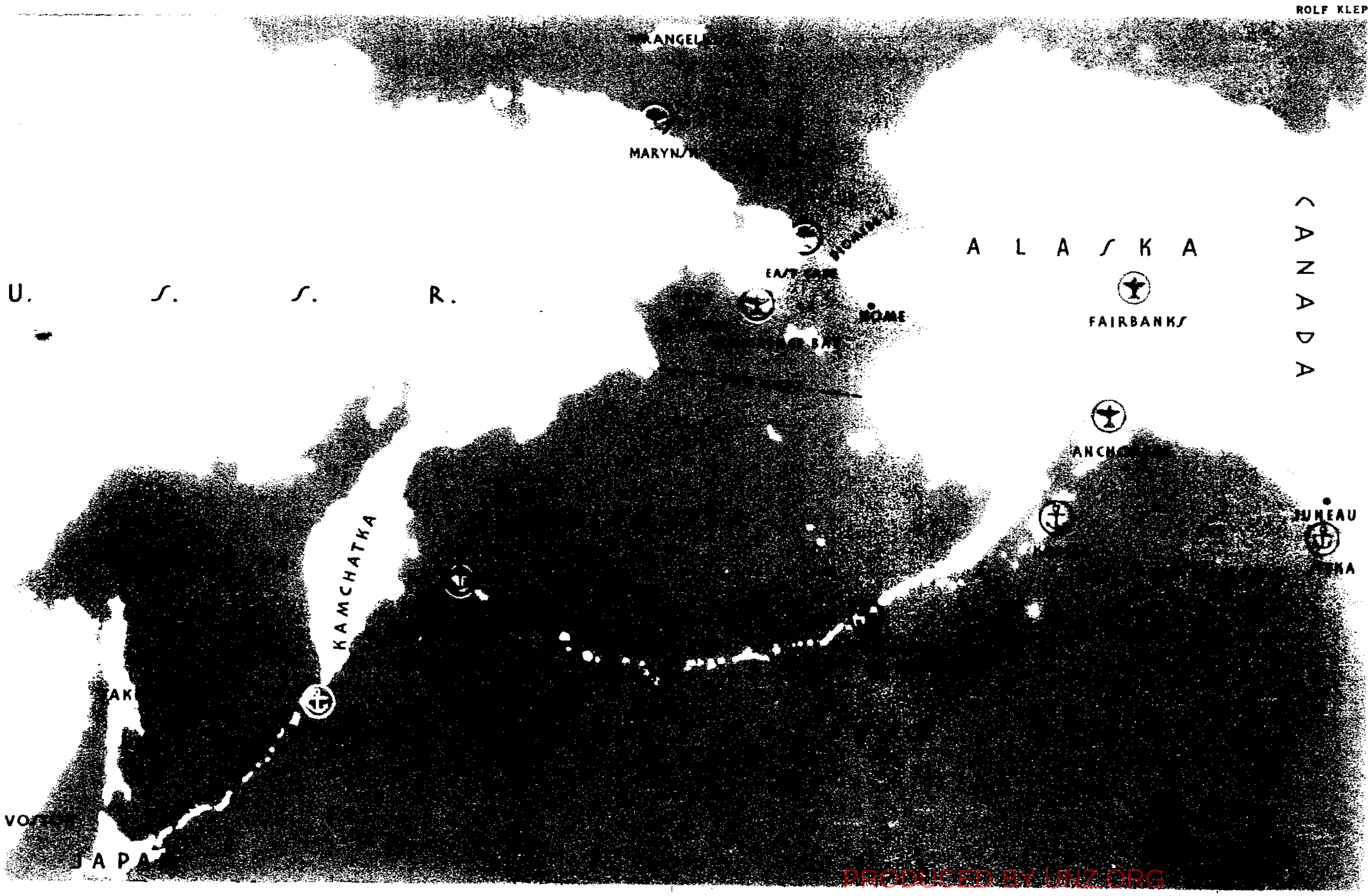
Perhaps these Russian and Japanese bases are aimed at each other. Perhaps the new Japan-Nazi pact holds no threat for our own Pacific Northwest. Perhaps Pravda's alleged declaration that the sale of Alaska by the Czarist government in 1867 was illegal—which would make Secretary Seward's draft for $7,200,000 the biggest rubber check in history—does not indicate an increasingly dangerous frame of mind on the part of the Russian government. Perhaps there is no menace in the fact that the newly completed Great Northern Sea Route and Stalin Air Route, whose commercial planes fly daily within sixty miles of the United States, has made the Soviet Union the most important military power at the top of the world today.

But our Army and Navy are not taking any chances. They know it is not beyond the realm of possibility that Hitler might take advantage of this Russian air domination and invade the Western Hemisphere through Alaska. It is not too fantastic, they realize, to consider some gigantic pincers movement, with a Russo-German force driving east from the Arctic to meet a force from the Atlantic heading west. Even a joint attack by Russia and Japan, against the United States, would be no more impossible than all the other impossible things which have happened already during Europe's past cataclysmic year.

That is why the sum of fifty million dollars—more than six times the original cost of the territory—has been appropriated hurriedly for Alaskan defense. That is why, after half a century of

(Continued on page 30)

ROLF KLEP

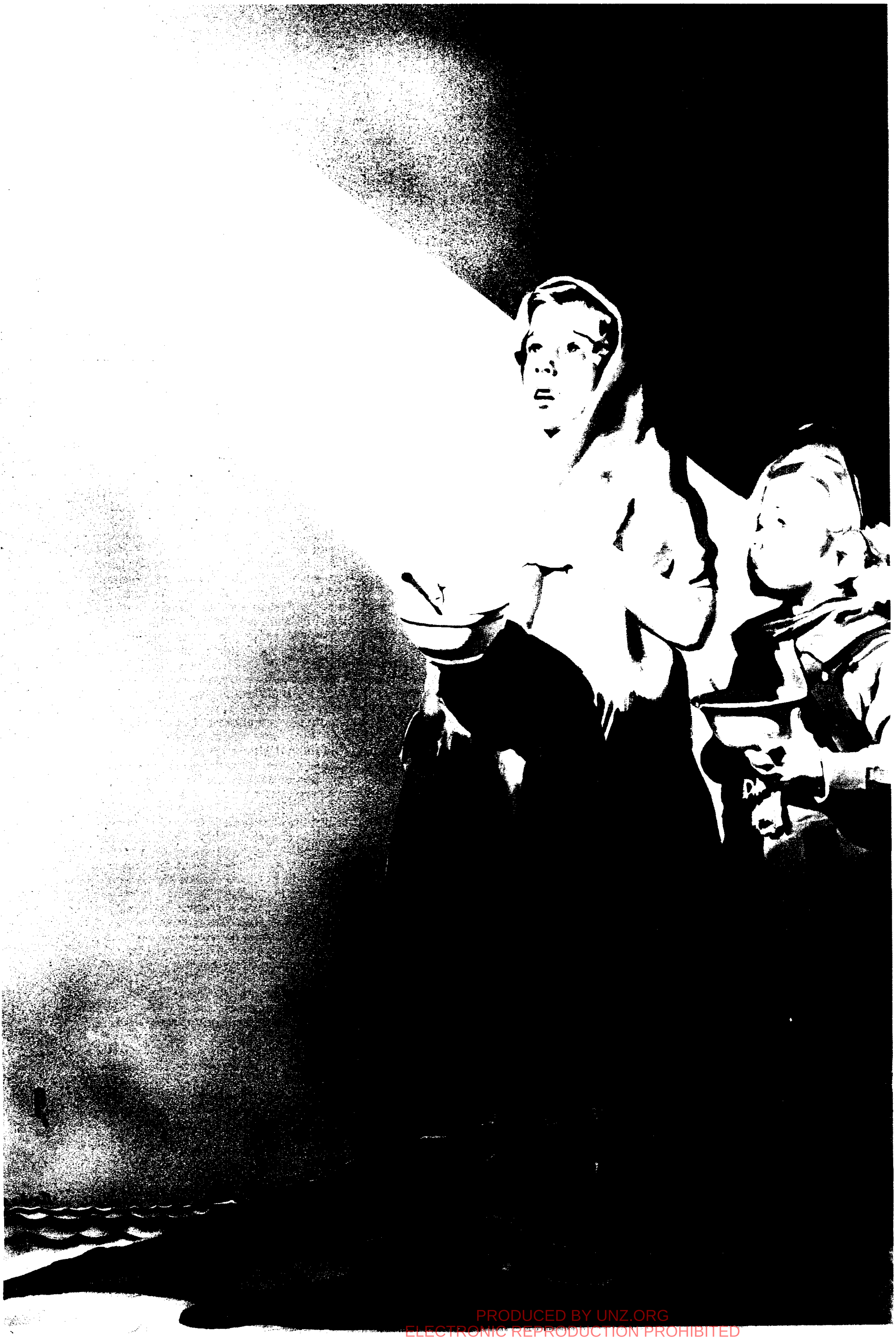


Russian (red), Japanese (yellow), United States (blue), air and naval bases in the north Pacific. American bases include the new ones building at Fairbanks and Anchorage

Feed Hungry Europe

BY HERBERT HOOVER

DRAWING BY C. C. BEALL



FAMINE and pestilence are on the march in Europe in this second winter of this second World War. They will not come to the belligerents but to the innocent victims of the war. Particularly will famine come to Finland, Belgium, Norway, Holland and central Poland, who fought and suffered for the Allied cause. Of these 37,000,000 people, more than 15,000,000 are children.

Their normal supplies are stopped by the German occupation on one side and the British blockade on the other. Unless some sort of method can be set up with the belligerent governments by which aid may be extended to these victim nations, the world will witness this winter a death roll from famine far greater than during all the four years of the last World War. It will witness the death or stunting of millions of children who surely have a right to live. Death will come to the weaker in the men and women.

As famine and disease rise with the winter, the cries of these people will ascend above any press censorship, any war hysteria, or any government official. And in America we have 10 or 12 millions of citizens who are of these racial stocks, many of them with actual relatives in these countries. These racial groups have long since organized themselves into a multitude of relief committees seeking aid for their people. They will not be silenced. Throughout the world in the colonial possessions and in other neutral countries are millions of people of these racial groups. They are not content to see their families suffer without effort to save them.

This problem has been under debate in all parts of the world during the past few months. No man or group of men can end this question by saying "Hush, hush." Nor can it be ended by emotional controversy over who has the responsibility for this situation. My views upon that subject are probably as strong as those of anyone. But the starving people will be there just the same.

The Truth About Europe's Food

Therefore, we had better calmly explore the cold, hard facts and seek for remedy.

There are many sources from which the facts as to food supply on the continent of Europe can be checked. All of the European countries, outside of Russia, carry on accurate production statistics. The necessary food imports of each country over long terms of years before the war are well known. Most of the countries on the Continent are today rationed and it is possible to check back their food supply from the amount of the ration. In any rationing of the civil population the government never withholds any food that it can afford to give because no government wants either to deprive its people or lower their morale unnecessarily. Thus the ration can always be taken as the index to the maximum supply available. And in many of the countries of Europe the various American relief organizations have experienced men who are able to formulate independent conclusions. To all these sources I have full access—and some experience. That experience consists of having directed the food supply to some 23 nations during or after the last World War.

First, we may dismiss Russia from our

(Continued on page 69)

Does anything justify the abandonment of these? Should America decide that millions of children and women are to be a sacrifice that must be made to protect America in this war?

Kid Tinsel

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story Thus Far:

IN PITTSBURGH, old Pop Mallory—an itinerant sports writer who, from time to time, takes an interest in some promising fighter and manages him—makes his greatest find: Eddie Gordon. Watching the young fellow in the ring, Pop feels sure that, properly handled, he can become a champion. He meets Eddie; and, a short time later, becomes his manager.

Pop has a daughter: Patricia ("Pat"). The two are inseparable, until Pat, leaving him in Alabama, goes to New York City, where she studies fashion designing. When Pop's health begins to fail, however, she returns to Alabama, where she and her father and Eddie live, precariously, at a boardinghouse. . . . Two years pass. Then—at the critical moment when Eddie, his apprentice work done, is ready to enter the ring with some of the country's headliners—Pop dies.

The loss of his manager, whom he had loved, comes as a terrible shock to Eddie. Feeling hopeless, lost without Pop's kindly counsel, he prepares to go to New York, to look for a new manager. Then Pat amazes him. The girl, it appears, is secretly in love with him. But, not understanding her, Eddie dislikes her. Now she informs him that, in accordance with the terms of the contract he and her father had signed, she is to be his manager!

Eddie is furious. He refuses to permit Pat—a girl!—to handle his affairs. He tells her, bluntly, that he will not work for her—that he is going to New York. Then he moves to the Athletic Club.

A few hours later, a stranger calls on Pat. He introduces himself as Joe Barton. He refers to his father—Lew Barton, a powerful New York politician; and he says that he has been sent by Max Ellison, a famous manager of fighters, to buy Eddie's contract. He says that, inasmuch as the young fighter is now a free agent, he would like to have a talk with him—Ellison may want to sign him up.

Pat explains the situation. She tells Barton that she will not sell the contract for any price. And Barton, preparing to leave her, remarks: "You've taken on a tough job." Pat smiles. Then: "Yes," she says, "I know."

II

EDDIE GORDON had a perfect fighting build: shoulders that were broad and sloping, muscles that were powerful but not bulgy, slim waist, lean flanks and slender, powerful legs. Feets Johnson, watching the young fighter in the process of drying himself with a big turkish towel after a stinging cold shower, nodded in admiration. He'd seen Eddie's body day after day, but it never failed to enthuse him. "That white boy," he said to himself, "he sho' do strip puffeck."

Feets waited patiently in Eddie's cubicle of a room at the Athletic Club while the young man encased himself in shorts and a flannel robe. Then Eddie seated himself and looked up at the big Negro. "Well," he inquired, "how about it, Feets?"

Feets made a gesture. "How 'bout which, Mistuh Eddie?"

"How'd you like to go to New York with me?"

An expression of ecstasy appeared on the countenance of the dusky ex-fighter. "New Yawk?" he echoed incredulously. "Mistuh Eddie, tha's the mos' city I crave to be in."

"Then it's set. It's me and you in my jaloppy—starting tomorrow."

"Hot ziggity dam!" Feets struggled to digest the magnitude of his good luck. "Ain't that somethin'."

Eddie's lips stretched into a grin, and his eyes crinkled at the corners. "Big doin's, Feets. I'm making you my trainer. You'll have to see that I don't step out."

"Mistuh Eddie, with me along you won't step nowhere—no time. What you is gwine git is attention."

"That's fine." Eddie rubbed the palms of his hands together. He said, "You're sure it'll be okay with your wife?"

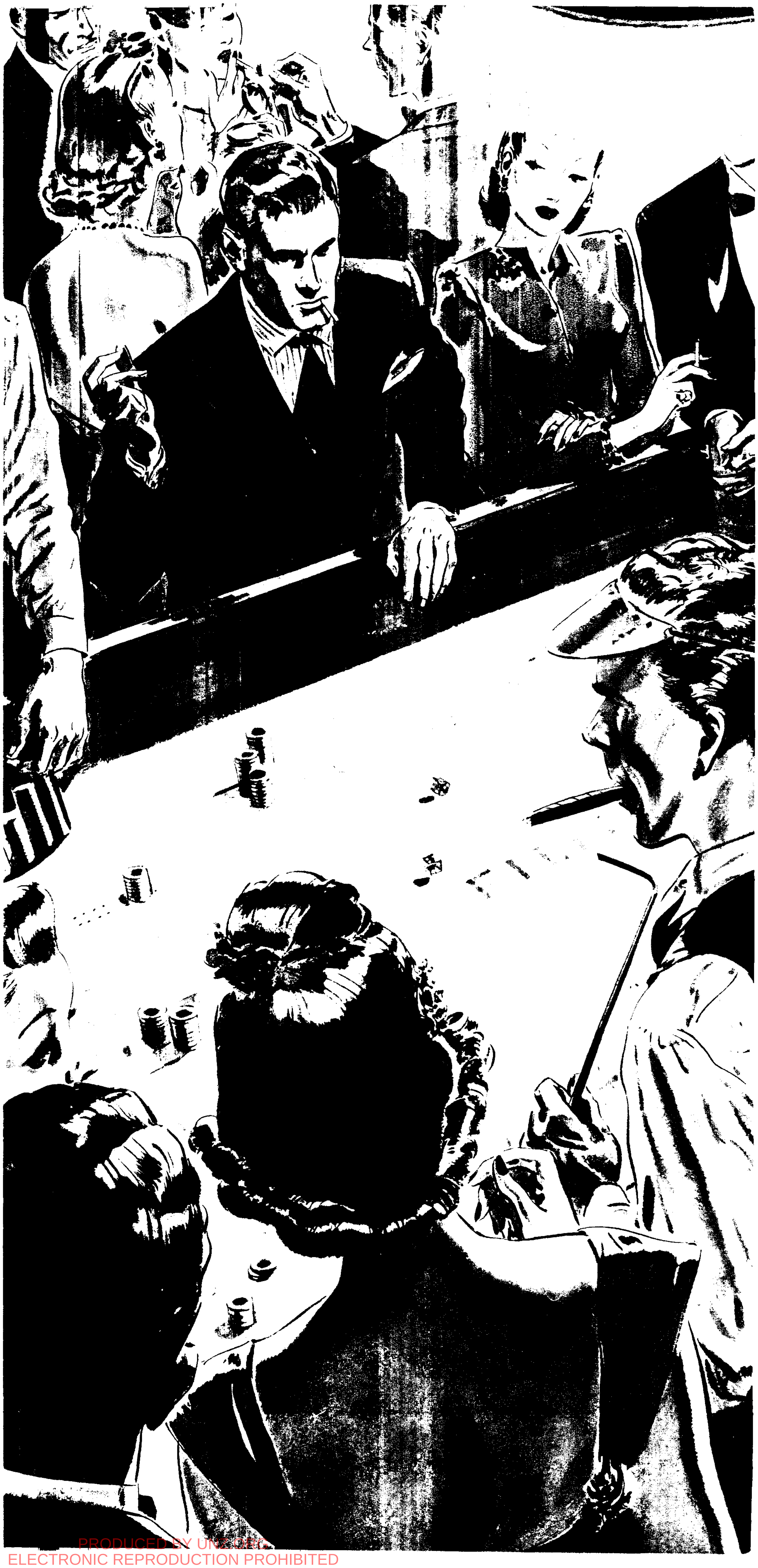
A look of abysmal woe appeared on Mr. Johnson's broad features. He said, "I was hopin' you woul'n't start mentionin' unpleasant subjecks, Mistuh Eddie. How come you coul'n't leave Magenta's name out of this?"

"Suppose she objects?"

"Mistuh Eddie—Ise givin' you my word an' honor—Magenta objecks to ev'ythin' I do, even if it's somethin' she likes. She's the dawg-gonedest, objectin'est woman the Lawd ever made. Yassuh, Mistuh Eddie—Magenta's gwine objeck, an' strenuous . . . but when you head nawth, Feets Johnson is gwine be right there with you."

"But she's your wife, Feets . . ."

"Uh-huh. Wuss luck. All I got fo' that cullud woman, Mistuh Eddie, is a profoun' distaste. You see, us gittin' ma'ied was just an accident in the fust place. I never had no use fo' her, but I di'n't know how much 'til after the preacher got thoo doin' his job. *(Continued on page 61)*



Joe Barton didn't enjoy losing. He was in for almost a thousand dollars and was trying to get out

Your Coat, Sir

By Henry L. Jackson

UP THERE in the stands, as you root for the old home team these chilly Saturday afternoons, what you need in an overcoat is warmth without weight. You don't want to feel like a weight lifter every time you stand up and wave. That means a gabardine trench coat, water-repellent, wombat-collared and sheepskin-lined. It's good, too, for driving home after the game and, even if you're seventy, you won't look too much like a college boy in it. It's a good all-round he-man's coat, and can take wear.

Another member of the gabardine family, finger-tip-length, has a sheepskin lining you can zip in or out—in for zero weather, out for the milder, rainy days of spring.

Even lighter, for easily excitable fans, is the coat of knitted fleece. These featherweights come in solid colors—browns, greens and heather shades. Some of the single-breasted styles have military collars; the double-breasted are good, too.

In the last war the British invented what they called a "warm." It's back with us today, known as a short warm or as the "shorty." Made of camel's hair in natural color, it's knee-length, double-breasted, leather-buttoned. Interlined, it has a wide flare and vent in back and sits easily on your frame and is excellent for active sport in the country. One type has a leather half lining. It comes in tweeds, too.

If you're a one-coat man, the coat for you is the navy blue, double-breasted style. With a clove-red cashmere muffler, parchment-chamois gloves and a midnight-blue Homburg, you're in style anywhere—football game, business lunch or evening date.

You can wear the Homburg with almost anything—except straight sports clothes. With the "warms" and gabardines, better stick to more casual hats. Rough felts, perhaps in khaki color, are good. A little flashier is the rough felt with a tweed band and binding in brown or green. Not a bad idea, on a windy day, to wear a small varsity cap that'll hang on in a No. 10 gale.

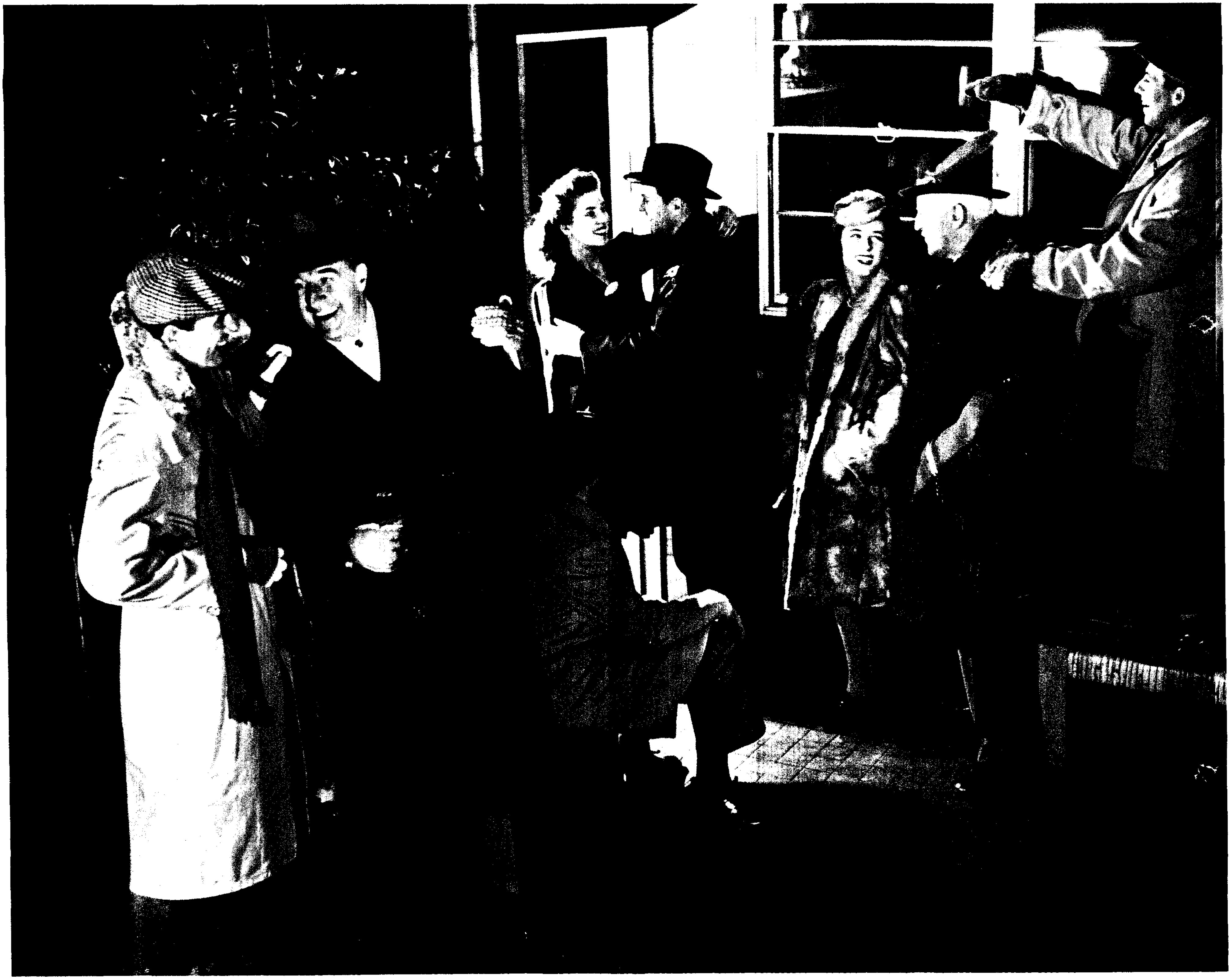
With college lads this fall, the extra-long Shetland muffler has a lead in popularity. Bright wool plaids and checks are good, too. Matched wool mufflers and gloves are right for country, driving or football-gazing.

If you like your fingers unfrosted on sub-zero days, try fur-pile gloves, which look a bit rabbity, but keep your hands warm. When it's not so cold, heavy pigskin is practical. For added style, some have contrasting palms and backs.

Socks should look warm and be warm this winter. Bright Argyle plaids come in heavy wool. There are checks and stripes in rainbow colors. Over them, wear heavy brogues with thick soles.

You can't go wrong on any of the coats, hats or accessories described and pictured here. If you can't find them locally, write to us. We'll tell you where.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS



Gabardine sheepskin-lined trench coat, wombat collar; Shetland muffler; string gloves; varsity shape cap

Green fleece-type ulster, double-breasted; green snap-brim hat; yellow knit muffler, two-tone pig gloves

Seated—natural camel-color short warm. In doorway, navy blue overcoat; blue Homburg hat; clove red muffler; parchment-chamois gloves

Single-breasted brown fleece-type coat with military collar; brown felt hat; plaid wool muffler; monk shoes

Knee-length gabardine raincoat, with zip-in sheepskin lining; wool Argyle hose; fur gloves; khaki hat

Revealed in Darkness

By Robert J. Levin

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THE sun shone outside. But all he could sense, as he stood by the window, was a sharp divergence between darkness and brightness.

He had insisted upon remaining at home, even though the house would be empty. It was important, very important that he stay at home all by himself. His mother, slightly puzzled, had tried to get at his reasons. But failing in that, she had not tried further to persuade him to accompany her.

"All right, Billy," she had said, "if you want to stay home, instead of driving to the hospital with me, you may."

Now his mother had departed and the house was quiet.

He adjusted the bandage about his eyes, and stood up. He could see nothing, feel nothing, and so he felt horribly alone, as though he were lost in the mazy blackness of an underground passage. The nothingness that surrounded him had an almost material quality.

Slowly he started to walk forward. Short, uncertain steps carried him across the room, until his outstretched hand encountered the wrought-iron banister. Then a smile crossed his face.

"Climbing the stairs is easy," he thought. "I know there are fourteen steps, just one less than my age. Now let's see—ten, eleven, twelve, thir . . . teen, and four . . . teen, and yep, that's all. Just fourteen. Now I'm on the landing."

He kept his hand on the railing and traced it to the end of the hallway. The door to his room was open, and he walked through. His bed he reached with little difficulty, and with almost practiced ease. He sank down with a slight sigh of relief.

As he sat there, he felt that the darkness that enveloped him was a force, pressing, squeezing in on him and weighing him down. It was terrible not to know what lay a few yards away, a few feet, a few inches. Perhaps someone was looking at him this moment, watching his every movement, laughing at his blundering, perhaps waiting to strike him down and rob the house. He sat there, rigid and scared.

That passed. He smiled uncertainly as he persuaded himself how foolish it was to think of such things, for if anyone did come this way, the intruder need only pad noiselessly around to escape discovery.

He got up and walked to the window, and inhaled deeply of the fragrant spring air. He sensed the brightness of the sunlight, and, turning toward it, he reached out his arms. They felt warm and strangely comforted.

Futilely, he strained his eyes striving to see what stretched beyond his window sill. The objects that rested within the bounds of his room he knew, because he had observed them many times before. But the outside world he had taken for granted, he had not bothered to examine it carefully. And now he was tantalized by wonder. What flowers are blooming in the garden? And what do they look like? How many things can you see if you look down the road? What color is the sky? Does it look as though it will rain tomorrow? Has the grass in the corner lot grown too thick to play ball there? How does a baseball hop after it is hit along the ground?

In a flash of insight, there stood revealed to him in darkness all the things that the person who cannot see requires of the person who can. A patient guiding around from place to place. A description of familiar things. A word of comfort to break the fear that silence may bring. Word pictures of the new and strange things born to the world outside. And all this given, not with saccharine sympathy, but with the casual comradeship of man to man. For without this, he would find himself without a link to the world he lived in.

And as those thoughts crystallized, he smiled.

He was not aware how long he remained there, but he snapped out of his reverie the instant he heard the familiar horn of their automobile. That was his mother with his father. She had said that at last he was ready to come home, and she had gone to the hospital for him.

He heard the car slow down as it neared the house, heard the gravel out front crunch under the tires.

Quickly he reached up behind his head and fumbled with the knotted ends he encountered. In a few seconds he had untied them and ripped off the large cloth blindfold that had been bound tightly about his eyes. As he glanced around the room, he blinked, unaccustomed to the glare of the sunlight. Then he ran over to his wastepaper basket and buried the blindfold in it. He never wanted his mother or father to guess what he had done.

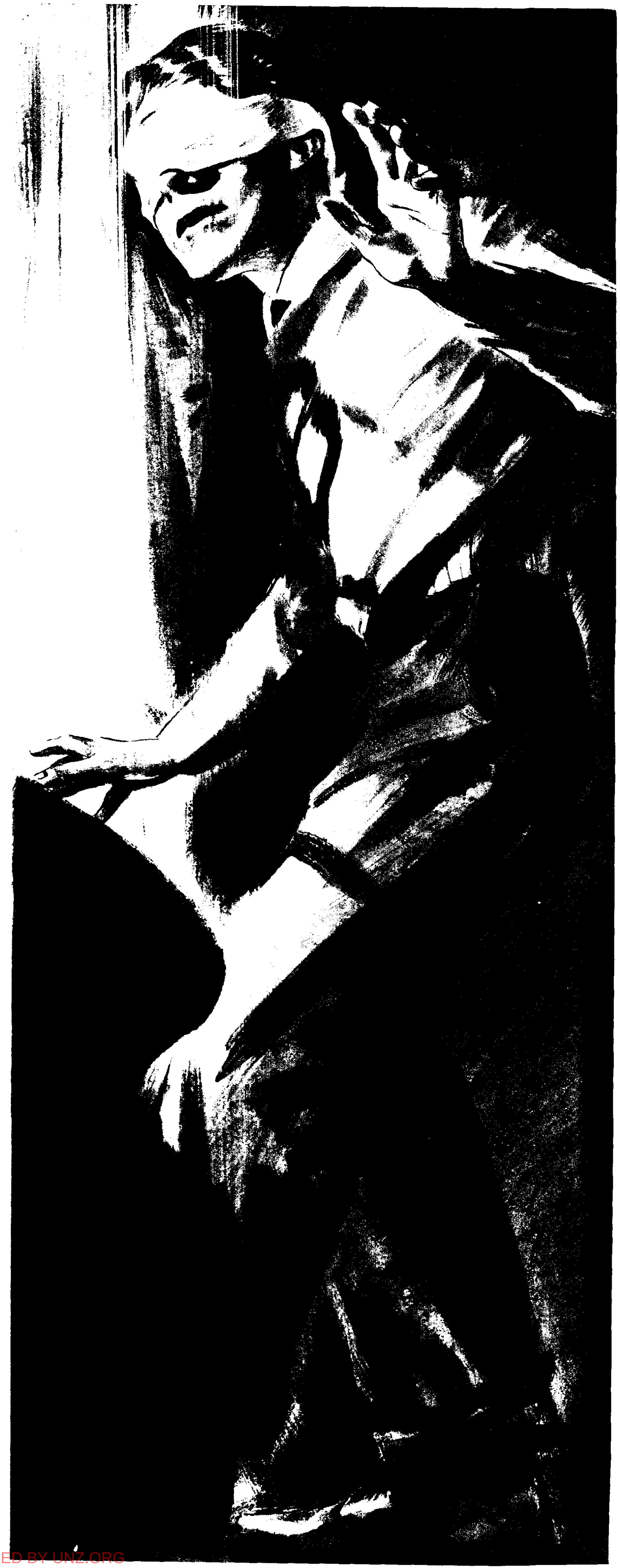
Swiftly he raced down the stairs, two at a time, and bounded out the front door, a happy, eager smile on his face. His father, walking hand in hand with his mother, was pale with the pallor of the hospital. They came slowly up the curved walk.

He called out, "Hello, Dad," as he trotted up to them. And as his father raised his hand, he reached out and gripped it in his.

"Hello, Billy," his father said in a tired voice.

He wanted to cry out to his father the thoughts he had locked within him, but he could not. He wanted to say: "Dad, everything is going to work out. I know because I found out for myself. I know just how you feel, and how things are, and so I'll always be around, Dad, always."

But he couldn't say that yet. Silently, he took his blind father's hand and carefully guided him into the house.



The nothingness that surrounded him had an almost material quality. Slowly he started forward

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VALENTINO SARRA

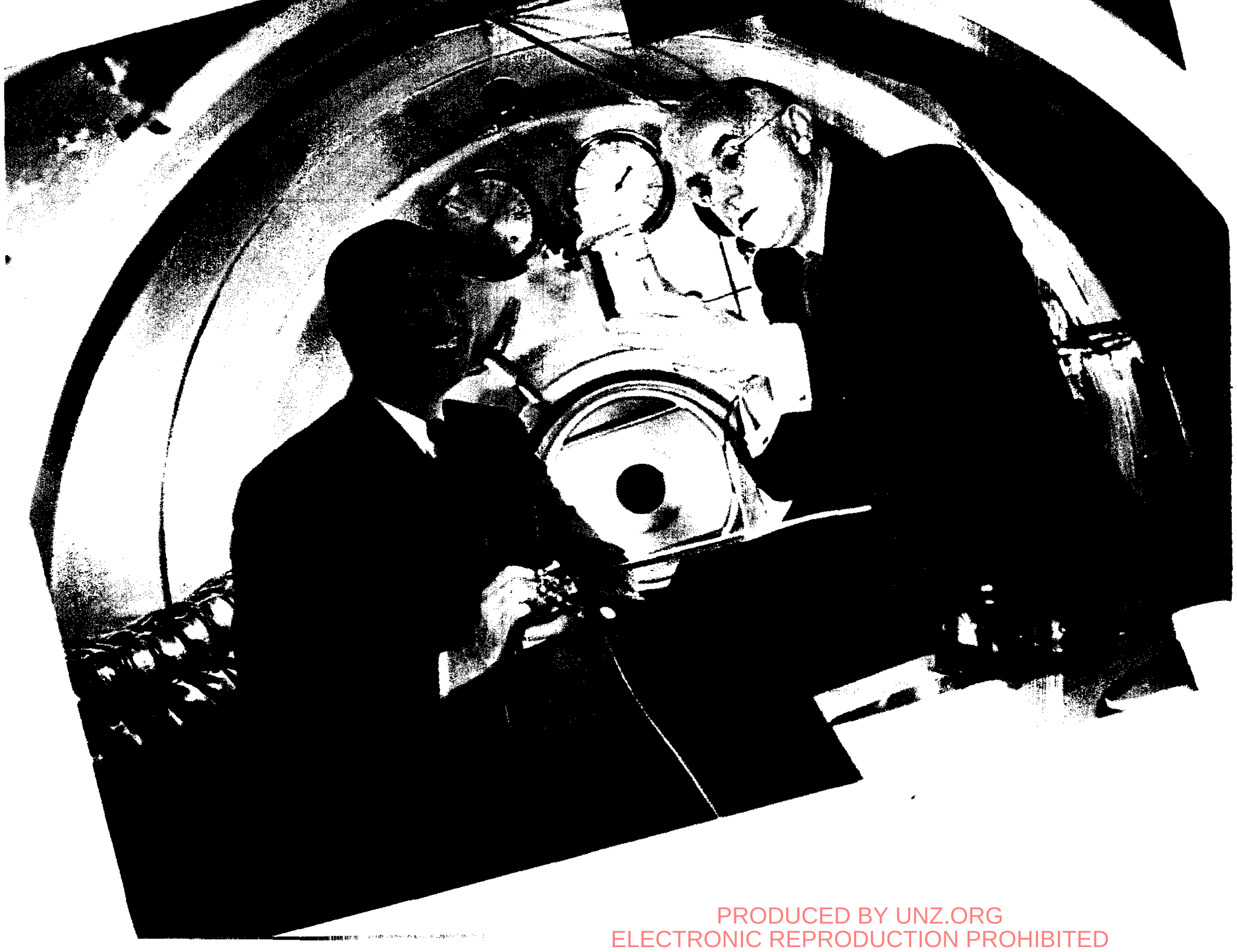
Take a Deep Breath

By Denver Lindley

The 1939 Collier Trophy, aviation's highest award, is gratefully presented this year to our air lines and their medical researchers who have made flying safer and more comfortable for you and your pilot

The new oxygen mask developed by the doctors at the Mayo Foundation is easy to wear—witness these passengers dining on high

Dr. W. Randolph Lovelace II and Dr. Walter M. Boothby in the low-pressure chamber where their work on oxygen deficiency was carried out



JUST what the pilot thought is not on record. He must have been puzzled. The time was a little after two-thirty in the morning. He was on a routine weather flight, a flight he made every day. Outside was blackness. On the instrument panel the altimeter read 8,000 feet. The plane was climbing slowly but steadily. Everything seemed in order. Everything, that is, except the pilot. The pilot felt odd. He felt very odd indeed. His hands weren't behaving properly and his head was beginning to spin.

He switched on the radio transmitter and called the ground. He got through all right, but what he said didn't seem to make sense.

Then the microphone slipped out of his fingers.

He spent some time groping around for it in the dark, but he couldn't find it. Actually it was in his lap. He couldn't have missed it if he had switched on the cockpit light. But he didn't switch it on. He concentrated on flying and continued to climb.

If it had been light, he might have noticed that the ground was a long way off. It was 16,000 feet below him. His altimeter was out of whack and was registering only half his real height.

The pilot went on climbing until the altimeter read 10,000 and he was actually 20,000 feet up. At that point the plane went into a tailspin. This seemed irritating but unimportant. Presently he brought it out of the spin—he was a very good pilot—and started upstairs again.

And the same thing happened.

It went on happening for an hour. By that time the pilot was no longer puzzled: he was mad. He was fit to be tied.

Then he passed out.

To his mild surprise, when consciousness returned, he found himself in a full power dive headed straight for the ground. He leveled off. The regular fuel supply went dry. He switched to the emergency tank. And got ready to land? Not a bit of it. He started to climb again.

By this time, however, he was beginning to suspect that something was not quite right. Finally he gave up and set his plane down at a commercial airport. But he didn't use the runway lights and he didn't turn on his ow landing lights.

Just a Matter of Oxygen

A dumb performance from start to finish, wasn't it? The pilot behaved as if he were drunk or not quite bright. He committed a dozen serious errors of judgment, beginning with failure to realize what was going on. But he wasn't drunk and he was a good and experienced pilot. The only trouble was that a definite ailment had caught up with him. He was sick before he realized it and the nature of the sickness kept him from using his judgment and experience. Anoxemia is what the doctors call it, lack of oxygen. With too little oxygen in his lungs even the best pilot can't help making mistakes.

When the commercial air lines of the United States completed a year's operation without a single accident in which a passenger was injured, it was properly hailed as a great achievement. It meant mechanical perfection, of course. But, more than that, it meant elimination of that familiar cause of trouble "pilot error."

Since no new breed of men has arisen to fly our planes, it must be that the old breed is performing with new efficiency. And they are—thanks to medical science. Doctors have found out how men can spend their time safely and efficiently at altitudes to which human beings are not adapted by nature.

And so the doctors will be mentioned this year in aviation's highest award, the Collier Trophy. This trophy—first presented in 1911 by Robert J. Collier, son of the founder of Collier's—goes each year to "the greatest achievement in aviation, the value of which has been demonstrated by actual use during the preceding year."

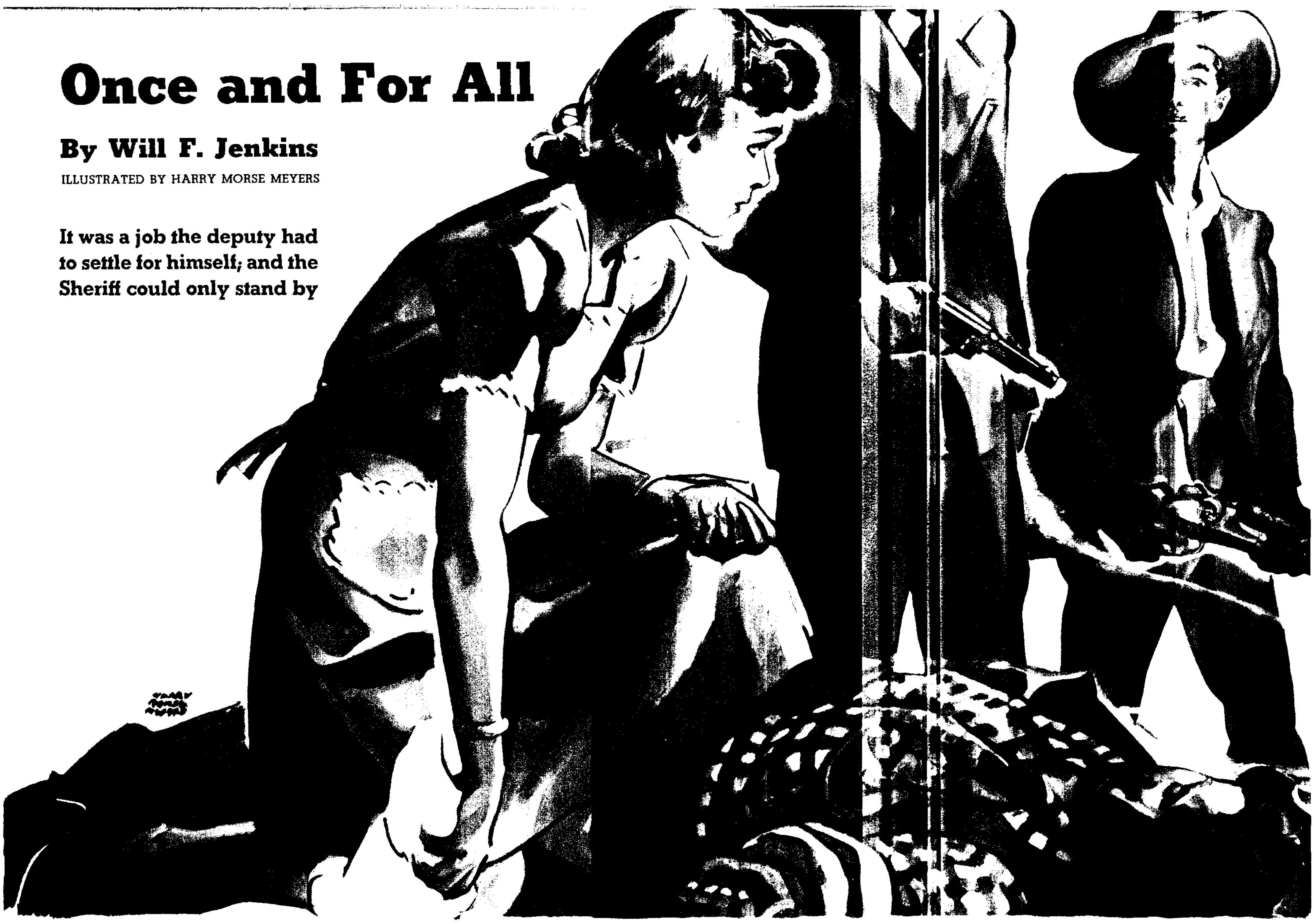
When President Roosevelt presents the trophy, the citation will read: "To the air lines of the United States for their outstanding record for safety in air travel during 1939, with especial recognition of Doctors Walter M. Boothby and W. Randolph Lovelace II of the Mayo Foundation for Medical Research and Education and to Captain Harry G. Armstrong of the United (Continued on page 67)

Once and For All

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

It was a job the deputy had to settle for himself; and the Sheriff could only stand by



She looked up, shockingly white. "Dad!" she panted. "Quick! Help me! Help me!"

IT WAS a fine morning, but the Sheriff had something on his mind. As he ate his breakfast—hot biscuits, fried ham, eggs and coffee—he watched his son-in-law narrowly. His son-in-law was also his deputy and they'd been out nearly all night, in a fruitless attempt to trap that darky who was stealing chickens wholesale and undoubtedly shipping them off to market. During the first part of breakfast the Sheriff had listened to the battery-set radio for the war news, and then the local state news. And he'd heard about the hunt for Bat Ames. That was the thing on his mind. He watched his son-in-law to see how he'd taken it.

Peter didn't say a word. His face was impassive; almost blank. He didn't look at the Sheriff. He ate his breakfast—it had been simpler to come along to his father-in-law's house than to go home—and talked in monosyllables when the Sheriff made occasional observations. He finished first and pushed back his chair.

"I'll serve those summonses this morning," he said in careful tonelessness, "and be back at the courthouse this afternoon. If you should happen to pass by, will you tell Emily that I'll be home for something to eat around midday?"

The Sheriff nodded.

"I'll be droppin' by on the way to town," he observed. "Her ma's got a cake she's sendin' over to Em'ly by me."

Peter's face stayed impassive. He still didn't look at his father-in-law. He went out of the room, and the Sheriff heard him start the motor of his flivver, and then heard it bump and creak its way down the lane to the main road.

The Sheriff frowned painfully to himself and mopped the last of the egg from his plate with the half of a hot biscuit. He wished Peter had said something about Bat Ames—and he was glad he hadn't said anything to Peter. He drank his coffee. The radio blatted on, tinny and muted. Battery getting low. The Sheriff got up and turned it off. He went out to the kitchen.

"I reckon I'll be goin'," he told his wife. "Peter's gone off down Lowden way to serve a summons on those Blakeses. You want me to stop by Em'ly's?"

The telephone rang. Two long rings and two shorts. The Sheriff answered it. It was Emily. Her voice sounded a little bit breathless. "I thought I'd call up," she said. "How's Peter?"

"All right," said the Sheriff. Emily must have listened to the radio, too. She'd heard about Bat Ames. The Sheriff added leisurely: "Peter's gone off servin' some summonses. Said he'd be home around noon, an' hungry. Your ma's got a cake for me to stop by with. Want to talk to her?"

"I—I'm in a hurry," said Emily's voice. It did sound queer. "I'm going over to one of the neighbors'. I—won't be home, Dad. Just keep the cake till I—I come after it. And if—if you can reach Peter, tell him, too, will you?"

EMILY was taking the Bat Ames thing hard. Worried. The Sheriff said: "Y'mean you want me to tell him you won't be home come midday?"

"Y'yes," said Emily. "Someone's—sick."

The Sheriff deliberated. It might be a comfort if he told Emily that Peter was all right and not to worry about Bat Ames. But hers was a party-telephone line, too, like the Sheriff's. There was sure to be somebody listening in, and it wasn't a good idea for anybody to know that the Sheriff's family felt any interest in Bat Ames. Any personal interest, anyhow. Everybody knew about Bat Ames. He'd killed at least five men—two of them policemen—and it looked as if he'd end up pretty famous. But also it looked as if he ought to end up pretty soon. The hunt for him was hot.

"All right, Em'ly," said the Sheriff. "I guess I can leave word for him somewhere where he'll stop."

"Please!" said Emily's voice. It quavered a little. "Th-thanks."

She hung up. The Sheriff frowned to himself.

He told his wife that Emily was going over to one of the neighbors' and would come for the cake herself, later on. He went out to his own car and started it and went sedately toward the courthouse. On the way, he reflected unhappily. Peter was both his son-in-law and his deputy. He was a good husband and a good deputy, too. The Sheriff liked him. He hadn't, at first. It'd been a hard blow when Emily married him first and defiantly told them about him afterward. That was a hard blow, indeed. But Peter hadn't hidden anything from Emily, anyhow. He'd played fair with her. And the Sheriff, as a father, counted fair play to his daughter very high indeed in the list of virtues. But this Bat Ames business was bad.

He reached his office and began to open the mail. Wanted and reward notices. Inquiries. The Sheriff tried to concentrate on what was before him and forget a nagging uneasiness.

He heard the popping of motorcycles outside. Then footsteps coming to his office door. The Sheriff looked up and saw the local state trooper and three others, with a man in civilian clothes. They came in, looking amazingly efficient and deadly with an array of snub-nosed cartridges in plain view in their belts. The Sheriff nodded a greeting, and included the civilian in it.

"Mornin'."

"Morning, Sheriff." That was the trooper who patrolled the main highway through this section. He said, "Ever hear of a man named Bat Ames?"

The Sheriff's spine tingled. He sat up.

"What—"

"He's somewhere in this county," said the trooper. "This is Mr. Haney, federal man. Helping us. He thinks he knows where Bat Ames is. We're going to see."

THE Sheriff felt very queer. He looked at the man in civilian clothes. The federal man explained professionally: "We've managed to trace Bat Ames backward, sometimes, when we couldn't trace him forward. We know that when he was making his getaway after the Grenville bank robbery about three months ago, he stopped overnight somewhere in this section. And about two months ago we found a hide-out he'd used, and in it there was a scrap of paper with a sort of scribbled map. It looked like a map someone had drawn telling him how to get to some town or other. We've been fitting it to other maps ever since. We just found that it matches pretty well with a back-road route from somewhere in this county to Montross. So . . ."

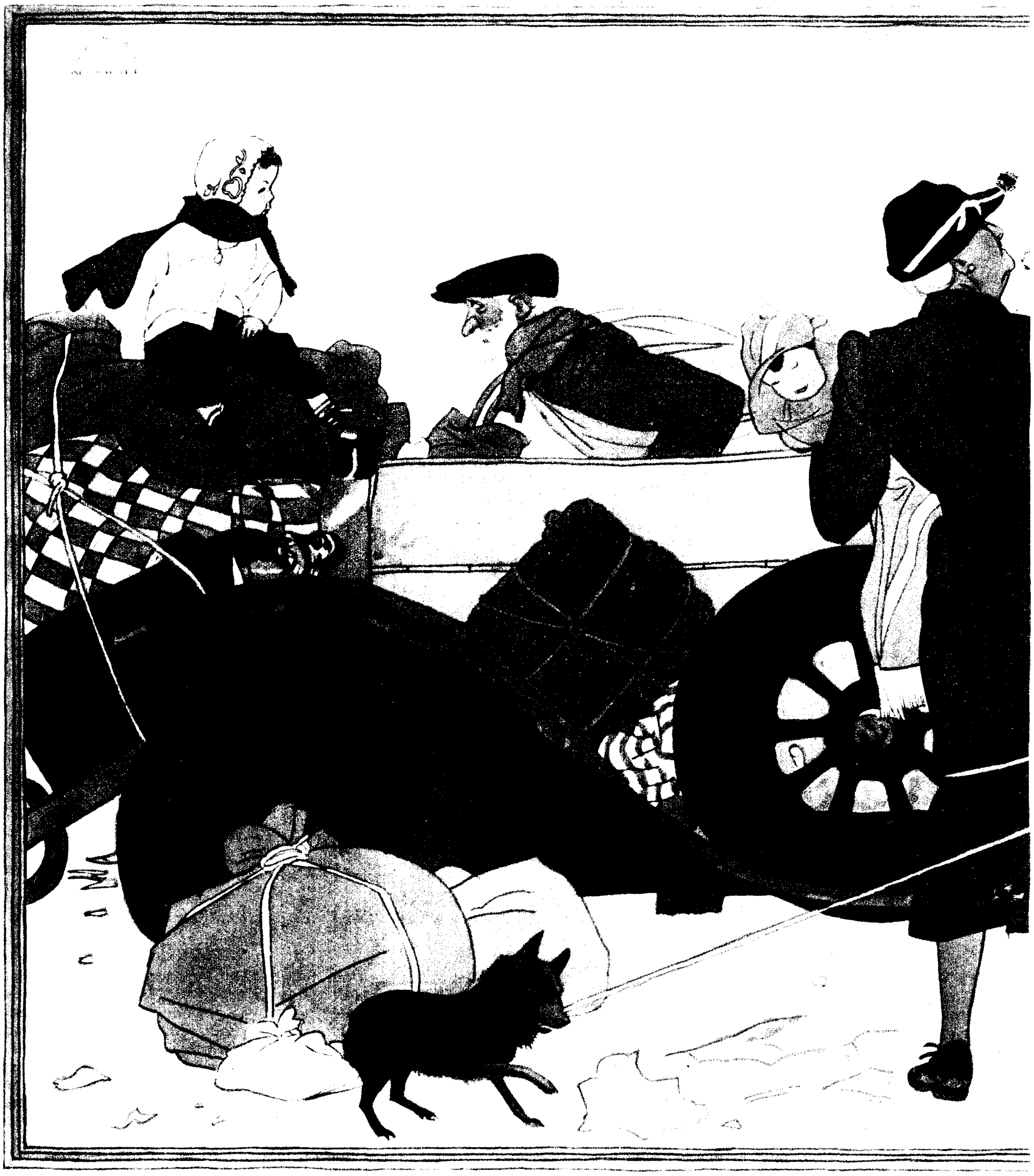
(Continued on page 27)

Move, Britannia

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Revealing—to her infinite embarrassment, no doubt—the existence of a reluctant heroine who will never be forgotten by those who saw her in action at Dunkirk



CAROLINE BRITT, known throughout the casinos of northern France and the Riviera as "Old Britannia," was a creature of habit.

With the death of her husband, Brigadier General Britt, D. S. O.—he was killed on the Western Front in 1916—she was left well off but emotionally bankrupt. A full and rosy life became gray, and even the rhododendrons at her house in Woking lost their color. Seeking to find forgetfulness in alternatives, she made a complete change in the pattern of existence. She bought a villa at Knocke on the Belgian coast, assumed a poker face and habits of self-indulgence, and let her figure go to the devil. Following the sun and her own inclinations, she gambled steadily and stonily, ate too much, slept too much and was loved by no one but Snarleyow, a schipperke of uncertain temper, so called because Old Britannia's late husband used to recite a verse of that name at Christmas parties.

Every year she came to England for the Derby, Snarleyow barking her off at Ostend; and in the month of August visited one or another of the Continental spas, where she dieted rigorously, drank smelly waters, and immersed her mountainous body in baths of brine, mud or sulphur. The rest of the year was spent at the tables.

August of the year 1939 found her at Kurtsgarten, in the Austrian Tyrol, where the repose demanded by an empty stomach was disturbed by evidence of martial preparations. The war spirit was plainly exhibited in the manners of the Herr Doktor Freudenthal, responsible for her treatment. In a mood of rebellion against his edicts she accepted a challenge from Sir Montague Robertshaw to eat six spongecakes in less time than it would take him to polish off a pint of champagne with an egg spoon. Sir Montague was an old fool, who, like herself, sought to prolong his mortal span by sporadic bouts of fasting and privation. The contest was held privily, and off the hydropathic premises, Caroline losing by one spongecake and a pile of crumbs. It cost her fifty pounds and a sharp attack of indigestion. The Herr Doktor found out about it and flew immediately into a fine rage.

"One more disobedience," he cried, "and I wash up my hands for you." Then, pointing at a rococo building in the grounds, he added: "To your bath—go."

Angrily, for as a good patriot she did not relish being "bossed about by a blessed German," Caroline picked up her walking sticks and waddled off. Halfway to the bath pavilion she saw young Captain Willoughby kissing the pale hair of his wife Phyllis. The spectacle made her feel quite sick. Phyllis looked anxious. Her hands were moving convulsively and in a manner that could not be attributed to the attack of rheumatic fever which had disrupted the wretched girl's honeymoon.

Old Britannia, who hated public displays of emotions, snorted. On the night before she had asked Peter Willoughby to make a fourth at bridge. He had declined, adding significantly that, with things as they were, he and Phyllis must make the most of each other. Caroline knew what he meant, but she refused to remind herself of anxieties from which she too had suffered in the uncertain days of 1914. She told herself that they were being namby-pamby and should be ashamed of showing their feelings before a lot of Germans.

AT THE sound of a mean yelp she turned her head. Wintergreen, her chauffeur, with Snarleyow on an emerald lead, was coming toward her. Wintergreen had been her husband's driver-orderly and was, in Caroline's opinion, a maddening creature. The influences of Continental society had failed to refine from his speech the idioms and inflections of the East End. Under his burnishing hand the venerable Sunbeam car shone like a bayonet, and it is to his credit that he was loyal; but against these virtues was an isolence and familiarity that were insupportable. But for Snarleyow, who was devoted to "the object," she would have sacked him years ago. The top buttons of his tunic were undone, disclosing a hideous brass collar stud; he wore his cap at the gorblimey angle, of which the general had frequently complained; and, worst of all, was whistling through his teeth.

Snarleyow, seeking to suggest an injury he had not sustained, was hopping along on three matchstick legs.

Wintergreen said:

" 'Avin' a bit of Port Sunlight?"

Caroline winced, for she could not endure liberties being taken with herself or the language. She asked crossly what was the matter with Snarleyow.

"Nothink, 'e's jest playin' injun' same as someone else I could mention." He lowered his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "Look! These 'ere Fritzies is sharpenin' up their swords agen. Unless you wants to find yerself on the wrong side of the wall, we'd better 'op it."

Caroline frowned, for she had only been at Kurtsgarten a fortnight and the cure took a month. She asked, nastily, if he had got the wind-up.

He was offended.

"It's you I'm thinkin' of, *has* ever, and no insinuations *if* you please."

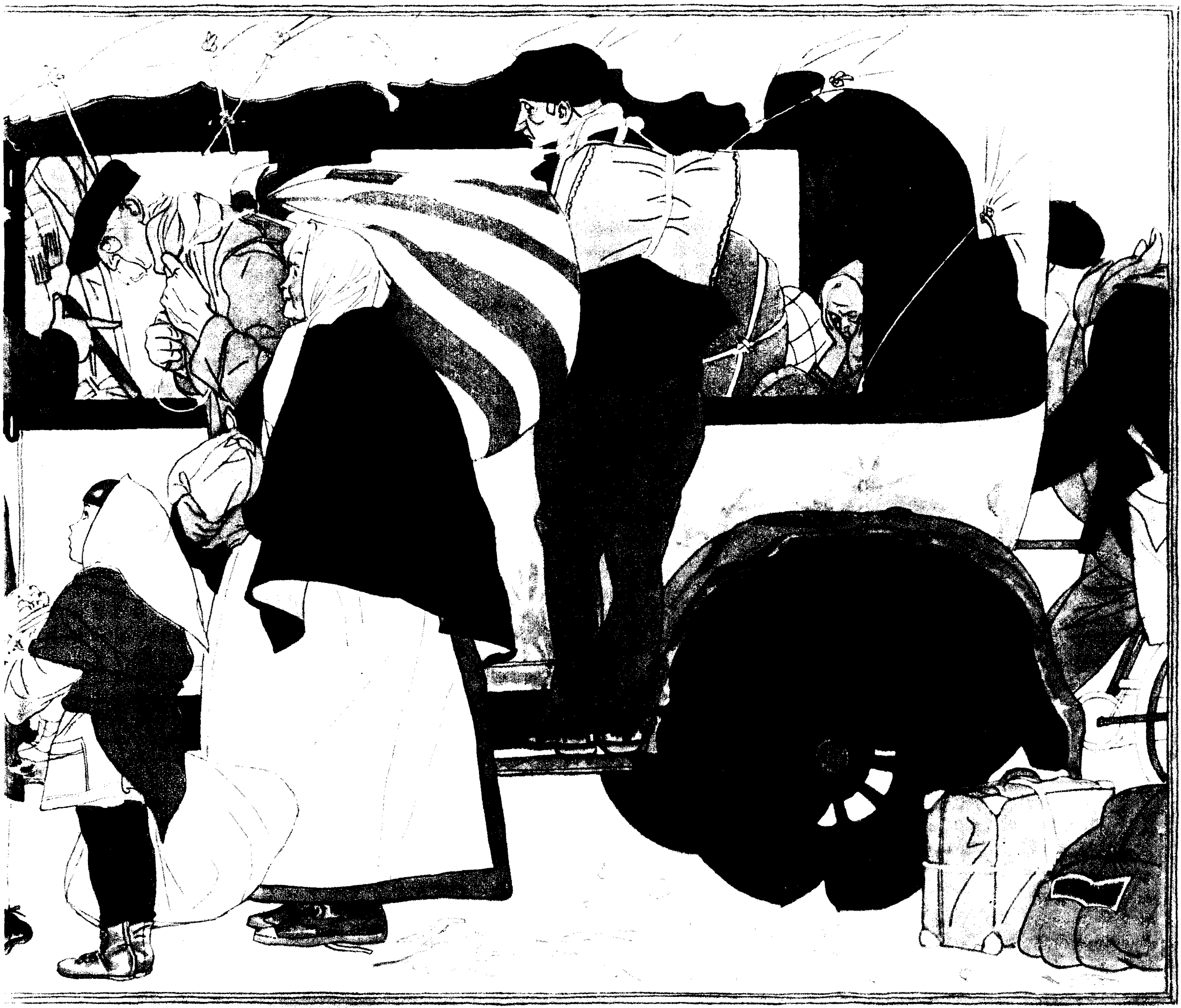
BUT Caroline was in no mood to apologize and told him she would talk it over with Sir Montague Robertshaw.

The baronet was in a summerhouse enjoying a forbidden cigar. Caroline's approaching shadow scared the wits out of him and he pitched the cigar guiltily out of the window.

"Damn you, Carrie," he exploded, "made sure it was that blasted doctor snooping around. It's there by the roses. Be a good girl and retrieve it."

But Caroline couldn't be bothered, and asked what he thought about the war.

"Serious, and you'd better be moving on unless you fancy being stuck here for duration."



Soon the car was packed with panic-stricken refugees, old and young. Even the running boards were crowded with them

"God forbid! We shouldn't get a game of cards for years. All the same I hate having my plans upset."

"Me too, and my joints are still very creaky. Let's go downtown, crack a bottle and talk it over."

She rose with alacrity.

"I'm your man, Monty."

To avoid being seen by the doctor they took a secluded path and around one of the bends came upon the Willoughbys. Peter held a telegram and Phyllis was in tears.

"At it again?" said Caroline, and added: "You're the most lugubrious honeymooners I ever knew."

"P-Peter's got to rejoin his regiment," Phyllis said.

CAROLINE exchanged a glance with old Monty as Peter took up the tale. He had rung up the airport and had only been able to book a single passage. This meant that Phyllis, in her wretched state of health, must face the train-and-steamer journey alone. Before she reached home hostilities might have started. She might even be bombed and . . . and . . . Anxiety, born of love, was breeding terror.

"I've b-b-been nothing b-b-but a b-b-beastly nuisance ever since we were m-m-married," sobbed Phyllis.

Caroline was disgusted with all that "weeping willow" stuff, but as a fellow countryman felt that something must be done for the two miseries. So she said that if Phyllis didn't bring too much luggage she was at liberty to squeeze into the Sunbeam.

Hope dawned.

"Are you going straight home then?" Phyllis asked.

"At this time of the year? Goodness, no! Italy."

Peter said: "Mightn't that be out of the frying pan? There's the Axis."

"Bah! The Duce's threats are as empty as macaroni."

But he was unconvinced.

"I won't be happy until she's safely back in Wales."

And then Sir Montague chipped in:

"My yacht, the San Toy, is at Genoa. I'll give your wife a passage to Southampton. Might put a bit of color in her cheeks."

That afternoon an airplane, steering nor-nor-west, carried Peter Willoughby back to home and duty; and the venerable Sunbeam, steering sou-sou-east, bore Caroline, Monty, Phyllis, Snarleyow and Wintergreen in the direction of the Brenner Pass.

CAROLINE BRITT had not devoted twenty years to gambling without learning a good deal about human nature. The drive through northern Italy to Maggiori convinced her that, behind an artless air of innocence, trouble was brewing. The nation had assumed a poker face similar to that worn by a player who has something up his sleeve. The effusiveness of the welcome accorded them at the hotel, where persons like herself beguiled away the autumn with ten-shilling bridge and views of the lake, in no way deceived her. She regarded it as a bluff designed to conceal a dirty trick.

Phyllis, enchanted by the beauty of the place, had wondered aloud whether it wouldn't be sensible to stay for a week or two and recuperate her strength. Caroline would have none of it. The girl's presence made her uneasy.

"Certainly not," she said. "The car will take you to Genoa tomorrow morning and that'll end my responsibility."

So Phyllis went obediently to bed, with a cup of arrowroot and a locket containing Peter's likeness, and Caroline and Monty celebrated the abandonment of their cure by eating themselves to a standstill and abusing the Fuehrer.

Next morning Phyllis came to say goodby and to add, idiotically, that she felt she was deserting a friend in an hour of need. Caroline told her not to talk rubbish.

As the girl left the room Sir Montague said, with affection, "I suppose you will be all right, but why not come along with us on the yacht?"

She scouted the idea. "It'ud take more than a war to persuade me to winter in England. I shall stay here and get along to Monte Carlo at the end of November."

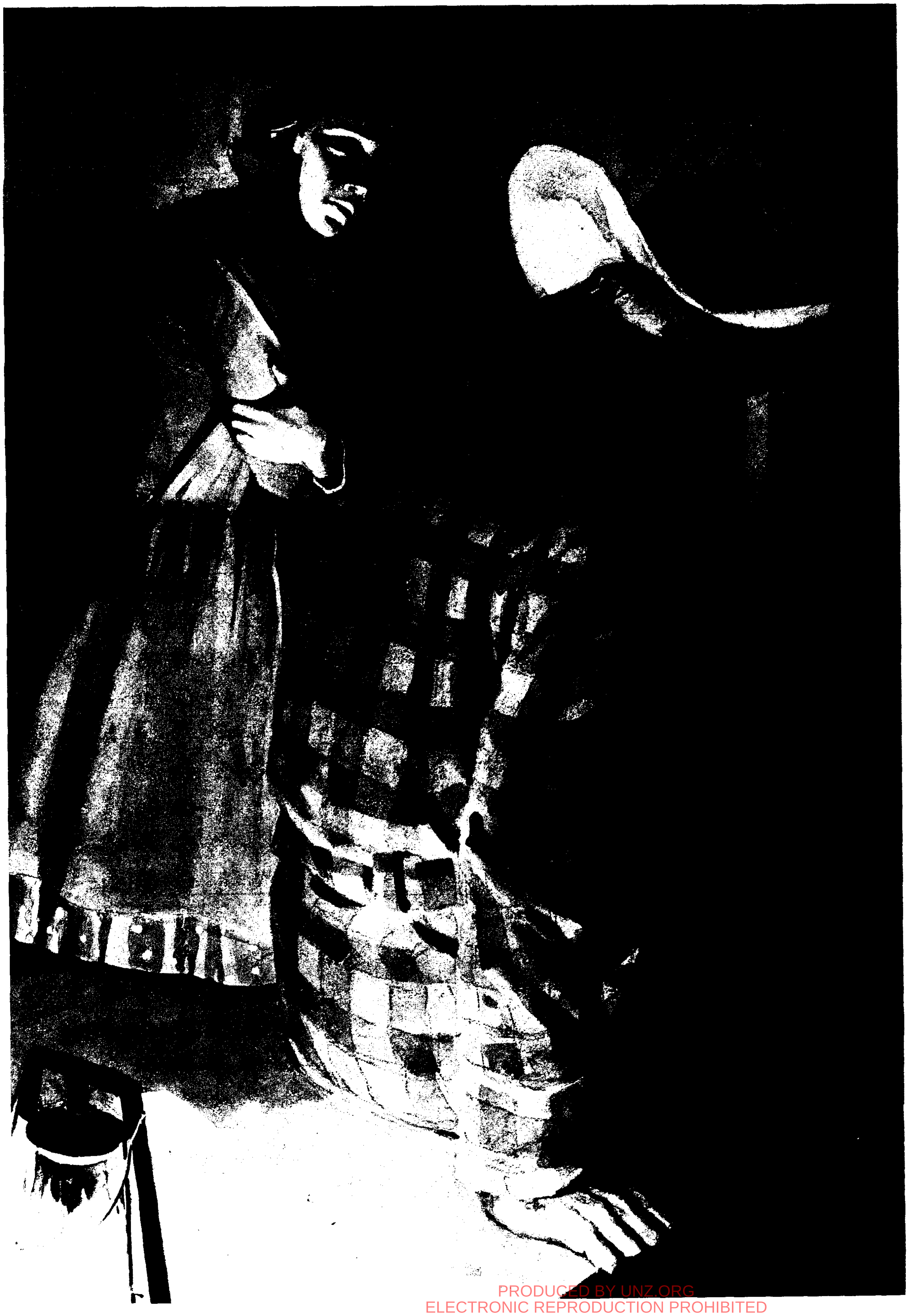
He shook his head.

(Continued on page 36)

The Drifter

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



"Then I saw him get worried. He looked at me and I think he was more afraid of me than I was of him"

The Story Thus Far:

JIM KEENE, a wandering Texan, rides into the small frontier town of Prairie City. Presently he learns that the cattlemen of the region are persecuting the homesteaders, in the hope of driving them away. Sympathizing with the homesteaders—Aurora Brant, a lovely girl who has no one to defend her; Elijah Patterson, Kilrain, George Lacey, Brighthand, Comrie and others—he decides to stay and do what he can to protect them.

The cattlemen are led by Grat DePard, owner of the Broken Bit outfit. From their first meeting, DePard and Keene are enemies. Resenting his bullying attitude toward Aurora Brant (the girl owns a little store, and she has a cabin on land that the cattlemen want), Keene insults DePard, in an attempt to draw him into a gun battle. But—like Red John, his foreman—DePard refuses to exchange shots with the Texan. . . .

Sheriff Ben Borders, a friend of the homesteaders, is shot to death by a man named Naves (one of DePard's hirelings). After which, feeling that they are free to do as they please, the cattlemen start a reign of terror. DePard lures Keene to the Broken Bit headquarters and captures him. Then—leaving Jesse Morspeare, a bully, to keep an eye on the prisoner—he rides out with his men and begins cutting the homesteaders' wire. . . . Keene overcomes Morspeare, makes his getaway; and a fire—started in the course of the struggle between the two men—burns DePard's ranch house to the ground. . . .

Two girls are in love with Keene: Aurora Brant and Portia Crews, daughter of the owner of Rafter T. Encountering him on the trail, and feeling sure that, conscious of the peril confronting Aurora, he is on the way to her cabin, Portia informs him that Aurora is safe—that she has gone to the home of Cleve Stewart, who loves her and will protect her. Then, *having told this lie,* she leads Keene to a hideaway in the mountains. . . .

DePard and his men kidnap Aurora. They put her in a cabin, and leave her there—alone with Red John! . . . Keene leaves his hideaway. He rides to Stewart's. Stewart greets him. "Where's Aurora?" Keene asks. Stewart (who knows about Portia's lie) answers reluctantly. "She's down at the store," he says slowly.

VIII

BIG Jesse Morspeare stood at the east edge of the pass, patiently waiting. He had his eyes turned toward the summit of the pass and so it was not until Keene was half across the clearing that Jesse caught that motion in the corner of his eyes. Jesse flung up his gun and made another try at the elusive target; and there was one touch-and-go moment when he thought he had Keene in the sights. But the distance was bad and the light simply faded from the earth and then Keene was gone. Big Jesse laid the gun over his saddle, once more figuring ahead of Keene. "I was right about him comin' here," he thought. "I think I'll be right next time, too."

He shoved out from the timber and entered the pass. Instead of going into the farther trees he moved southward toward the valley. When he came to its floor he settled to an alternate run and walk.

KEENE said: "Didn't you bring her here?"

"No," answered Stewart, "she wouldn't come."

Keene stood in the middle of the room, water dripping along his slicker and puddling at his feet. The thawing warmth made a red flame on his cheeks; the violent flash of temper brightened his eyes. "Stewart," he said, "I thought you had better sense."

"Wait a minute," interposed Stewart, astonished by this kind of talk. "She wouldn't come."

"That makes no difference. You know what's happening. You know *she's* got no business being out there alone."

"I told her that. She wouldn't come."

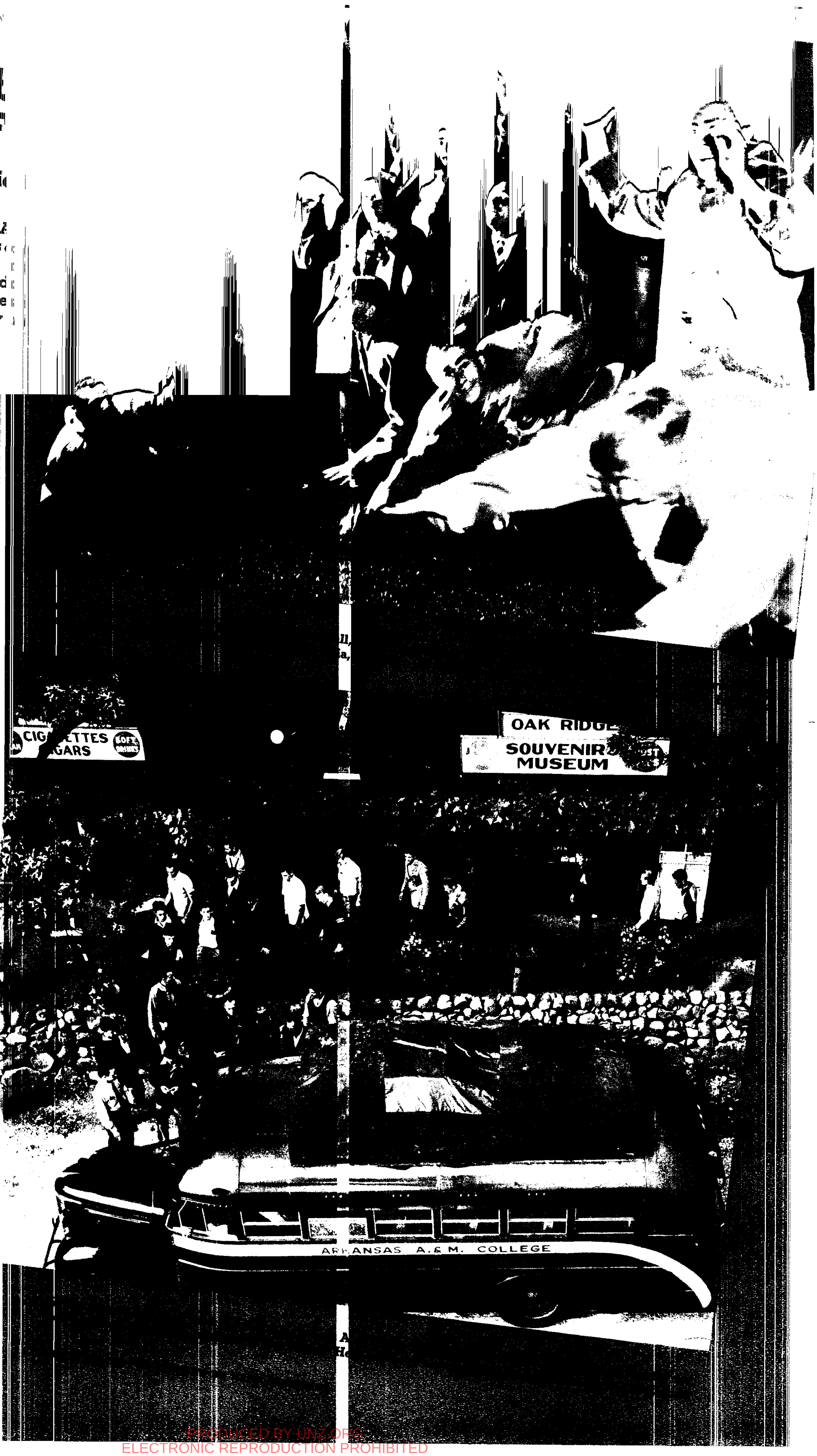
"Cleve," rapped out Keene, "you should have brought her."

(Continued on page 46)

Foot
is for F

By Kyle Cri

The Arkansas A
the Marx Brothers
ball, don't win
games but they d
the country and e
one has a lovely



AT a time when the world is pretty strange at best, we have to get the Arkansas Aggies in addition. We've had football teams that did this and football teams that did that but this is the first one that considers the season a wreck if it wins a game. Its coach, Mr. Stewart A. Ferguson, has only one principle in filling his position: he refuses to coach. The squad has solved the problem of practice sessions by having no practice sessions. Their offensive is strictly impromptu, being based generally on a whim concocted by the loudest yeller in the huddle. On the theory that a running attack needs blockers and blockers are likely to get wounded, they have no running attack.

"The Marx Brothers of football!" cried a flabbergasted Cleveland writer after seeing the Aggies get walloped 49-17 by John Carroll.

And yet they are one of the best attractions in football. These fabulous gentlemen from the Ozarks have taken some philosopher at his word. Football is meant to be played for fun, said this sage, and the Boll Weevils of Monticello, Arkansas, jumped on this with both feet. Before this they had been a typically small college outfit, buying in a few limber-jointed halfbacks each season, putting the bite on the townspeople for a subsidy and still only winning half their games. President Bankston put a stop to this very effectively by hiring Ferguson as coach. It was a miraculous choice for a college that wanted to de-emphasize the sport. Ferguson took the job on three conditions: he wouldn't be paid; he wouldn't be required to win a game for three years; he would have a free hand.

"My dear boys," said Coach Ferguson when he got the squad together. "I don't expect to be out here half the time. Make up any plays you want, make up your own training rules, don't pay any attention to me. If you don't get any fun out of this game you're fools for playing it."

Then he bought a bus, increased the schedule from seven games to ten and arranged for most of them to be out of town, the farther out the better. This year they're playing in California, New York City, Rapid City, South Dakota; Denton, Texas; Pineville, Louisiana; Reno, Nevada; Springfield, Missouri, and Philadelphia. Between games they never think of practicing because they're too busy sight-seeing. Last year when they played St. Joseph's in Philadelphia one week and Morris-Harvey at Charleston, West Virginia, the next, they were criticized for not getting in a workout between-times.

"Workout!" they protested in aston-

(Continued on page 57)

Rainbow round Your Neck

By Jim Marshall

Hawaii built a half-million-dollar lei industry out of the romantic custom of throwing flowered necklaces over the head. Now at length it has hit the mainland

A Hawaiian girl picks bloo
that will later find their
into gorgeous leis
those on the tourists b

PAN PACIFIC PRESS

IF YOU ask the average world traveler to name his favorite port, chances are he'll say Honolulu. This is not because he's anxious to get back to a pet hula girl or hungry for pineapple—it's simply the old Hawaiian custom of tossing fragrant, brightly colored flower garlands around the necks of incoming visitors. This is done to the accompaniment of a municipal band playing dreamy South Seas airs, native girls singing island songs and people rushing about, saying: "Aloha Oe!"

The Hawaiian name for a flower garland is lei, pronounced lay. Recently the lei custom has spread to the mainland, and leis are appearing on girls in San Francisco and New York. Some of them are local products; others are flown in artificial ice from Pearl Harbor. California bars the importation of leis but so far hasn't discovered any way to stop mail carriers from delivering them. Just try to get one off the boat, though.

Main difference between mainland leis and the island variety is that the former cost from $2.50 up to $10, while standard price for the latter is two bits. Sometimes it goes down to a dime; an extra-special de luxe lei may cost half a dollar, but seldom more.

Any hostess with a flower garden and a needle and thread can make leis just as lovely and fragrant as the Hawaiian originals. Almost any flower may be used.

You simply thread the petals, or whole blooms, on the cotton until you have about a yard of flowers. Then you tie the ends, making a loop, and there you are.

The lei makers of Hawaii use about seventy flowers for a carnation wreath; a hundred for ginger flowers; forty for plumiera, gardenias, marigolds or cornflowers. A jasmine lei uses from a hundred to one hundred fifty. Mainlanders may use roses, pansies, nasturtiums, violets, phlox or button dahlias.

Hawaiian leis are almost always of the one-flower variety. This is traditional, each island having its own flower. But there is no reason why flowers can't be mixed.

The flower-garland idea isn't native to Hawaii. It seems to have started in India, centuries ago. In some parts of India today, flower wreaths still are tossed over the heads of visitors. But at other ports, greeters arrive with large bouquets, which the unfortunate incomers have to tote around while fighting their way through immigration and customs. That's one thing about a lei—it leaves the hands free.

The Indians, who have a genius for formalizing everything, have about abandoned the idea of flowers and now use golden garlands, costing from a couple of rupees up to fifty or a hundred. The golden garlands are made of gold thread, decorated with scraps of silk, tinsel and fake or real gems. Some of South India's native princes go in for gaudy affairs made of real gold and hung with pearls.

In some Indian mill towns it's customary for each worker, on Christmas or New Year's, to present the boss with a garland. Long lines of garland-bearing workers troop up to the boss' home and hang their offerings about the necks of the boss, his wife and his children. As the load gets too heavy, servants remove the garlands and lay them aside. Since a workman may spend a month's wages on a garland, the practice has its wasteful side, but nobody seems able to do much about it.

The flower-necklace idea went overseas with Indian emigrants, down through Sumatra and Java and on eastward to Polynesia. It took Tahiti and flowed eastward again when the islanders set out in their long canoes for the Hawaiian Islands.

(Continued on page 45)

The Hand of Destiny

By C. S. Forester

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

Mutiny results in the good of the service and brings about the promotion of your old friend, Lieutenant Hornblower

LIEUTENANT HORNBLOWER came on deck, a little self-conscious about his new uniform. Yesterday he had been only Mr. Midshipman Hornblower, with the white patches—"the mark of the beast"—on his collar to indicate his rank. Now his epaulette gleamed in the corner of his eye as he stole furtive glances around at it, and he was a full-blown lieutenant at the age of twenty, holding His Majesty's commission instead of a mere warrant, and publicly acknowledged as competent—a thing that vaguely worried him—to be officer of the watch and responsible for the handling of any of H. M.'s ships.

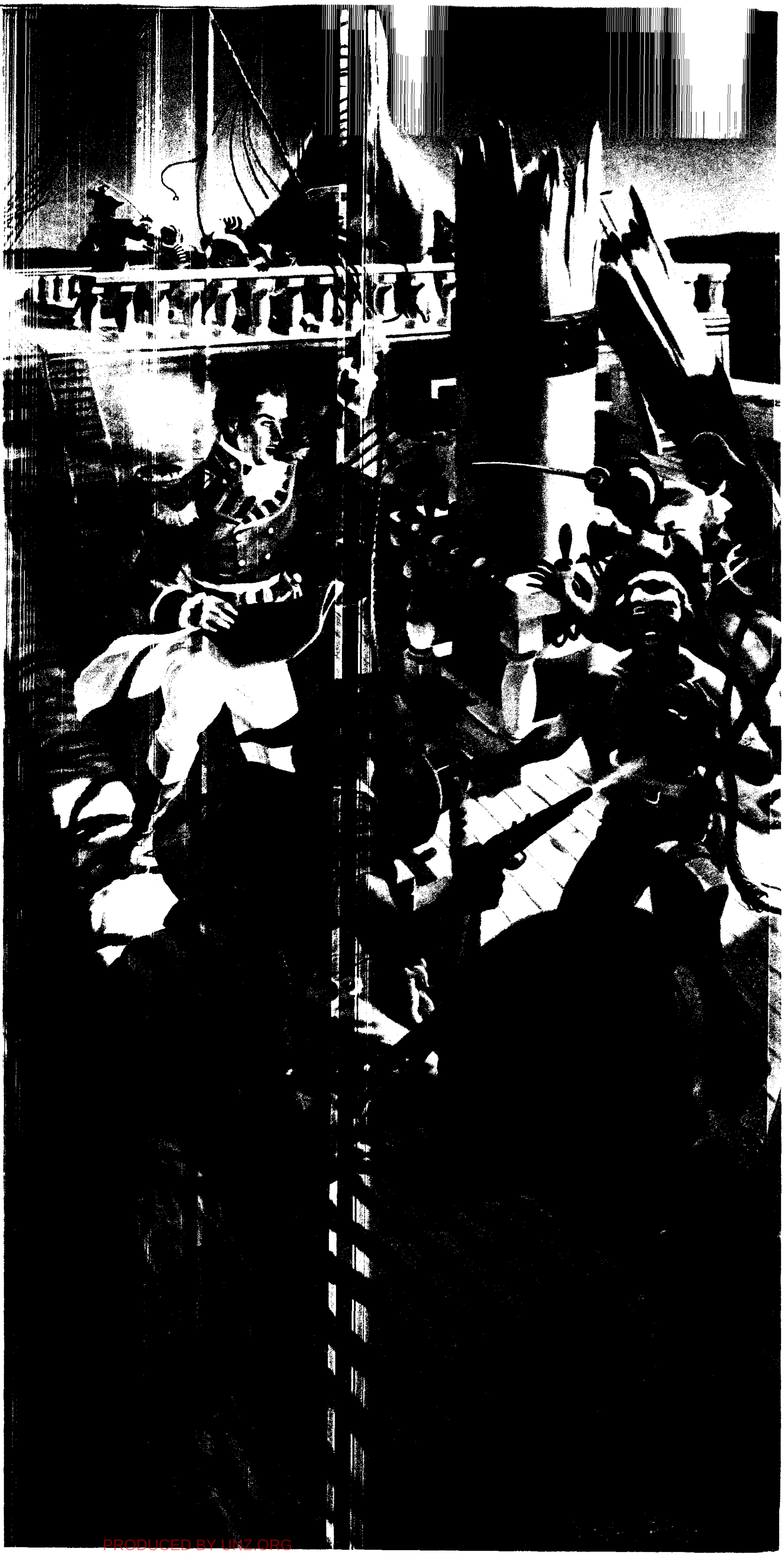
He touched his hat to the quarter-deck and hurried to his division; everyone was too preoccupied to take the slightest notice of his new uniform, for the whole crew were running madly to their positions. Captain Courtney of His Britannic Majesty's frigate Marguerite had a habit of flogging the last man to obey an order, and the present order was for all hands to witness punishment. With grating and boatswain's mates and cat-o'-nine-tails all waiting, Captain Courtney would be even more ready than usual to order a man to be flogged, and the hands were frantic in their haste to fall in.

Courtney came forward to the break of the poop and looked down at the scurrying mass with sardonic satisfaction. Hornblower, looking up at him, could swear he saw the man's lips smacking in anticipation of the bloody treat before him. Courtney was one of those gloomy tyrants who should never have been entrusted with the absolute powers of a captain; he took delight in blood and agony. Hornblower cursed the chance that had transferred him to this command from that of the just and humane Sir Edward Pellew. The vacancies aboard the Marguerite were a result of the courts-martial upon two lieutenants driven frantic by Courtney's bullying, and Hornblower wondered how long it would be before he, himself, provided another vacancy.

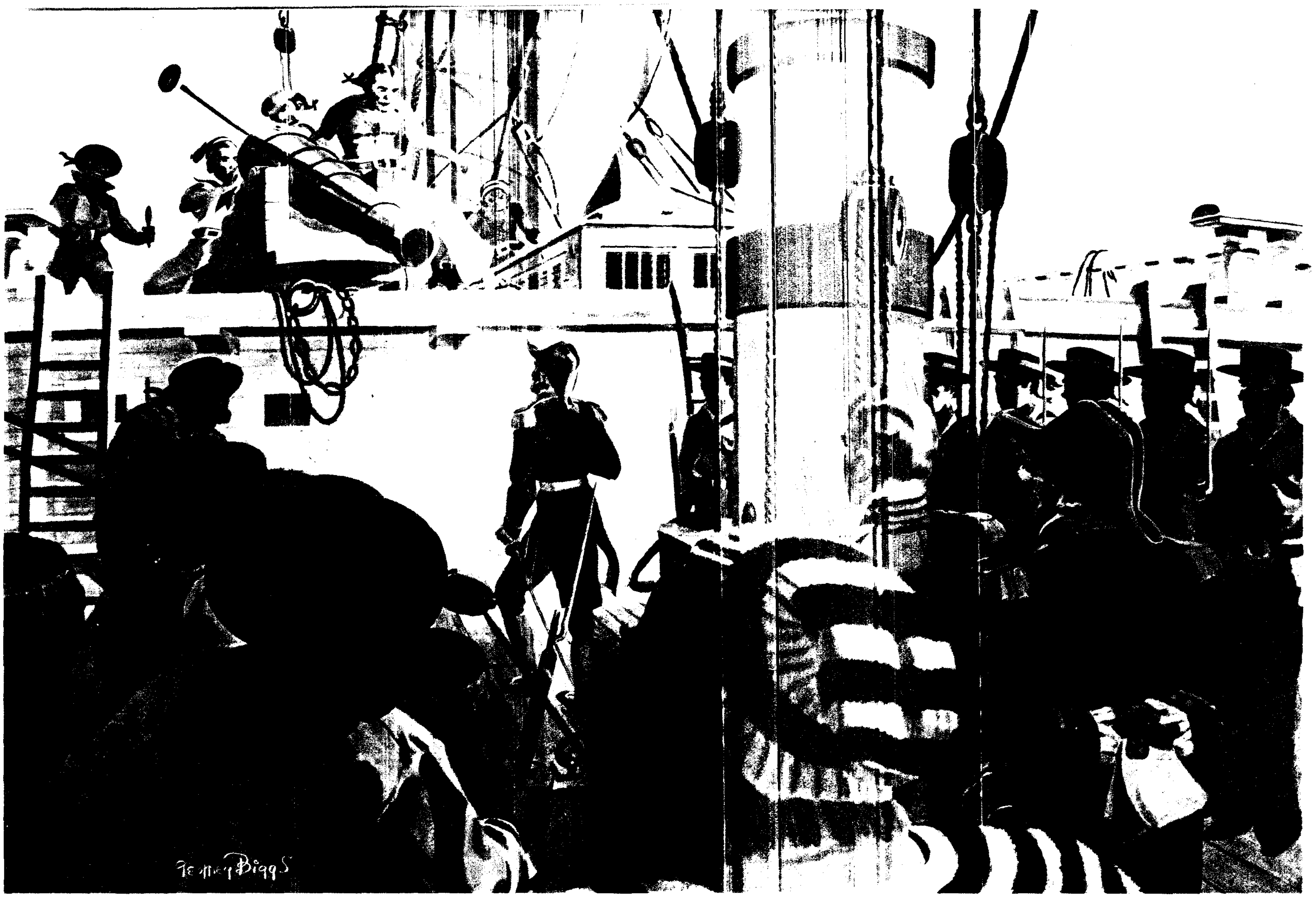
Now every man was in position, lining the waist and the gangways, facing inward, rigid and still, awaiting in rapt silence the horrible scene that was to be enacted before them. It was a human sacrifice they were to witness, as though they were some tribe of savages, Aztecs or Ashantees, and no man knew whether or not he might be the next victim if Courtney's lust for blood was not slaked by the fifteen floggings scheduled for today. All the ship was deathly still, tense and silent.

Captain Courtney stood ready with the Articles of War in his hand, the document that gave him the powers he was about to wield. When the victims should be brought up heads would be bared in solemn submission, and the drum would roll, and the captain would read out those portions of the Articles of War that bore upon the cases of the fifteen men who were to suffer. Captain Courtney was at this moment checking the paragraphs he was to read, flipping the pages impatiently from time to time. The master-at-arms was slow in bringing up the prisoners; he would have a taste of his own medicine if he were not careful.

A little group of men appeared on the forecastle, climbing up through the hatchway. They fell to work unobtrusively and noiselessly, like men engaged upon a responsible task; Hornblower noticed them and wondered what in the world they were doing at a moment like this; Courtney was too preoccupied with



"Come on, boarders!" he called, and he leaped onto the deck. The remnants of the Spanish crew, dazed by the broadside, stood inactive



"Wait!" Garton yelled. "There's grape atop o' canister in this 'ere gun"

the Articles of War to notice them for a space, and no one dared call his attention to them. Now somebody came tumbling up onto the main deck, someone tousled and disheveled, looking about him, bewildered. It was one of the ship's corporals—the master-at-arms' assistant—who had been sent below to bring up the criminals. He ran his hand through his hair and stared around, and then he saw the group on the forecastle and uttered a wild cry.

Everyone could relax then, and cease to look straight in front of him. Courtney looked up sharply from his papers.

"Sir!" shouted the ship's corporal, pointing frantically forward. "Sir—"

The little group on the forecastle had worked with a will. They had cast loose the big eighteen-pounder carronade there and manhandled it around so that it looked aft; one man had just finished ramming a charge home down the gaping muzzle, and another man—Hornblower recognized him as Garton, a gun captain in his own division and one of the men marked for punishment this morning—was twirling the elevating screw so as to depress the carronade to sweep the deck.

THE frantic excitement of the ship's corporal, and the presence of Garton on the forecastle, told Hornblower what had happened. The fifteen criminals confined below had managed to slip their irons during the night, and had overpowered by surprise the escort sent to bring them up on deck. Now they were in a strong position—he noted that six of them had muskets, presumably taken from the marine escort, and, while one man guarded the hands seized on the forecastle, and another the hatchway, four more were prepared to help the gunners in their defense of the forecastle. There were two men at the carronade, and six at work running a second carronade up beside it. That made fourteen altogether—Hornblower counted them again to make sure—and left in doubt where the fifteenth was.

"What the devil's all this?" blared Captain Courtney from the poop. The spluttering ship's corporal on the main deck tried to explain—apparently he had escaped from the bonds in which the criminals had left him and all his colleagues. But Garton's voice from the forecastle interrupted him.

"It ain't no go, sir!" he shouted. "We're here, an' we sticks here."

He had a portfire burning in his hand, ready to fire the gun, and he made a menacing gesture with it over the breech.

"Put that thing down and don't be a fool!" shouted Courtney in reply.

"Not me, sir. Leastways, not without your promise. Promise you won't flog us, not for nothing. Promise you won't flog nobody for a week, neither, an' we'll come back to duty, sir."

"Promise be damned!" said Courtney, and then to his officers: "Here, Mr. Cuffe, Roberts, Peterson, go and bring those fools off there. Mutiny, by Gad, and on my ship!"

Garton could guess the import of the aside, even though he could not hear the words.

"Wait!" he yelled. "There's grape atop o' canister in this 'ere gun."

The effect of such a charge fired into the serried ranks of the main deck would be simply appalling—the ordered lines there eddied and then stood still. Cuffe and Roberts and Peterson all looked helplessly at their captain; Hornblower could feel the sentiment of the men about him. They were wholeheartedly in sympathy with the mutineers even if they had not yet snapped the bonds of discipline. It would be hard to gather them to make a determined attack upon the forecastle.

"Peterson!" said Courtney out of the corner of his mouth. "Get below. Collect what men you can find and go for'ard along the orlop. Rush the hatchway when we attack from here."

"Don't no one move!" shouted Garton—it was not hard for him to guess at the captain's plan, which was indeed the obvious one. "This other gun's got a round shot. We'll shoot the masts down, sir, and that there's a lee shore!"

He pointed to the distant Spanish mountains, and everyone recognized the force of what he said. At that close range few shots would be necessary to dismast the ship. Even if they did not set her on fire as well, as was quite likely, she would be helpless, and the gentle breeze would push her to destruction before she could be got under control again. A little murmur ran through the ranks.

HORNBLOWER'S heart was warming toward Garton. Mutineer he might be, and therefore quite detestable, but he was a man of ingenuity and courage.

"Damn you!" Courtney raved. Alternately he shook his fists and pounded the rail in front of him. "I'll see you at the yardarm for this, you blasted mutineer! You and all those poor fools with you, damn your souls. Come down from there, or I'll—I'll—"

There was no effective threat he could make, and Courtney's ravings died away in inarticulate mouthings.

"We'd rather hang than be flogged, Cap'n, an' that's flat," replied Garton, philosophically.

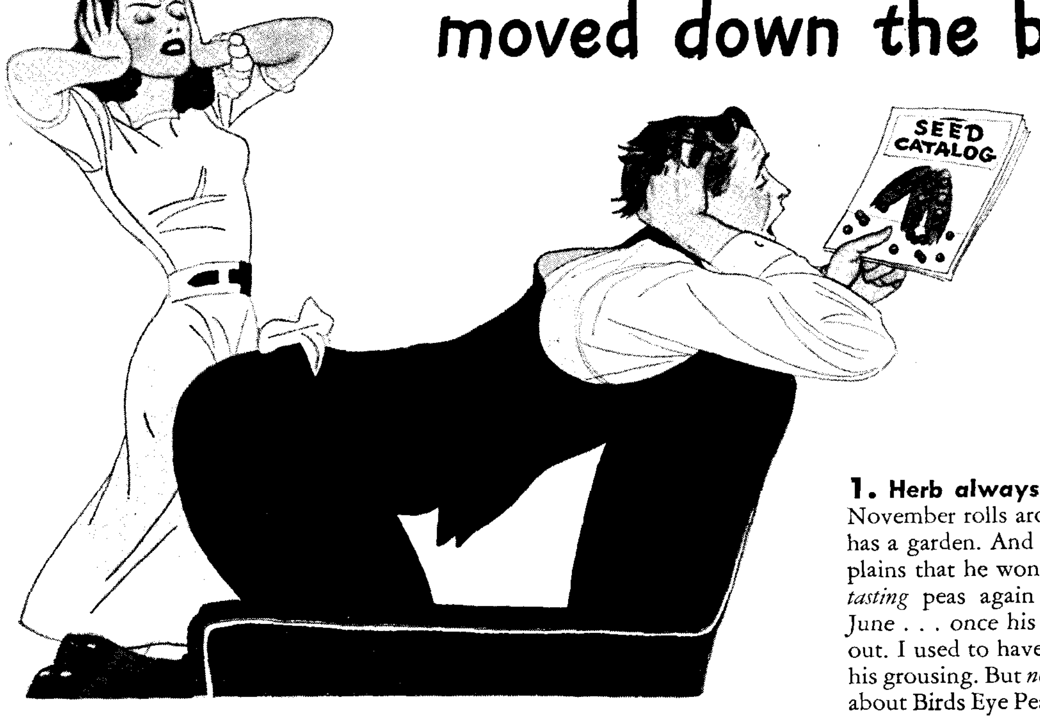
Captain Courtney was on the horns of a most unpleasant dilemma—he must either yield or risk his ship. Hornblower looked at him with a great deal of curiosity, wondering how he would react. For a moment the issue was postponed by Roberts, the white-haired second lieutenant, who apparently was suddenly carried away with desperation at sight of mutiny.

"Let's knock 'em on the head!" he shouted, loudly and suddenly; he started forward, waving his hand and gesticulating to his men as if he were leading a boarding party. But hardly a soul moved. A couple of master's mates started, and then halted as they realized that all the hands were standing still. Roberts checked his men and stood wringing his hands in mortification. The crew were deadly still and silent, save for one man hidden in the crowd, who shouted boldly to the mutineers—

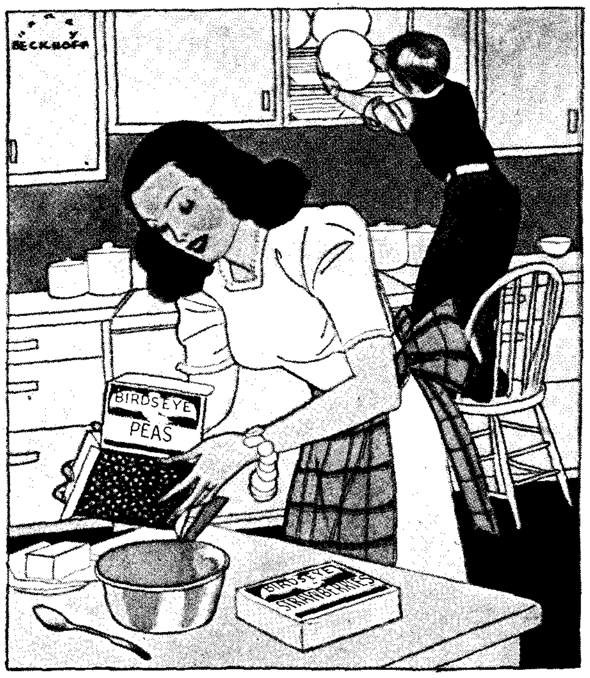
"Don't fire, lads. We're not coming."

Hornblower realized with a shock that a very little more would suffice to carry the whole crew over from passive mutiny to active, to a general explosion of riot and murder that would only end when the last officer's throat was cut. Even *(Continued on page 58)*

The day our garden moved down the block

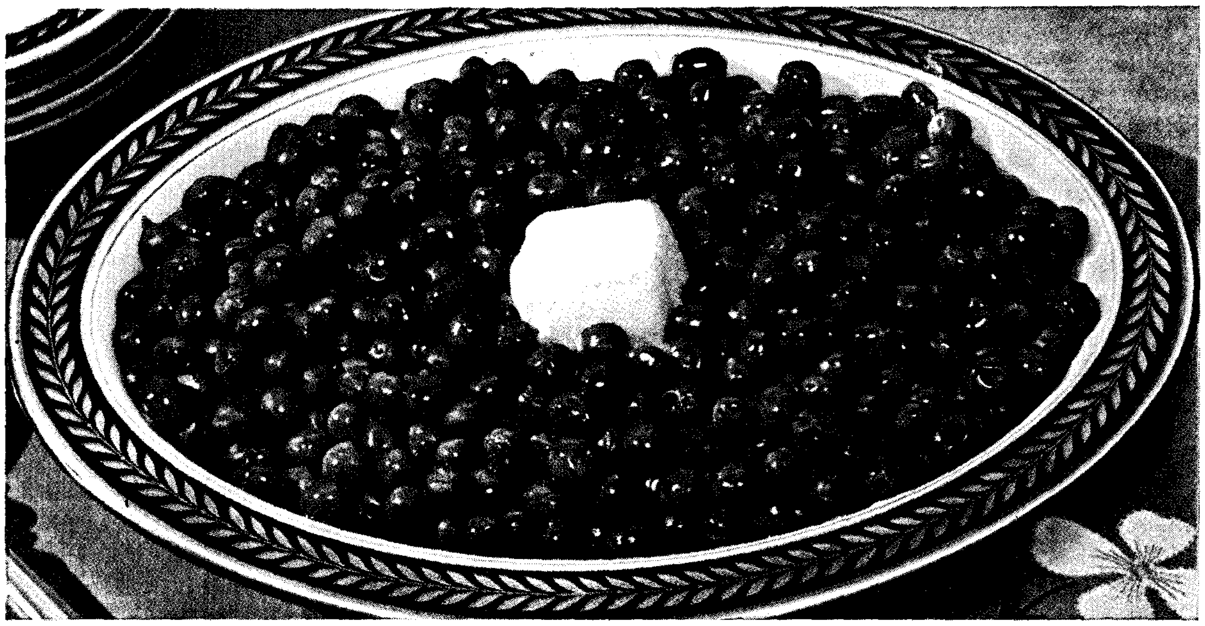


1. Herb always groans when November rolls around. For Herb has a garden. And he always complains that he won't get any *fresh-tasting* peas again until the next June . . . once his own vines give out. I used to have to put up with his grousing. But *not* since I learned about Birds Eye Peas . . .



2. Yes, sir! Right here in November, I found out how to get the tenderest, *freshest-tasting* peas you can buy anywhere! They're Birds Eye *Quick-Frozen* Peas . . . as green and perky-fresh as any that ever came out of Herb's precious garden. I wish you could have seen Herb's face!

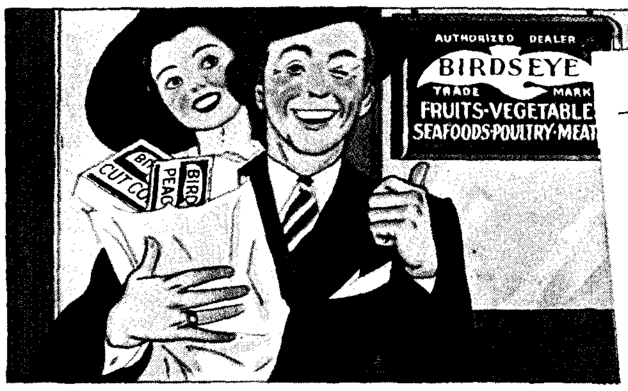
3. First he blinked. Then he brightened. And, once he'd tasted those peas, he wore a smile that touched both ears! "Oh, boy!" he spluttered. "*Real* early summer peas! But, Gosh, whoever heard of *garden-fresh* peas this tasty in November?"



4. "If *you* haven't," I said, "it's time you did! These are Birds Eye *Quick-Frozen* Peas...as *garden-fresh* now as most of those you used to crow over last June! And lots *better-tasting*, too! You see, Birds Eye grows *only* peas famous for flavor. And, are they *particular* . . .

5. "Only the plumpest, tenderest peas in the crop are O.K.'d for *Quick-Freezing* . . . *4 hours after picking!* All their luscious goodness is *sealed in*. You can *see* why Birds Eye Peas are *always* so grand, box after box! But you'll be amazed to know they *save us money*, too!"

6. "How can they?" Herb asked. "Figure it out," I said. "Birds Eye Peas come all shelled, washed, ready for cooking. Why, I'd have to shell 2 whole lbs. of peas in the pod to get as much to eat as I get from 1 box of Birds Eye. And I *don't* pay for waste pods!" (Herb says this winter he'll do *all* his "gardening" at the Birds Eye store!) P.S. Good idea! Why don't *you* try it, too?



Order Today from this Birds Eye list:

- Asparagus Tips—4 servings
- Squash—for pie or vegetable
- Corn on Cob—Golden Bantam
- Lima Beans—ready to cook
- Strawberries—4 big servings

Be sure to order your Birds Eye Turkey today!

And there are more than 50 others—all cleaned, trimmed, ready to cook or serve. Get a box today!

FARM-FRESH FOODS—IN PACKAGES

For more information, write Frosted Foods Sales Corp., 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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7. All stores do not yet have these grand Birds Eye Foods. But it will be worth your while to look for one. The Birds Eye on the window and the Birds Eye on the package guarantee you only the top quality in Quick-Frozen Foods.

BUY WITH CONFIDENCE!
Birds Eye Peas have been accepted by the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association.

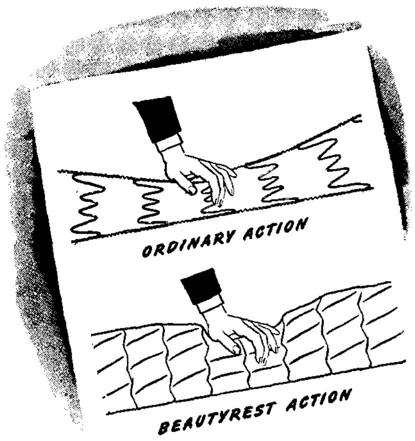
BIRDS EYE
BRAND
FROSTED FOODS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Six "do's" and "don't's" about mattress buying . . .

1. Don't judge comfort on looks

Most mattresses *look* comfortable in the store. But you can't judge a mattress on looks. For there are all *kinds* of comfort. A mattress made with only indifferent "insides" can give you only indifferent comfort.

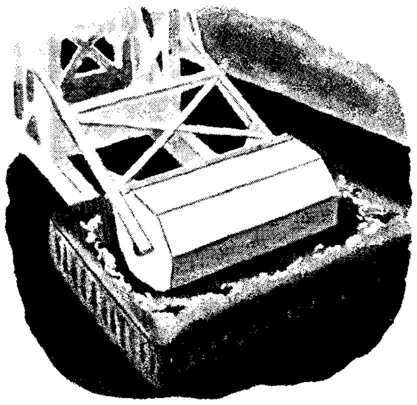
The New, Deeper Beautyrest has a special construction that brings comfort to its coziest, most luxurious point...blissful, toe-wiggling comfort that thrills you just to lie there . . . relaxed as a baby on the deepest Beautyrest Simmons ever made.



2. Don't buy until you know about a mattress's insides

As you know, most mattresses have innersprings. In the ordinary mattress, each spring is tied to the next by wire. When your hips press down on some springs, others near by go down too . . . forming a slope that can turn into a permanent sag.

Beautyrest has an entirely different kind of construction known as "independent coils." Here each of the 837 springs is pocketed—*separated* from the next—yields *independently* to the slightest movement of your body. It gives you buoyant, *floating* support that no other mattress gives. *We know.* We make both kinds: the luxurious Beautyrest and the "ordinary action" mattress.



3. Don't buy a mattress that can't keep its comfort

A bargain mattress that loses its store comfort is always a questionable bargain! In a test made at the United States Testing Co., Inc. (Certified Test No. 11760), 17 different makes of mattress were tested to see which would last longest.

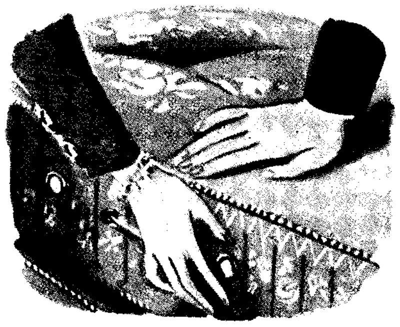
Beautyrest stood up *three times* longer than any others tested. So we guarantee Beautyrest for 10 years' service. Based on these tests, however, you can figure on its lasting even *longer*.

4. Don't buy a mattress that can't keep its shape

Time is hard on a mattress. After a few years' lumps may form . . . edges may sag and get wavy.

Not in Beautyrest! For Beautyrest has a special, sag-proof edge—*patented.* It keeps Beautyrest smooth throughout, and the edges stay erect and firm during the entire life of the mattress. (P.S. Because Beautyrest never "lumps" up, it needs far less turning.)

Simmons shows you how to get the glorious luxury comfort of the New, Deeper Beautyrest . . . *for only a penny a night!*



5. Don't buy a mattress that gets "stale"

Some mattresses have false ventilators. Fresh air can't get inside. So the mattress gets shabby and musty. Beautyrest has 8 ventilators that really ventilate. They circulate fresh air throughout the entire mattress...keeping Beautyrest clean, dry, and sanitary inside.

THE NEW
Beautyrest
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BUILT FOR SLEEP
PRICE $39.50
GUARANTEED AGAINST STRUCTURAL DEFECTS FOR 10 YEARS
GUARANTEED AS ADVERTISED IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE
SIMMONS COMPANY
PATENTS 1,677,252-1,915,659

6. Don't buy on a price tag alone

A mattress with a cheap price tag doesn't mean it is cheap by any means. If Beautyrest can outlast other mattresses in tests, isn't it likely to be more economical in the long run? Beautyrest costs $39.50. On the basis of our 10-year guarantee, this price comes down to about *a penny a night!*

Where, we ask, can you find a bigger mattress bargain? Why not see it today? In fairness to yourself, don't accept anything "just as good." No other mattress can give you ALL the advantages of Beautyrest.

Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring, $19.75.

Once and for All

Continued from page 17

The Sheriff felt himself going limp inside. The phone on the wall rang stridently. He paid no attention to it. Instead, he waited while the federal man spread out a bit of paper. Beside it he laid a printed road map, with the scribbled map traced over the print with red pencil. The red pencil line was not exact, but it recognizably followed a series of unimproved roads leading directly from a place in this county to Montross. The telephone rang again.

"That's right ingenious," said the Sheriff. His voice, even to himself, sounded quite natural. "I reckon he stopped somebody on the road and got 'em to tell him what he wanted to know."

"Maybe," said the federal man. "Or maybe he's got a hide-out here, and the man he stayed with drew that map."

The Sheriff felt numb all over, but he objected: "We got a right law-abidin' community—"

THE telephone rang a third time. The Sheriff got up to answer it. He needed time to pull himself together. Slowly, he lifted the receiver off the hook. Then, suddenly, he realized that Emily had telephoned and made sure he would not come to her house that morning. And she'd asked him to make sure that Peter didn't come home. And her voice had sounded very queer.

The Sheriff could not speak for an instant. Then Peter's voice reached him and he could. He said deliberately: "Glad you called up, Peter. There's some state troopers an' another fella here an' think they got a line on where Bat Ames is. They say he's in the county. I'm goin' along with 'em. You want to meet us?"

There was silence for an instant. Then Peter said savagely, "You know where I'll meet you! I'll burn up the road! Don't go in the house lane. I'm starting now." Then Peter's voice practically sobbed, "Damn him!"

The Sheriff swallowed.

"How about Em'ly?"

He heard the crash of the distant receiver instead of any other answer. There was sweat on the Sheriff's forehead as he turned away. He felt himself trembling. In a few words, Peter had told him a very great deal. Too much.

"Uh—that was my deputy," he said evenly to the federal man. "He'll be comin' along. Now, you want me to figure out where this map starts. From what I can figure, I'd say it begun down Abingdon way. I'll drive down thataway an you-all trail me. I'm gettin' a sort of idea. Y'want to ride with me, Mr. Haney?"

He led the way out to the car. One part of his mind functioned professionally enough. But the other remembered Emily. She wasn't scared. He clung to that. She hadn't wanted Peter to come home. She hadn't wanted him to stop by. She was worried, but she wasn't scared. Not yet. But Peter—

The Sheriff trod heavily on the accelerator and the car jerked forward. The state troopers' motorcycles set up a tumultuous popping noise, and the four of them fell in behind.

"Right ingenious," said the Sheriff, again, with sweat on his forehead, "you fellas trackin' back that map like that. But why d'you think Bat Ames has a friend in this county? I always heard he played a lone hand."

"Don't you believe it!" said the federal man. "None of 'em do. They've got to have somebody to show off to. Bat's been by himself lately. We got his last front man. But he's had several partners. Two of them got killed resisting us, one's serving time, he killed one and one gave us the slip."

THE Sheriff turned off the main road. Thick, yellowish dust arose behind the car in a monstrous cloud. He observed: "Dirt road's the shortest way to get to where we goin'. About ten miles." Then he added: "For a fella to give you the slip sounds queer, with you fellas workin' like you do. That map, now—"

"We'll get him!" Haney said.

"You fellas never give up, I know." Then he added slowly: "But bein' a law officer myself, I know there's some right hard things that have to be done. Some fellas make fools of themselves, an' then go straight, an' are plenty sorry—but just the same they spend all the rest of their lives with somethin' hangin' over 'em. Ever have anything like that turn up?"

Haney said briefly: "Yes. You drive like you know where you're going."

"I got a right good deputy," said the Sheriff. "He's my son-in-law. We'll be meetin' him some time soon. Let him look at the map, an' he'll be able to make a guess who drew it. He lives down Abingdon way, himself. My daughter—"

He wiped his forehead. His face was gray and pinched. The federal man looked at him sharply.

"What's the matter?"

"I'm scared," said the Sheriff. "My daughter called up this mornin'. I'm rememberin' that her voice sounded queer. An' she lives right close to where that map started off."

The federal man stared.

"You mean—"

"I mean," said the Sheriff, "that I'm goin' there first."

It was a country dirt road. The curves and twists and farms and woodland patches seemed to repeat themselves interminably.

BUT at last, after long and sun-scorched miles, the car went over a small bridge and up a rising curve. A wide, plowed field appeared, in which innumerable rows of tiny green things sprouted. On its farther side there was a moving, roaring cloud of dust.

"That'll be my deputy—in that car yonder," said the Sheriff. "My son-in-law. He's hurryin' to meet us."

"You didn't say much to him on the phone," observed the federal man. "You arranged a meeting quicker than I ever saw it done before."

The Sheriff did not answer. His foot pressed down even more heavily upon the accelerator. After a moment he began to sound his horn. Its note seemed puny, somehow, but the federal man was bounced about so violently by the car's lurchings that it was not possible to comment on minor things.

The Sheriff said steadily: "Peter'll see the state troopers behind us. They'll stay back out of the dust. He'll know this is me."

The other road came closer. The Sheriff's car reached the intersection first. It went roaring down the new road, and there was no faintest possibility of the other car overtaking or passing it. The dust cloud made such a thing unthinkable.

Half a mile. Three quarters. Through a tiny pine thicket and past a section of cutover ground. Then out into the open once more, and there was a modest farmhouse in view, set back half a mile from the main road and neatly painted and thriftily maintained. The Sheriff regarded the house and his face became quite as gray as stone.

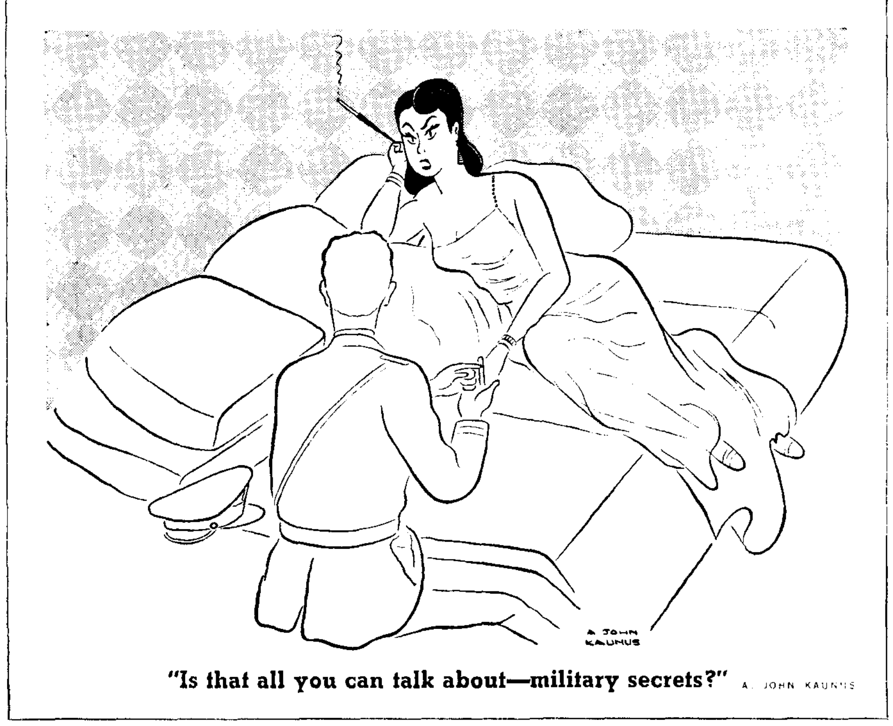
He put on the brakes of his car and stopped it where a lane led off toward some other farm not clearly visible—before he reached the house lane of his daughter's home.

"Bat Ames is in that house," he said quite evenly. "That's where my daughter lives. He's there, an' so is she."

The state troopers roared up and stopped as the dust cloud thinned. The Sheriff said quietly, though his throat and mouth were dry: "Bat Ames is in my daughter's house. He's bound to be. Two of you fellas go sky-hootin' down this lane. It turns left back of the house. You'll cut off the back thataway. One more better go on the main road, here, past the house lane, to stop him if he tries comin' out in his car. When every body's in position, we'll close in."

The federal man said sharply: "You say he's there. How do you know?"

"The garage door's closed," said the Sheriff. "My son-in-law never closes it without his car's in it, an' mostly not then. He's got his car. Comin' now. But Bat Ames would want to hide his



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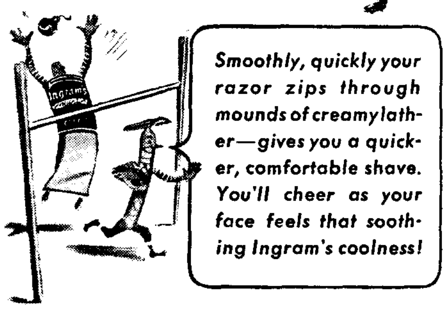
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She looks like a Million

. . . BUT SHE HASN'T MUCH SENSE!

SORRY YOU HAD TO *BLACKJACK YOUR FRIENDS* INTO DANCING WITH ME AGAIN TONIGHT, BOB

SIS, YOU'D WOW THE STAGLINE, NO FOOLING, IF ONLY--WELL, DO ME A FAVOR? SEE OUR DENTIST ABOUT--ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID...

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS ACTIVE *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

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YOU LOOK LIKE A *MILLION* TO THE STAGLINE TONIGHT, SIS!

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20¢ LARGE SIZE
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OVER TWICE AS MUCH

NOW— NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

car, so he'd put it in the garage an' close the door to keep it from bein' seen. An' —an' my daughter called up an' said not to bring a cake her ma'd baked for her, an' for Peter not to come home noontime for dinner. I—shoulda known somethin' was wrong then."

Brakes squealed. The Sheriff's son-in-law got out, his face working. Two of the state troopers started down the side lane, watching the house keenly while their motorcycles popped valiantly. The Sheriff waved another to go on past the house lane to block the road against a car's escape.

"Well?" said Peter hoarsely.

"He's there," said the Sheriff to his son-in-law. There was no accusation, no condemnation in his tone. This was no time for such things. "We're blockin' the back—those fellas got it covered now. He might break for the woods, but they'll get him if he does. We got the front set, an' we got one more man. He'll go halfway down the lane. Then we'll close in."

THE federal man looked at the Sheriff's son-in-law. His mouth opened and he shut his lips tightly. But then he looked very suspiciously at the Sheriff.

"I'm—goin' on," said Peter hoarsely. "To the house. Emily's there."

The Sheriff said steadily, "I expected y' to go. Drive around. I'll follow."

Peter tumbled into his car again. The gears clashed. The car jerked into motion, swerved crazily out and past the Sheriff's car, and sped on ahead. The Sheriff deliberately let in his own clutch and followed.

The federal man said in sudden anger, "This is damned funny! He's driving right up to that house! And I know him—"

The Sheriff said tiredly, "It's his house. He's got a right to drive up. It's his wife in that house. He's got a right—"

He turned into the house lane to follow Peter. The car ahead—Peter's car—swerved suddenly. It went into the ditch beside the road and stuck there. Peter got out. He moved toward the house. Along the lane. Bobbing and jerking, the Sheriff's car approached the place where the first car had stopped.

"Bat Ames shot at him," said the Sheriff, "but we couldn't hear it. Looks like he got a tire. Maybe somethin' else, though."

The federal man sputtered: "Dammit, I know your deputy! I told you there was one of Bat Ames' partners that got away from us! I should've arrested him back there, but I was too startled—"

The Sheriff did not turn his eyes from the road, nor from his son-in-law moving grimly toward the neatly painted house, his home.

The Sheriff drove steadily up to the point where the other car practically blocked the road. He parked his own car to close the lane completely. He cut off the motor. Instantly thereafter there came the incisive snapping noise of a shot. The Sheriff sat quite still. He watched his son-in-law.

"You might get out," he said evenly, "an' wave those state troopers to come on. Bat Ames is goin' to be busy with Peter for a while."

"Busy, hell!" snarled the federal man furiously. "Your precious son-in-law's going to join him! Then there'll be two of them, and maybe you'll make three!"

The Sheriff did not answer. He moved slowly and heavily, as if his every muscle were stiff. He took his revolver from the holster under his shoulder and put it in his side pocket. He reached over the back of the seat and brought up a gun case. He took the two halves of a take-down shotgun out of it. He began to fit them together. His hands shook.

There was another popping shot. Two more. The Sheriff did not look up. The federal man did. The Sheriff's son-in-law was walking steadily toward the house. He had a revolver in his hand, and he fired twice at the house as he walked. The federal man saw a pinkish spurt of flame from a window. The Sheriff's son-in-law jerked his body queerly. He staggered for an instant. Then he went on.

The sun was very bright and hot. The sky was very blue. Somewhere a bob-white quail called. There was no other sound anywhere save another crack of another shot fired from the home of the Sheriff's son-in-law, and the clicking noises as the Sheriff assembled the shotgun with shaking hands, and fumbled shells into its two breeches.

"What the hell did you let him go ahead for?" demanded the federal man, in an abused, heated tone. "He's Bat Ames' pal! He used to be his front man! He drew that map for Bat Ames! This is Bat Ames' hide-out! What did you let that man go in there to help Bat for?"

He had seen the Sheriff's son-in-law stagger as if a bullet had hit him, but he didn't believe it.

"He's got a right to go," said the Sheriff wearily. "It's my daughter in that house with Bat. An' she's his wife. He's got a right to go to her first. I'm goin' in a minute—"

The federal man suddenly jerked out his own weapon.

"Not much!" he said sharply. "Your son-in-law's Bat Ames' pal! He's been running a hide-out for him—and maybe for others, too. You let him go to join Bat Ames! Now you—"

The Sheriff's eyes raised to the lane that led toward the house. He flinched at what he saw, but he altogether ignored the federal man's threat. His son-in-law was no longer walking toward the house. He was crawling toward it.

"I was askin' you, drivin' here," said the Sheriff heavily, "if you didn't ever come on a case of a fella makin' a fool of himself an' committin' some crime, an' then realizin' he was a fool an' goin' straight, but with that thing hangin' over him all the rest of his life. You said you had. There's lots of cases like that. Sometimes the fella gets married, with the thing still hangin' over him. Sometimes he tells the girl about it before she marries him, an' she goes ahead an' marries him anyway an' only lets her parents know what she's done afterward. Too late for them to do anything then."

A pistol cracked, off to one side. Another. The state troopers had seen the solitary figure of the Sheriff's son-in-law move toward the house, and they'd seen the shots directed at him, and they could see that he now crawled blindly and doggedly toward the house that was his home. They were firing to cover his advance; to distract Bat Ames' attention; to make him scatter his own fire among themselves while they advanced. One of them ran a hundred yards. A gun cracked from the house and dust spurted up close beside him. He flung himself flat. Another gun from another direction took up the task, firing a fusillade against the neatly painted dwelling.

THE Sheriff opened the car door and stepped out, unheeding the federal man's revolver still bearing upon him.

"Sometimes," said the Sheriff tiredly —and his throat worked convulsively— "such a fella will shelter a man he knows he oughta turn over to the police, because if he did turn him over the thing hangin' over his head would all come out. He might even draw a map to help that fella get away so's his own trouble wouldn't come down on him to disgrace his wife."

The Sheriff regarded his son-in-law still crawling toward the house. He was very near, now, but he wasn't being shot at because of the cross fire of the state troopers and because some shrubbery partly hid him from the windows.

"When it all does come out," said the Sheriff drearily, "the best thing for such a fella is to get killed. If harm's come to his wife through a fella he maybe helped when he shoulda turned him over—" The Sheriff stopped, and said with difficulty, "If harm's come to his wife because of what he did before he married her, he's got to get killed. There ain't any other way out."

He still stood by the car; in plain view of the house, and in easy rifle range, with his shotgun clearly visible. A shot snapped from a window facing him. It smashed through the glass of the car's door, missing the Sheriff by bare inches. He did not stir.

"Peter's pretty near there," he said tonelessly. "I wish some of those troopers would shoot a mite faster."

He did not move toward the house. He watched his son-in-law. Shots came from the farther side. The state trooper from the lane ran fifty yards and flung himself down as a gun roared from the house again. The trooper from the main road ran across the plowed field. He dropped to the earth and poppings sounded from where he lay.

A GUN crashed. The Sheriff stood still as a stone, watching. The federal man saw the Sheriff's son-in-law reach the porch of his home. He crawled laboriously up the steps. He pulled himself to his feet by one of the posts supporting the porch roof. He clung to it a moment, swaying.

A shot from the house. More shots, from somewhere out in the fields. The Sheriff's son-in-law let go of the post that supported him and reeled to the door. He opened it. He went inside.

There was a curious pause. Then a sudden blasting uproar of shot after shot after shot. The explosions were muffled, as if they came from inside the house. Then there was silence.

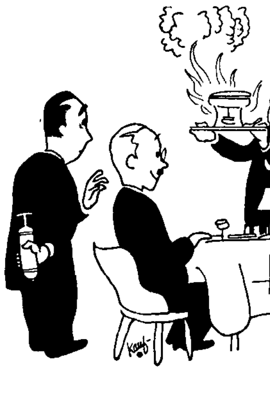
"I'm goin' in now," said the Sheriff. His voice was quite steady. "He's inside there, an' it's all settled one way or t'other. You better come up with the troopers. But Bat Ames ain't goin' to get away, anyhow. You-all can take care of that."

He walked steadily toward the house. No shots came. No sounds of any sort. The Sheriff had not gone twenty yards when the federal man came running to join him.

"Dammit," panted the federal man, "I don't get this, but if you can risk it so can I!"

The Sheriff said deliberately, but with pauses as if his throat hurt him, "Em'ly's his wife. She knew what she was doin' when she married him. He'd told her beforehand, an' she married him an' then told us what she'd done an' why—because we wouldn't have let her if we'd known. She hasn't been sorry, till today." His voice broke off for a moment. Then he said as composedly as before, "It was Peter's job. It was his fault. It was his right an' his duty to go in there first. It's mine next. If—if anything's happened to Em'ly—"

The federal man said nothing. He watched the house keenly. Nothing happened. Nothing at all. The state troopers watched and waited for a shot to tell them on which side of the house Bat Ames might be. Those on the other sides would plunge forward as soon as a shot told them.



Silence. The house was a hundred yards away. It was fifty yards away. The Sheriff and the federal man, walking steadily and openly toward it, were perfect targets. The federal man knew that it was foolish; that it was suicidal. But an unreasonable pride forced him to keep pace with the Sheriff.

The house was no more than ten yards away. They heard a noise within it. A woman, sobbing. They heard a scurrying. The federal man's spine crawled. The Sheriff walked on steadily. His face was a gray mask. Up the steps. There were stains on the steps. Into the house.

A gasp. Then a voice: "Dad! Hurry! Hurry and help!"

Down a hallway. The federal man noted absurdly the newness, the shiny neatness, the gay touches of color and of ingenuity used to make plaster walls and wooden floors into something more. New. The sort of place a man and his wife make sacrifices for, when all their lives spread out before them.

The living room. Bright curtains. Shiny furniture. And two figures crumpled on the floor. One lay utterly neglected, but already a woman knelt by the other, desperately trying to do something with cloths in her hand. She looked up, shockingly white.

"Dad!" she panted. "Quick! Help me! Help me!"

But the Sheriff looked first at the other crumpled figure.

"You all right, Em'ly?"

"Yes!" she panted. "I wasn't afraid of him. He only wanted to hide out till nightfall. But I didn't want Peter to come home and find him, or you either. Peter'd warned him— Dad, help me!"

The Sheriff looked at the federal man, and his face was very gray and unutterably weary. He said without intonation:

"You better go on out, Mr. Haney. There's hard things to be done sometimes. You've done 'em, bein' a law officer the same as me. But there's harder things a father has to do sometimes. A fella that's made a fool of himself an' then gone straight, with his foolishness hangin' over him—" The Sheriff swallowed, with difficulty. "He can be a right good fella, but if it means prison for him an' disgrace for his wife when his foolishness comes out, it's better—"

HE STOPPED. For a moment he could not go on. Then, "Go on out, Mr. Haney," he said quietly. "I got to talk to my daughter. I know Peter pretty well. I know what he'd want. He's a good man, an' he did what was right an' just, an'—"

The federal man suddenly said furiously:

"What the hell do you mean?" His voice grew shrill. "D'you want him to bleed to death? He killed Bat Ames, all by himself! He probably kept some of the rest of us from being killed! He—he—"

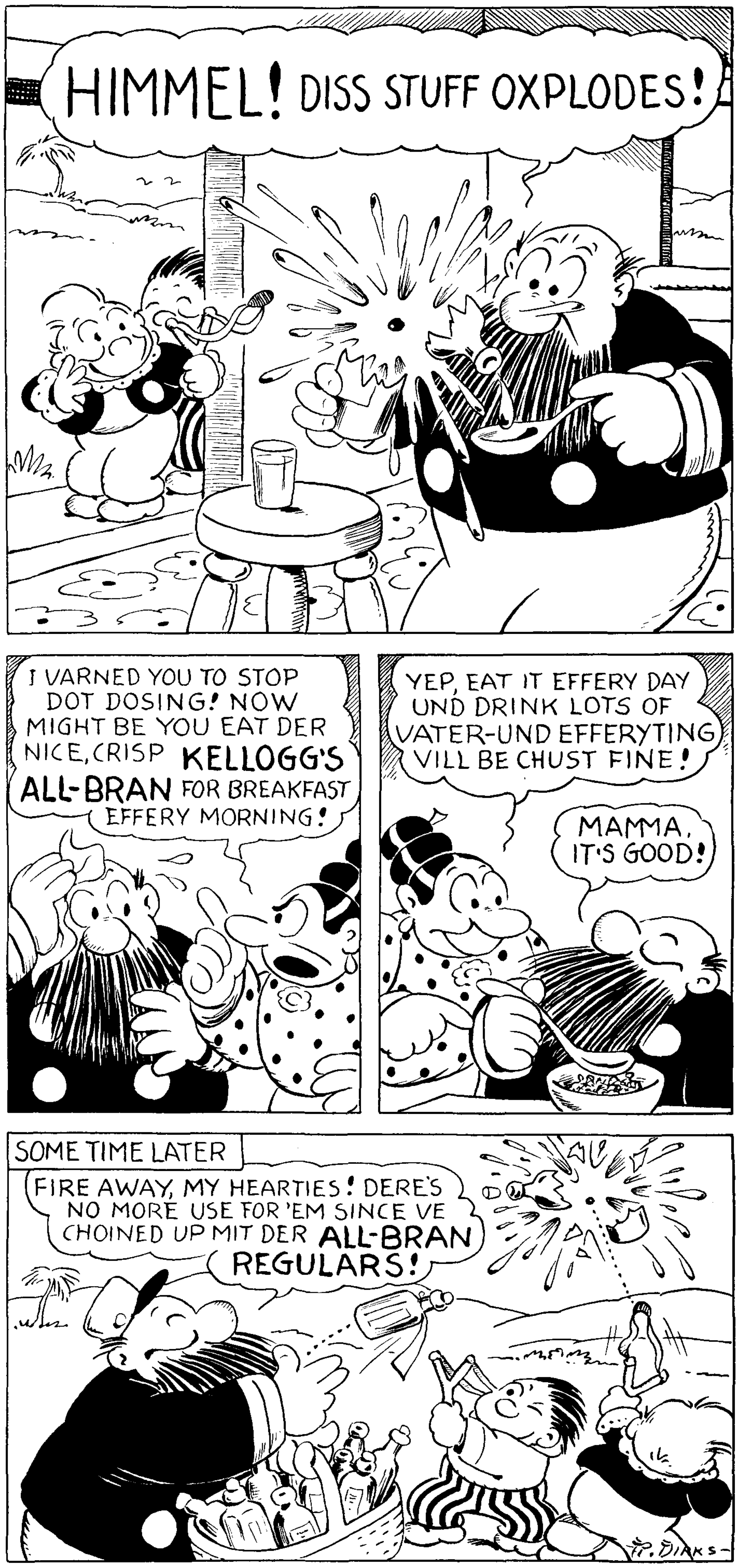
The Sheriff said nothing. He stood immovable. Then the federal man swore.

"Dammit—dammit— All right, then!" he cried savagely. "I don't know him! I never saw him before! I don't know a damned thing about him except that he's your son-in-law and he killed Bat Ames! There! Will that satisfy you?"

The Sheriff dropped on his knees beside his son-in-law. He took the cloths from the fumbling hands of his daughter.

"I'll put a tourniquet here, Em'ly," he said soothingly, "an' a kinda compress on this place, an' you show Mr. Haney the phone an' have him get Central to send the doctor runnin'. Go on, Em'ly. Do like I say an' don't worry. Peter's goin' to be all right. He's too good a son-in-law to slip outa our hands now!"

THE CAPTAIN AND THE KIDS —by Rudolph Dirks


HIMMEL! DISS STUFF OXPLODES!
I VARNED YOU TO STOP DOT DOSING! NOW MIGHT BE YOU EAT DER NICE, CRISP KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FOR BREAKFAST EFFERY MORNING!
YEP, EAT IT EFFERY DAY UND DRINK LOTS OF VATER-UND EFFERYTING VILL BE CHUST FINE!
MAMMA, IT'S GOOD!
SOME TIME LATER
FIRE AWAY, MY HEARTIES! DERE'S NO MORE USE FOR 'EM SINCE VE CHOINED UP MIT DER ALL-BRAN REGULARS!
R. DIRKS

YES, ladies and gentlemen, it's a much better way! Instead of enduring constipation and then trying to cure it with "quick relief," why not try to avoid it altogether? You can—if your trouble is the common one (due to lack of the right kind of "bulk" in the diet). For a crisp crunchy cereal—KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN supplies just the "bulk" you need. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water and "Join the *Regulars*"! Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

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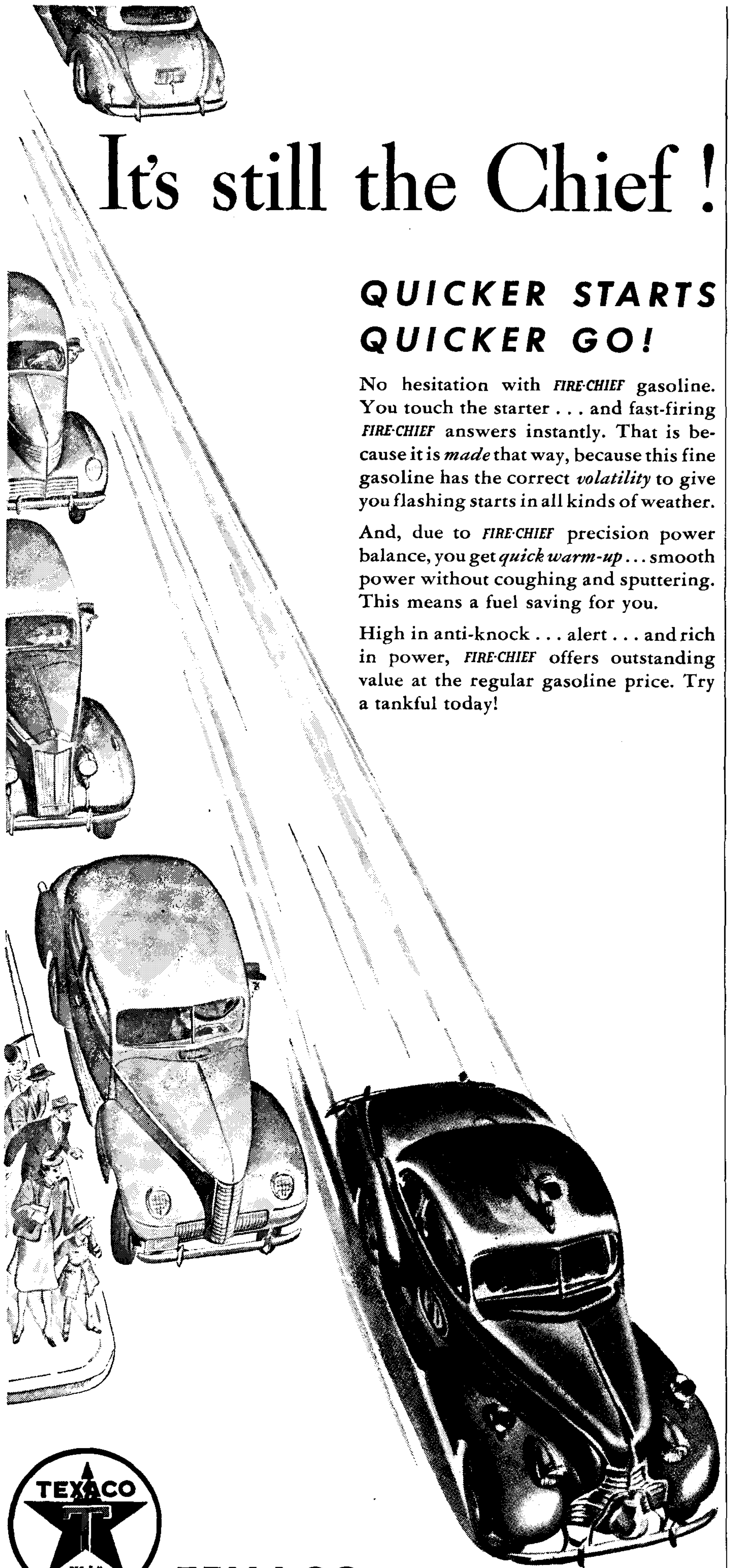

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We Defend Alaska

Continued from page 11

congressional neglect, the Army and Navy are now working twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week to make up for lost time, to build air and submarine bases in Alaska before it is too late. That is why, as military officials put it: "We're trying to buy days with dollars.

"From the point of view of air defense," they told us, "Alaska is the most vulnerable—the most susceptible to attack and therefore the most vital to defend—of all our Pacific possessions today. Did you ever stop to consider the geographical position of Alaska? Did you ever stop to think what might happen if an enemy power got established here? . . ."

In the bare wooden headquarters building at the Fairbanks field, second largest of the new Army bases, a prominent Army official brushed aside the blueprints on the long drafting table. Then he unrolled a large map of the Pacific, weighting down one corner with a pair of steel dividers, another with a ruler. At the upper left of the map was the familiar crouching bear of Russia; at the upper right was Alaska, its own outline suggesting figuratively—and, for that matter, literally—the high, extended rump of a stooping Uncle Sam. The Aleutian Islands resembled Uncle Sam's long coattails, thrusting out behind him as he bent over and dangling negligently in the Pacific only a few hundred miles from Japan. The bulging coast of Alaska formed his defenseless buttocks, exposed all too invitingly to the open jaws of the Russian bear.

Fifty Miles from Russia

Down this map, his forefinger moved in a straight line from Alaska to Hawaii, from Hawaii east to Panama, from Panama northward again to Alaska. This, he explained, is the famous Pacific Triangle of Defense: theoretically, at least, the cruising radii of planes and naval vessels based at these three points would overlap each other, and thus form an unbroken front against any Far East invader. And of the three critical points of the triangle, Alaska—lying conveniently along the Great Circle sea route from Japan—is far and away the most logical choice for an attack.

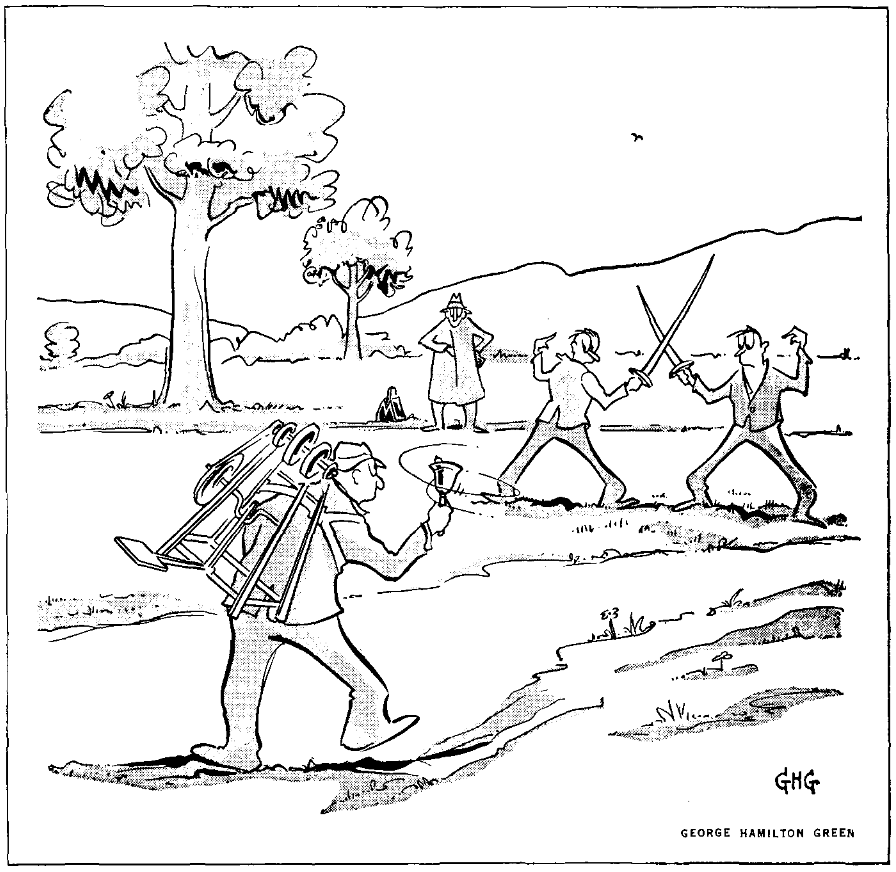
An enemy might successfully storm the half-billion dollar defenses at Pearl Harbor (though this is admittedly improbable) and still he would be 2,500 miles from California, further handicapped by lack of supplies and cover. But Alaska, only fifty miles from Russia and seven hundred from Japan, not only simplifies the problem of supplies and cover, but also offers an enemy a highly effective springboard from which to launch an aerial attack on the whole West Coast of the United States.

Take a point in southeastern Alaska—one tip of the steel dividers on the map at Ketchikan—and describe an arc southward to Seattle. The actual air distance is about 700 miles, little more than the distance from London to Berlin—three hours' easy flight for the average bombing plane. The cities of Spokane and Portland are perhaps an hour's flight farther. San Francisco to the south, Salt Lake City to the southeast, are between five and six hours from Ketchikan.

Even Denver and Omaha and the whole Middle West would be within possible range of modern long-distance bombers, based in Alaska and striking at the United States.

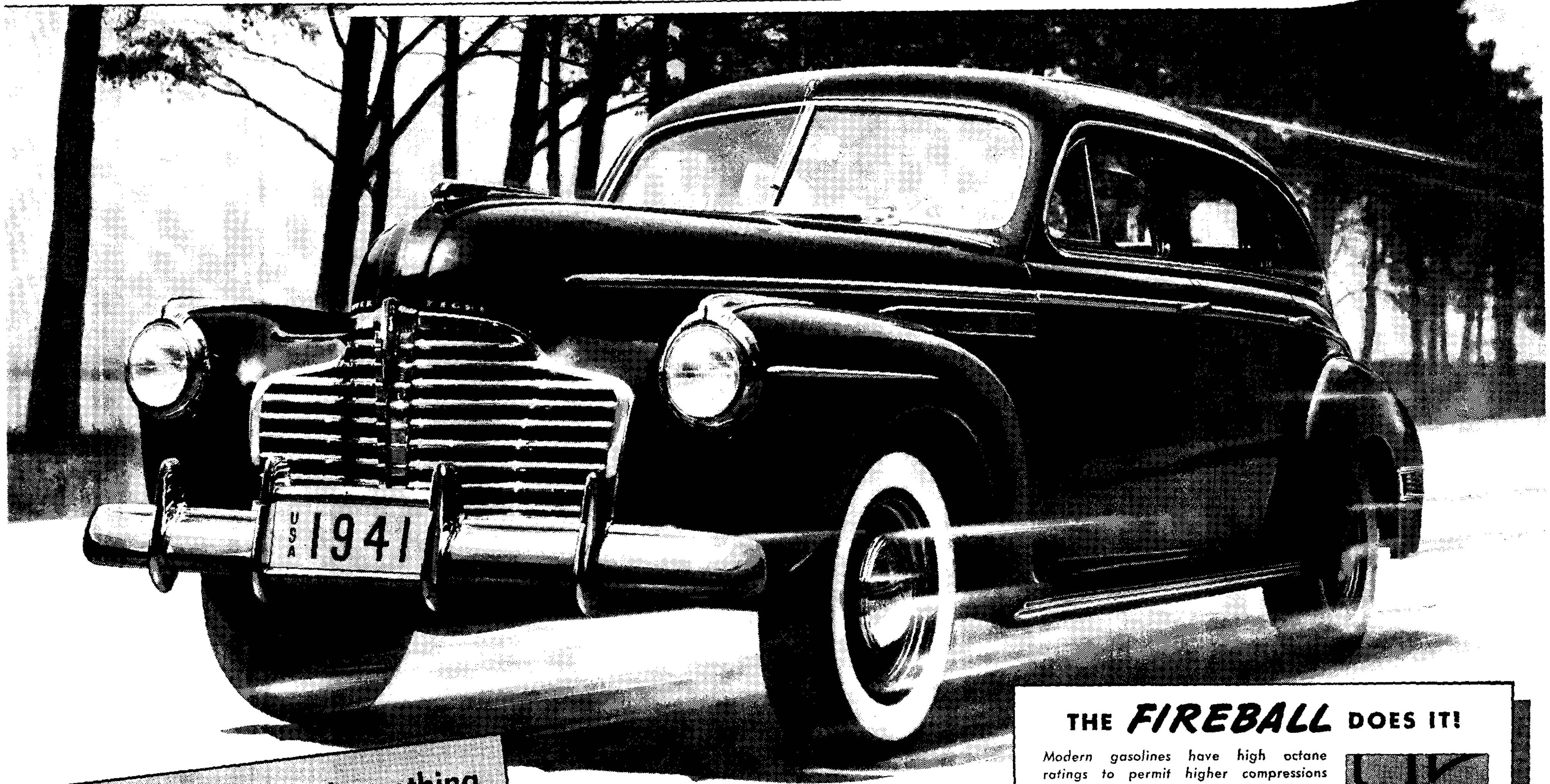
Furthermore, a small enemy force could hold Alaska against enormous odds. Her narrow fjords and hidden harbors, camouflaged by forest and free from ice the year round, afford ideal protection; and a constant stream of supplies could be relayed unhampered from the rear. After all, Norway, with a similar coast line, was held by a handful of Nazi airmen despite everything the British could throw against them; and Alaska is nearer to her potential enemies than Norway was to Germany. And in the event of trouble, our present Navy, busy in a dozen places at once, would find it almost hopeless to dislodge an invading force from Alaska—once it was firmly established there.

"It's a whole lot easier to keep them from getting in," the Army says sig-



GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

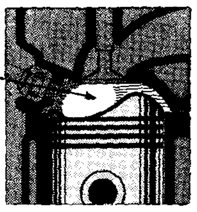
What's hotter than a FIREBALL?



Answer: Certainly nothing on the 1941 automotive horizon

Buick SPECIAL *6-passenger 4-door Sedan, $1052. White sidewall tires extra.*★

THE *FIREBALL* DOES IT!



*Modern gasolines have high octane ratings to permit higher compressions without "ping." **Note how this piston, which can be used only in valve-in-head engines, rolls the fuel charge into the shape of a flattened ball** that centers around the new, smaller, racing-car type spark plug. Fired at its very heart, this more highly compressed fuel lets go with such full-forced "ping-free" wallop that any gasoline of 75 octane rating (now available at standard-fuel prices) may be used in the 115-hp. engine. Any fuel of 80 octane rating serves in the 125- and 165-hp. engines.*

THERE'S an impressive lot of high-powered language in the automobile ads these days.

But it takes more than current engineering to transmit that energy to the wheels.

So we're going to try to tell you about the new Buick in low-pressure terms.

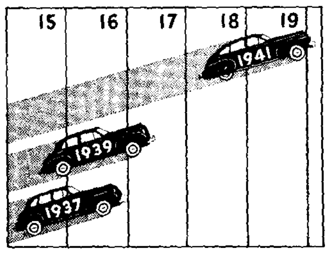
It's new in about 75 items, ranging all the way from its styling to the step-up in power and efficiency of its new FIREBALL engine.

It's roomier, broader, sturdier, its weight lower-swung.

It has a steadier, softer ride, a surer-than-ever hug to the road.

There is new brilliance in its micropoise-balanced power plants — simply amazing thrift from their new refinements on the Buick Dynaflash design principle.

There are new frames and new Flash-Way signals. New convenient one-piece hoods and new Permi-firm steering. New body lines and richer interior fittings.



HERE'S MODERN ECONOMY—

You can see how Compound Carburetion steps up miles-per-gallon in this chart. It shows the mileage at 50 miles an hour for our 1937 SPECIAL, *our 1939* SPECIAL *and the 1941* SPECIAL *with Compound Carburetion.*

There are new instrument panels, new oil-bath air cleaners, new concealed running boards, new Compound Carburetion that helps get as much as 10% to 15% *more* mileage from gasoline.

And reenforcing all such, there's that old Buick dependability.

We think our five series of 1941 cars are the best we've ever made; the men who build them think so.

When you see them, when you drive them and feel how they handle and perform, we believe you'll likewise say, "best yet."

BUICK PRICES BEGIN AT

$935

for the Business Coupe

★*delivered at Flint, Mich. State tax, optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.*

"Best Buick Yet"

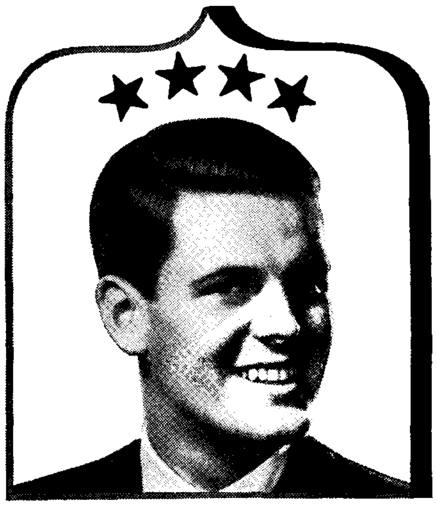
EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

HOW DO YOU LOOK TO THE PRETTY CASHIER?

WASHOUT? Do you soak your hair with water to comb it? Water washes away natural oils, makes hair dry out wild, hard to comb and impossible to keep neat. Use Kreml and see the difference.

SLICKER? Looks just as bad to go to the other extreme. Hair plastered down with sticky, greasy goo shines like patent leather. Makes your comb messy, your hat band soggy. But not Kreml.

OLD TOP? Hair once gone is gone forever and with it goes the appearance of youth. If you still have your hair, use Kreml. It is a marvelous tonic that removes dandruff scales, checks excessive falling hair.



HEAD MAN! Give Kreml a trial and see how it keeps your hair looking its natural best. An excellent dressing because it's neither sticky nor greasy, lends luster to hair, makes it easy to comb, holds it in place.

Kreml the famous tonic dressing removes dandruff scales, checks excessive falling hair, relieves itching scalp. Ask for Kreml at the barber shop, keep a bottle at home for daily use.

Ladies! Learn how Kreml puts the hair in splendid condition for permanents, makes permanents look lovelier.

Try Kreml Shampoo too. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses hair and scalp thoroughly, leaves hair soft and easy to manage.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES — CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY — MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

nificantly, "than it would be later to get them out."

How to keep them out, then? Let your imagination run wild for a moment. Here is a vast country of over 600,000 square miles, fully a fifth the size of the whole United States; and yet up to now it has been guarded by a few Coast Guard boats which sail south every winter, and by a single garrison at Chilkoot Barracks of about 300 men.

There are thousands of square miles in Alaska still uninhabited, even unexplored. Parachute troops could land anywhere undetected. In summer, the interior is a network of lakes, with just enough land to hold them together—offering innumerable landing places for pontoon planes. In winter, the whole thing ices over and Alaska becomes one big skating rink; caterpillar tractors could run at will over the endless miles of frozen tundra.

Moreover, much of the Arctic shore line is unpopulated, even by Eskimos. Along the whole thousand miles of Aleutian Islands in the Bering Sea there are only three native villages, occupied by a handful of Aleuts; and not more than a half-dozen vessels cover the length of these islands in an entire year. There are places in Alaska where an enemy might set up a base and actually occupy it for months before his presence became known.

Obviously there is only one way to defend a country like this. And that is by a series of Navy air and submarine bases strategically located along the coast; a series of Army air bases in the interior, each with its own garrison and supplies and independent of the others; trained pilots, broken to winter flying; and planes, planes, planes.

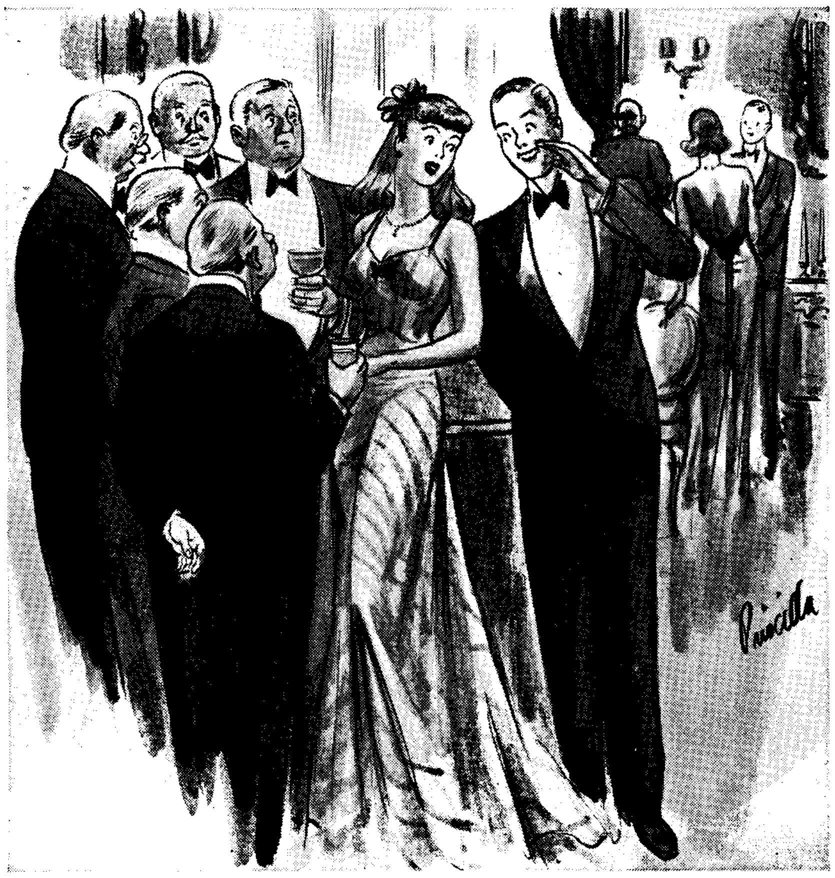
No Time to Make Mistakes

Now, building an air base in Alaska is a full-sized job for any man's army. Problems crop up here daily that would never occur in the States, you begin to realize, as you clamber over the hummocks of dirt and skirt the newly arrived piles of cement and steel that litter the Anchorage field. Every last nail has to be shipped by boat from Seattle to Seward, then hauled north to Anchorage by the little Alaska railroad. Any change in plans, an error in shipment, means a delay of two months until the corrected order can arrive. "You can't just pick up a telephone and call up for something you forgot," grumbled Major George. "Up here you got to remember a thing six months before you think of it."

In Alaska's intense summer heat, the exposed earth dries at once into a fine feathery silt that fills the air like volcanic ash. It seems to hang in a pall over the entire clearing, swarming with Army trucks and tractors. This was Elmendorf field, the Army's $13,000,000 base, largest in Alaska. The base itself is two miles square, surrounded by forty square miles of government reserve; and its 10,000-foot concrete runways, east-west and north-south, will accommodate the Army's big test ships. When it is finished next year, it will base the major portion of Alaska's permanent Air Corps, containing more than two dozen various types of land planes.

"And we'll be ready for them," said Major George, pointing to the carpenters already hammering on the framework of the new barracks. "Last week, the first materials for these buildings were landed in Anchorage; next week we'll have the siding on and the floor laid, ready for the plumbers." Permanent construction is already twenty-five per cent complete, temporary construction ninety per cent. Materials arrive at the rate of a thousand tons a day; seventy-five thousand tons of lumber and cement and pipe are due before Christmas. Major George halted for a moment as a tractor passed us, hauling in its wake a huge carryall scraper that rooted its steel snout deep in the brown earth. Its metal tusks lifted a clump of spruce roots and tossed them back lightly overhead into its cavernous scoop.

"See that scraper?" he said resentfully, "Last winter they told us these things wouldn't work up here. One big mining outfit said frozen dirt could never be moved at thirty below. Well, maybe it couldn't; but we had to do it, so we did it. And now I notice the same outfit has just ordered twenty carryalls



"Lonesome?" LOUIS PRISCILLA

LUCKY
STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY
STRIKE

Actual color photograph—Charles Belvin, independent buyer, inspects a leaf of fine, golden tobacco.

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine!

A QUESTION: "Which cigarette really does get the finer tobaccos?"

Well, ask most independent experts—buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen—and they'll tell you: Luckies!

That's important—for Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine. Yes, authoritative tests reveal that, for over two years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands—less than any one of them★.

You see, Luckies analyze tobacco samples before buying—so we can pick out leaf that is ripe and mellow yet mild—low in nicotine.

Only Luckies give you such genuine mildness. Try them for a week. Remember—with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

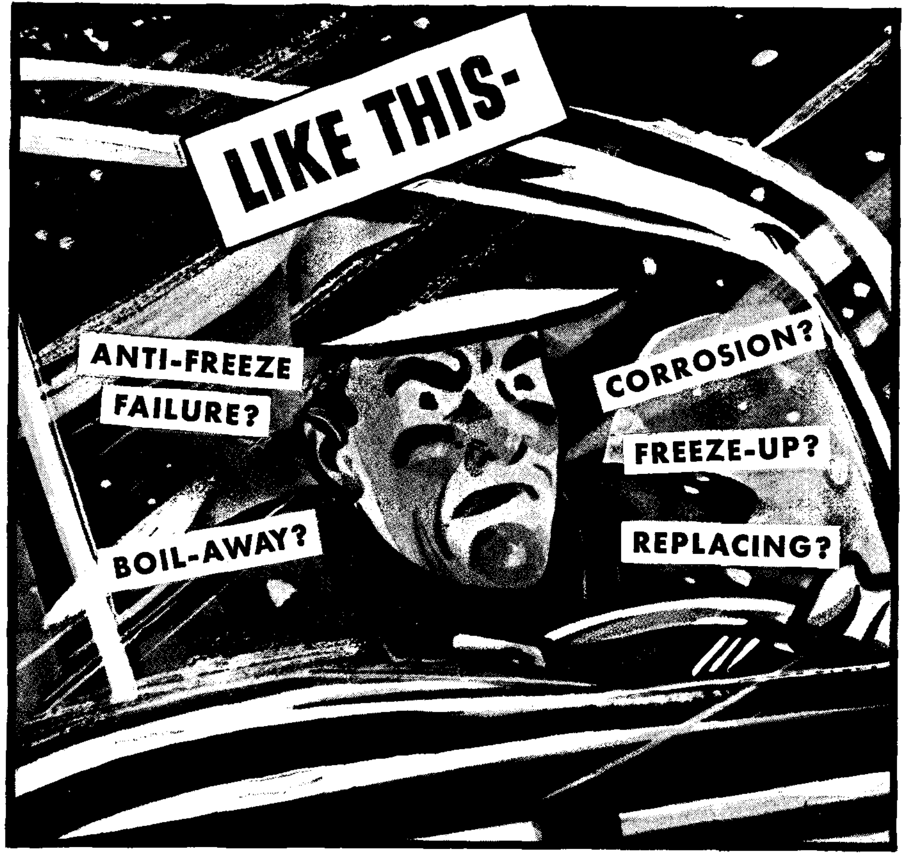
★NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

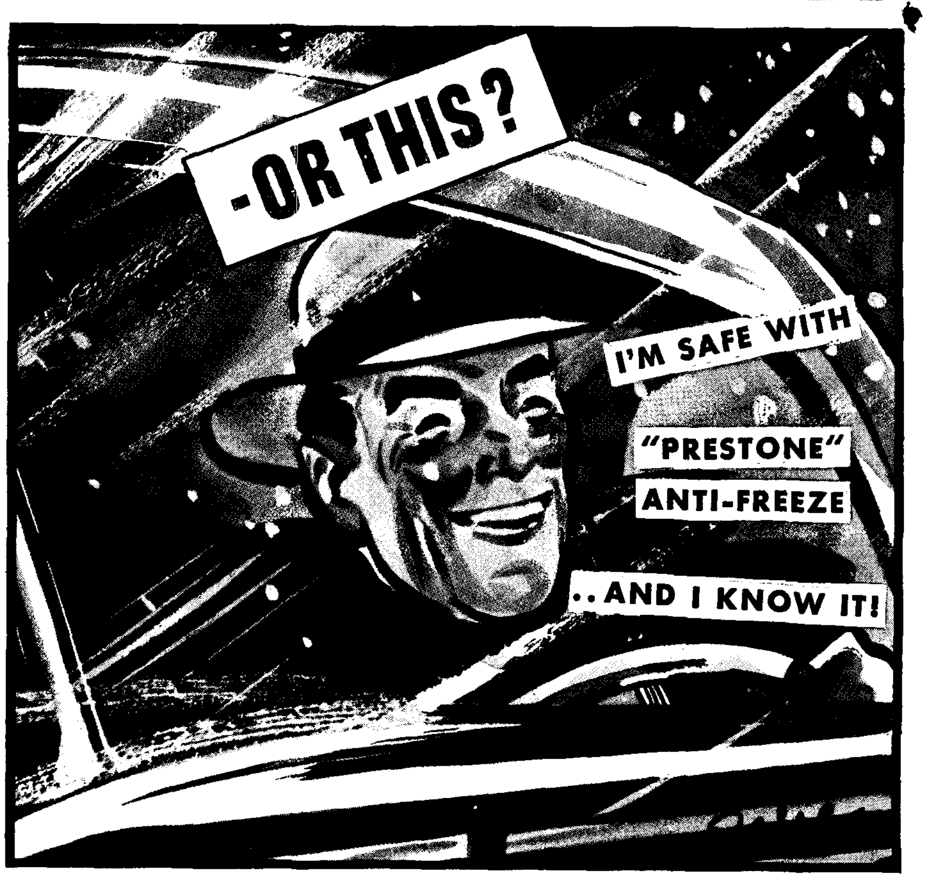
From January 1938 through June 1940
Lucky Strike has averaged
9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
4.74% less nicotine than Brand D
For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.

Copyright 1940, The American Tobacco Company

With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 to 1

HOW WILL YOU HAVE YOUR WINTER?


LIKE THIS-
ANTI-FREEZE FAILURE?
CORROSION?
FREEZE-UP?
BOIL-AWAY?
REPLACING?


-OR THIS?
I'M SAFE WITH
"PRESTONE"
ANTI-FREEZE
..AND I KNOW IT!

WITH "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE YOU'RE SAFE ALL WINTER...AND YOU KNOW IT!

"Prestone" anti-freeze is used in more cars than any other brand of winter protection because it is the world's safest. "There's nothing else like it!"

Unlike alcohol base, dollar-a-gallon brands of anti-freeze, "Prestone" anti-freeze will not boil away, give off fumes, or subject you to fire hazard. One shot of "Prestone" anti-freeze lasts all winter.

Unlike new and untried brands of "all winter" protection, "Prestone" anti-freeze has proved—in billions of miles of driving—that it will not permit rust or corrosion or harm your cooling system in any way.

There's only one "Prestone" anti-freeze. It's made to an exclusive formula. It's guaranteed in writing for your protection. See your dealer today!

The words "Eveready" and "Prestone" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.

$2.65
PER GALLON
EVEREADY
PRESTONE
ANTI-FREEZE
DOES NOT BOIL AWAY
PREVENTS RUST

"PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE

"YOU'RE SAFE—AND YOU KNOW IT!"

for themselves. That's what I mean. Up here," he snorted again, "you just have to figure out everything."

They have other problems in Alaska. At the new base at Fairbanks, two hours' flight north of Anchorage, they are bothered by gold nuggets getting in the gravel. All the gravel for the Fairbanks job is scooped out of the Chena Slough, by means of a slack line and a drag bucket with hooks but no bottom, which empties itself as it goes over the grizzly. "Last Fourth of July," a workman told us at Fairbanks, "some of us came out here and pawed over the gravel pile, and picked up over two hundred dollars' worth of nuggets in a day."

Anchorage and Fairbanks fields are the two main Army bases to date; supplementary bases have already been started at Yakutat, on the Gulf of Alaska, and at Matlakatla Island south of Ketchikan. A vast supplementary network of C.A.A. emergency fields—of which more anon—are being scattered over the entire territory, one at Point Barrow to guard against possible transpolar invasion from Europe, for example, others on the Seward Peninsula near Nome to offset any Siberian threat.

But how about Alaska's 26,000 miles of coast line, much of it still uncharted, all of it susceptible to attack? The Navy's job of protecting these shores—eventually likely to cost even more than the Army's program—is adding gray hairs to many an admiral's head.

Keep Your Fingers Crossed

For the Navy is starting virtually from scratch. To the extreme westward, to be sure, they have a "listening post" at Kiska, halfway across the Aleutians; but when we visited this so-called listening post, we found only a littered and deserted trapper's cabin, overgrown with giant rye grass, the entire island devoid of human ears to detect an enemy's coming. Five hundred miles to the east, the butt of the Aleutian tail, is Dutch Harbor, strategic crossroads between the Pacific and the Bering Sea, which the Navy plans to make one of its three most important bases in the North. Yet the congressional appropriation for Dutch Harbor was not granted until late this summer, and at last reports actual work had not started; and it will take several years to complete a naval and submarine base large enough to accommodate the North Pacific fleet. Meantime, they keep their fingers crossed.

More encouraging is the progress of work at Kodiak, five hundred miles farther east, where for three years the Navy has been busy constructing its biggest Alaskan submarine base at a spot called, by an amiable coincidence, Woman's Bay. The admirals are loath to make predictions; but judging from the nearly completed seaplane ramps, docks and hangars, it will not be long before this new naval stronghold will be ready to assume its dominant position in the Pacific: the Pearl Harbor of the North.

Navy's big base on Alaska's Panhandle—logical point of attack by water if Kodiak and Dutch Harbor are made impregnable—is at Sitka, guarding the famous Inside Passage. This is by all odds the Navy's favorite assignment; for Sitka, once capital of Russian Alaska, enjoys ideal climate and some of the most spectacular scenery and fishing anywhere in America. Here, as in most recent Navy construction, the labor is being done under "confidence contracts"—eliminating all "cumshaw" and working on a strict cost-plus-fixed-fee basis. Earth is being moved at the rate of 130,000 cubic feet a week; and mess halls and barracks should be finished by this fall.

Is there really need for haste? Is there an actual danger in the Arctic? Well, you hear stories and stories in Alaska these days. Rumors breed as fast as fleas on an Eskimo dog. The story of that new Soviet air base with landing fields and hangars on Russian Big Diomede Island, for instance, a story that was sent out this summer by a hysterical district nurse in Nome and that was swallowed whole in America.

Flying over the heap of tumbled boulders that is Big Diomede, you can see at a glance the impracticability of Russia's spending the millions of dollars necessary to level these jutting rocks and construct a base in the middle of the Bering Strait, away from supplies and open to attack. "Why should Russia build a landing field out here," your pilot asks significantly, "when she's got a perfectly good air base on the mainland less than fifty miles away?"

Or the story of Japan's good-will flight, which they told us over and over in the Aleutians. You may remember that much-discussed flight from Tokyo to Washington, several years ago. It was all planned amid much diplomatic bowing and scraping and exchanges of pledges of friendship, and when Japan requested permission to locate a few observation parties here and there along the Aleutian chain, just to thumb the plane on its way, Washington was only too happy to acquiesce.

So the Japanese arrived, in little groups of three, and waited for the plane. You may also remember that there was some unaccountable delay about the flight. The little groups of three had to wait, and, to pass the time while they were waiting, they went fishing. They fished in odd places in the Aleutian harbors, the natives told us, and they used a curious fishing tackle consisting of a long line and a piece of sounding lead.

Well, to make a long story short, the plane never got started, the good-will flight was canceled and presently a Japanese warship came along and took all the little groups of three back to Tokyo again. And that was all, except for one curious aftermath. Last year the skipper of the Northland, using the very best available government charts, was negotiating a difficult pass in the Aleutians. As he felt his way along gingerly at about four knots an hour, a Japanese cruiser came up behind him, tooted an apologetic "So sorry, please," passed him at an estimated twenty knots an hour, and sped out of sight.

Stories, rumor, hearsay. Of the German and Japanese walking parties, for example, that were touring Alaska this summer. Of the workman on the new naval base at Kodiak who had the bad judgment to try to organize a Bund during his spare hours, and who was dismissed and disappeared into the interior. Of the large farm near the big Juneau airport where pro-Nazi meetings are allegedly held. Of a certain fist fight at Fairbanks, perhaps, or a little tar-and-feather party at Anchorage. Of the affable little Japanese laundryman at Sitka who passed away recently and who was buried, to the surprise of the authorities, in the official uniform of a commander of the Japanese navy.

Fifty Millions—for a Start

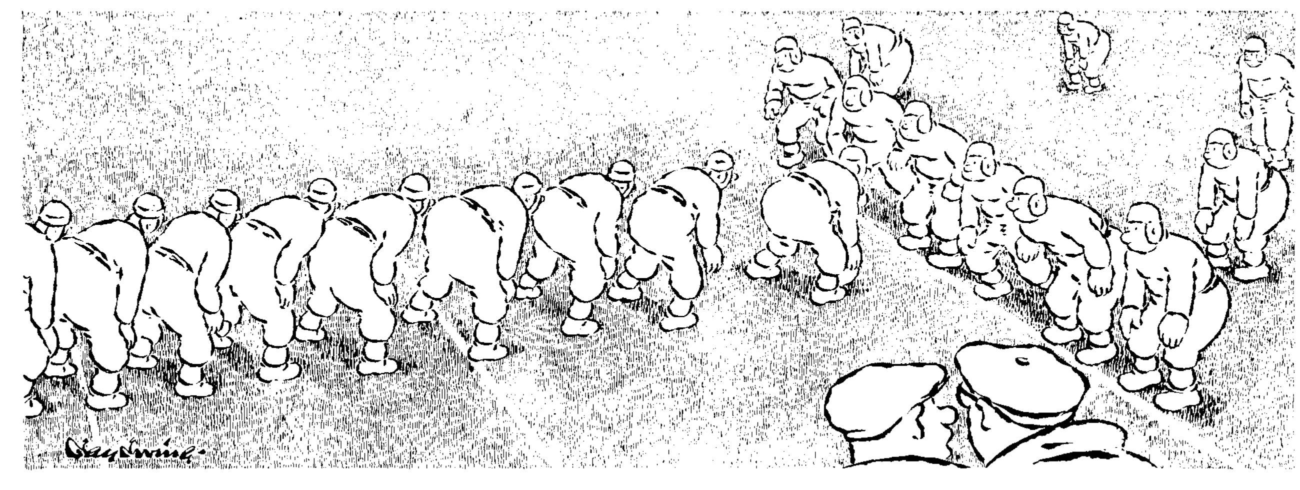
Perhaps they are rumors and nothing more. But where there is smoke, there is fire; and the big Army and Navy bases, working in co-ordination for Alaskan defense, are being rushed to completion as fast as tractors and carryalls and graders can finish them. Meantime, the old-timers in Alaska, the sourdoughs who came north in '98, gaze in astonishment at all this sudden hullabaloo over the protection of the territory. Having dozed along for forty years without an air base or a military landing field, Alaska cannot quite comprehend the abrupt expenditure of fifty millions for its defense. Chilkoot Sam scratches his head in frank bewilderment.

"Defense? For Alaska?" He lifts the coffeepot from the cabin stove, and swirls it tentatively beside his ear. "You see that 30.06 over there in the corner, mister? Last season that rifle brung down a mountain sheep at five hundred yards, and I never see a Russian or Jap with the brains of a mountain sheep." He fills his cup. "No, don't you worry about Alaska. As long as us old-timers still got our shootin'-eye, we can take care of it all right."

"But they're sending up six thousand troops this winter," you remind him.

"Six thousand soldiers?" Chilkoot Sam sips his coffee and considers this for a moment. "Well," resolutely, "I guess if we got to, we can take care of them, too."

Another Ford-MacBain article on Alaskan defense will appear in an early issue



"This is their 'anything-can-happen' play!"

JAY IRVING

The Hands of Lowell Thomas
News Commentator

No man in public life has a greater responsibility than the news commentator. Uncounted millions honor Lowell Thomas for his clean-cut commentary on world news via screen and radio, and for his deep respect for an enormous public confidence.

Mr. Thomas' watch is a Longines Chronograph

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED HANDS
WEAR Longines
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Longines watches have enjoyed an increasing world prestige for almost three-quarters of a century. In this period Longines watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece. Today, in 77 countries, the world's most honored hands wear Longines, the world's most honored watch.

Exceptional in quality, in beauty and in value are Longines 'Hall of Fame' watches. They have the world-famous fully-jeweled Longines movements and are uniformly priced at $69.50. Other Longines watches as low as $40; Wittnauer watches from $24.75 at Longines-Wittnauer jeweler-agencies.

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Hall of Fame Series
Each Watch $69.50

Personal interview reveals secrets of **Claudette Colbert's** *"Hollywood Sparkle"!*

1 **"CAMERA!"** shouts the director. It's the most important scene from Paramount's **"ARISE MY LOVE"**... every movement, every expression, depends on Miss Colbert's lovely smile. "And *what* a smile," says Ed Sullivan, famous movie critic. "I've been often asked what her secret was for those sparkling teeth of hers—and this time I'm going to find out!"

2 **Miss Colbert:** "Secret? Why Ed, where have you been all these years? . . . most of my movie friends are Calox fans. To tell the truth, I thought everyone knew we used Calox for that *Hollywood Sparkle.*"

3 **Ed Sullivan:** "Calox fans? What is this, *a club?* No fooling now, why is it you're so downright loyal to Calox?"

SEEING IS BELIEVING, ISN'T IT, ED? THE FAMOUS CALOX **'FINGER-NAIL TEST'** CONVINCED ME THAT EVERYTHING THEY SAY ABOUT THIS TOOTH POWDER IS TRUE!

Here's how to make this test yourself: pour a little Calox on a nail buffer and rub your fingernails hard . . . then look at the high polish. Proof that Calox cannot scratch; cannot harm the softest tooth enamel!

Calox Tooth Powder contains not only 1 or 2, but FIVE CLEANSING AGENTS that attack ugly film and surface stain. Give Calox a 30 DAY TRIAL . . . see how it helps reveal the natural, bright, sparkling lustre of your teeth. At all druggists'!

CALOX TOOTH POWDER

Try Calox Antiseptic—Refreshes the mouth, sweetens the breath

Helps your "Teeth shine like the stars" *by bringing out natural lustre*

CALOX POWDER

Move, Britannia

Continued from page 19

"If war's declared I'll bet fifty you're over the French frontier in a matter of hours."

"Taken," said Caroline, and noted the wager in a book carried for that purpose.

She went on to the steps to see them off, then returned to the sitting room of her suite for a game of bridge with two Englishmen and a lady from Holland.

At eleven o'clock the hotel radio broadcasted Chamberlain's declaration of war against Germany. They stood up while The King was played, then sat down and went on with the game. Mrs. Engardine wondered if America would come in, and Mr. Forsyte said, "Sure to, bound to. Three no trumps."

There was a hot, burning lump in the center of Caroline's diaphragm. Love of the England that she couldn't be bothered to winter in had put it there.

"I double three no trumps," she said.

An hour later a party of young Blackshirts demonstrated before the hotel. They shouted, "Down with England! Long live Germany!" They sang songs.

Caroline endured it as long as she was able, then went to the window. Her Italian was weak but she managed to make herself understood and heard.

"Who was it pulled the chestnuts out of the fire for you in the last war?"

There were yells of rage and indignation and stones were thrown, but Caroline stood her ground imperturbably. She was a selfish, comfort-loving old thing, but she was British. Mr. Forsyte joined her at the window, standing erect as befitted a man who had a couple of medals in a collar box at home.

Members of the hotel staff ran out and police appeared to investigate the trouble. The hotel manager burst into the room and slammed the shutters.

"You shall not causa the riot," he cried. "You leava at once, please."

"I'm here and I'll stop here," Caroline said.

BUT she was wrong, a fact politely but firmly indicated by a police official who called half an hour later.

Caroline caught a train to Monaco, and was joined by Wintergreen at the Hotel Metropole three days later.

"Larf!" he declared. "I come near bustin' meself when I 'eard 'ow you'd chucked yer weight about."

"It's considerable," said Caroline, grimly.

Sir Montague's yacht put into Les Condamines the same night. When he saw her seated behind a pile of chips at a chemmy table he bent at the knees with mirth. Caroline shrugged and handed him fifty pounds.

"How's the weeping willow?" she asked.

"Pale but brave. Between you and me there's a special reason for her melancholy."

"Oh dear!" said Caroline, getting onto it, and added: "You're an old cotquean, that's what you are, Monty."

"I'm a what?"

"A cotquean—a man who busies himself with the affairs of women."

"You'll be busying yourself with the affairs of nations before long," said he. "Old Britannia'll never see the war out in this place."

"That's where you're wrong, Monty. I've had my plans upset quite enough as it is. This time I mean to stick."

He shook his head.

"I've got a hundred quid that says you'll be coming home to knit socks like the other old gaffers."

"You're on," said she, and fumbled for her little book.

It may have been the absence of young people that made Monte Carlo so dull, almost as dull and dreary as the war, which nobody seemed to be getting on with. To enjoy freedom had been Caroline's chief consideration following the death of the general, but that sense, in some indefinable way, had deserted her. At every turn invisible obstructions hampered her, so that she felt like a bluebottle buzzing against a pane of glass and unable to reach the sunlight. In the last war there had been things to do and look forward to. There had been committees and the occasional wild days and nights when the general came home on leave. Even a state of constant anxiety had supplied an interest. But now there was nothing. The weather was vile, and Wintergreen more tiresome than usual.

"It's 'umiliatin' sittin' 'ere and never doin' a 'and's turn," he complained. "If you wasn't so 'elpless I'd chuck me job and rejoin the colors."

"Bah! They wouldn't have you. You're fifty if you're a day."

"No call to insult a man 'cos 'is 'air's grizzled at the temple bars. With a bit of this an' that I'd pass for thirty any day." To prove his words he went out and returned with his hair and mustache dyed raven black. Being by nature a blond the effect was terrifying.

Caroline rocked with laughter.

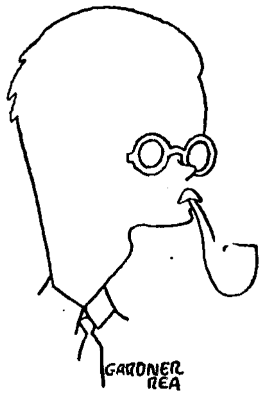
"The only thing you'd get into is the waxworks," she said. . . .

The Riviera season dragged through winter months into spring. Caroline made four hundred thousand francs at the tables and sent them to the Red Cross. That and the Graf Spee engagement were all the fun she got out of the visit.

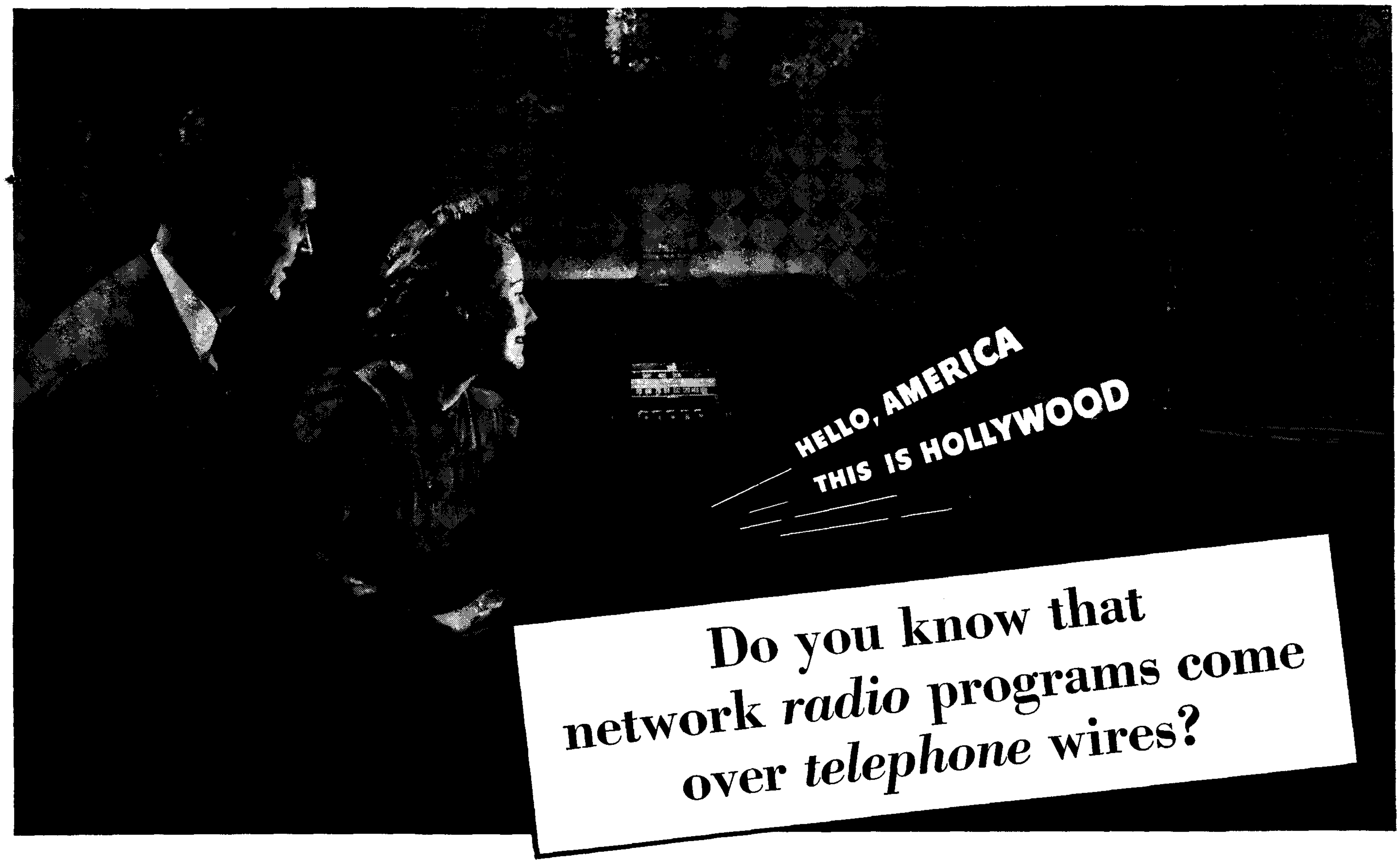
Then one morning she said, "We're going to Knocke." Wintergreen's de-

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 14

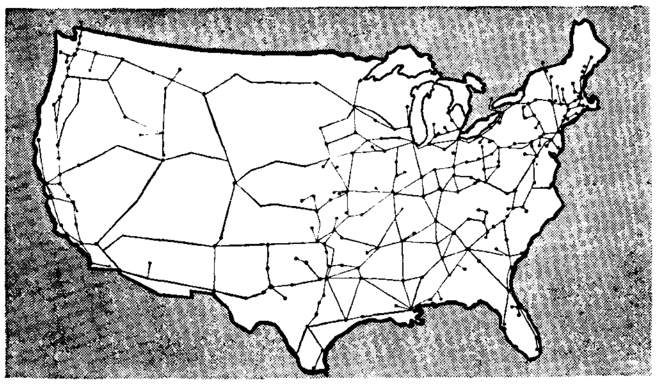


Born 1892 at Ironton, Ohio, Gardner Rea helped start and later edited The Sun Dial with Ohio State University's class of '14. Put in time with the Chemical Warfare Service, then married artist Dorothy Calkins. Now lives with two daughters in Brookhaven, Long Island, and visits Manhattan once a year, which, he says, is too often. In the interim he produces cartoons like that displayed on page 38.



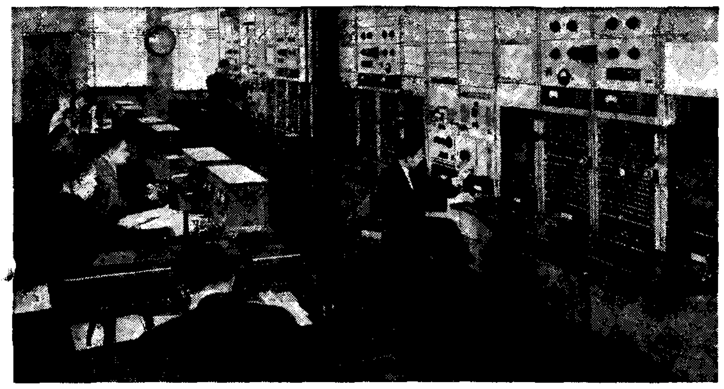
Do you know that network *radio* programs come over *telephone* wires?

In the development of radio—that important influence in modern life—Western Electric equipment has played a big part.



Here are the main routes of the high quality Bell System lines employed in broadcasting service. The "network broadcast" travels over these wires.

The thousands of miles of wire and cable, the poles, the countless items of apparatus were supplied by Western Electric, manufacturer and purchaser for the Bell System.



Guiding the program on its way to you. Telephone company "control offices" like this one, Western Electric equipped, are located at important cities. They switch the network program to selected broadcasting stations.

To keep the program at full brilliance, vacuum tubes at "repeater stations"—every 50 miles or so—amplify the electrical impulses with complete fidelity. These vacuum tubes too are a product of Western Electric.

So, out of the telephone art has come much of broadcasting's plant. This apparatus is made by Western Electric with the same skill as your Bell Telephone.

Western Electric *. . . is back of your Bell Telephone service*

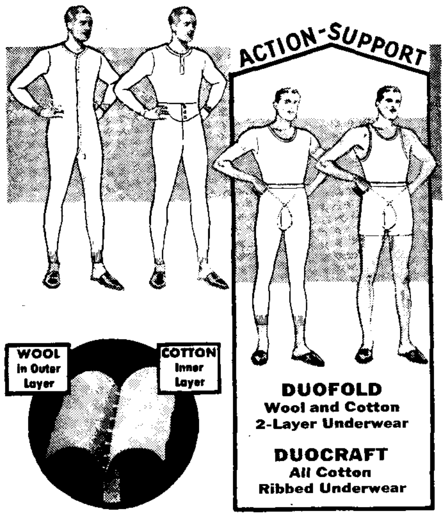
WHAT! GO WITHOUT DUOFOLD? YOU'LL FREEZE IN THAT SUMMER UNDERWEAR—
NOT ME
LATER
JACK WAS RIGHT NO FUN FREEZING LIKE THIS

It's THE Underwear for all Outdoor Sports

• Whatever your sport — hunting, skiing, skating, late golf, fishing — you'll enjoy it *far more* in *Duofold.* Its two thin layers give you warmth without weight or bulk. Outer layer contains wool, *away* from the skin. No itch! Inner layer next the skin is all soft cotton. *Always* comfortable! Just *try* one suit and you'll *never participate in sports without it!*

Styles and fabric weights to suit all sports requirements.

DUOFOLD INC., MOHAWK, N. Y.
Manufacturers of
Duofold and Duocraft Underwear and Outerwear.
Also Du-Ons, 1-piece underwear.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WOOL In Outer Layer
COTTON Inner Layer
DUOFOLD Wool and Cotton 2-Layer Underwear
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Duofold
The 2-layer UNDERWEAR

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I'd like to see Duofold's 2-layer fabric and get details.
Name..
Address..

light was exhibited by the reckless speed of his driving. Capless and revealing a head of hair that had faded from black to a cheesy mauve, he drove flat out and whistled through his teeth. Caroline, too, was infected by the excitement of approaching the war zone and so far forgot the line dividing mistress and chauffeur as to invite him to dine with her at Chez Bertin, at Macon.

And here they devoured a princely meal. The conversation was concerned with the Great War and inspired improvisations from Wintergreen designed to prove what a doughty fellow he had been.

"I wouldn't like to tell you," he declared, " 'ow many times the general said to me 'Fear, Wintergreen! You don't know the meanin' of the word.' "

"Now tell me how you saved his life at Hill 60," Caroline chucklingly suggested.

He was hurt and observed that it was a waste of breath talking to some people, but they bade each other good night on the best of terms and Caroline and Snarleyow slept dreamlessly until disturbed by the arrival of "Madame's bresfex, pleece" on a tray.

The passage through that section of the Franco-Belgian frontier held by the British expeditionary force supplied Wintergreen with the sensations of an exile returning to his native land. To the troops passed on the road, he sang out such phrases as "Back again, chums," "What price the three graces at Bon Air?" and other traditional, but bewildering allusions to the past.

At the villa in Knocke they were met by an agitated Francine, astonished by Madame's valor in arriving at a time when all the other English residents were on the run.

"But we are deserted, dear Madame. Knocke is of a melancholy beyond description."

"We must try and cheer things up," Caroline said.

Which was easier said than done, and she found herself compelled to spend her evenings playing bezique with Wintergreen, at which she won sums that he subsequently recovered by a singular and suspicious aptitude for throwing poker dice.

Meanwhile, just over the frontier, the machinery for a blitzkrieg was moving into position.

"If you arst me," said Wintergreen, who had a sixth sense when trouble was brewing, "we'll be coppin' it any day now."

THIS prophecy was uttered on the ninth of May, and on the tenth, hell was loose.

The light was not yet in a sky humming with planes when Caroline was wakened by a bark from Snarleyow. Wintergreen had come into the room. He was wearing his uniform, and said:

"It's 'appened. Out you get. The car's ready."

"Oh, dear! What a tiresome man you are," she wheezed, and sat up and rubbed her eyes.

From the distance came the reverberation of falling bombs.

"Don't set there grumblin', but get a move on."

"Move? Where?"

He raised the window blind and looked out.

"France, I reckon. Can't stay 'ere, *for* there's no tellin' 'ow long the Belgies can 'old out."

Caroline said:

"I'm sick of being chased from pillar to post. It's so undignified; besides, Belgium has probably asked for our help."

"Wot's the odds if they 'ave—unless you was thinkin' of shoulderin' a rifle?"

"Don't be so stupid. If the British army is coming in they won't want a lot of silly old women cluttering up the roads going the other way."

He looked at her with admiration—a mountainous woman with two very small feet dabbling around for a pair of bedroom slippers.

"That's right," he acknowledged. "You was always a fusspot, but you're a good old sport when it comes down to things."

Her hand caressed the bed linen.

"It makes me furious to think of Germans sleeping in my Irish-linen sheets. Are you any good at digging?"

"Why? Goin' to bury 'em?"

"Of course not. I was thinking of the silver. The general would turn in his grave if they got hold of it."

Something went off thunderously. A pane of window glass blew in and tinkled to the floor with the sound of wind bells. Wintergreen grinned.

"If we waits long enough they'll dig the 'ole for us."

Before joining him in the garden, Caroline satisfied herself that Francine was in the coal cellar. She did not want witnesses.

It was fun burying the silver, for the idea of returning to dig it up again made something to look forward to. Snarleyow, to be in the spirit, helped with the digging, breaking off to bark encouragingly as a flight of British planes speared across a sky of nacreous blue.

In the days that followed, their time was divided between listening to broadcasts, watching air fights and distributing cigarettes, of which Caroline had bought all that were available, to troops moving toward the Scheldt.

The German pressure increased. The Dutch army cracked and threw down their arms. At Sedan the line broke and the enemy mechanized divisions poured over the Meuse bridges and through the gap. Also Francine departed.

"Time to go," said Wintergreen.

But *there* was no infirmity in Caroline's resolve to stay put.

"Rubbish! We shall hold 'em on the Scheldt."

Then the Belgians capitulated and the scramble to reach the Channel ports began.

"It's now or never," said Wintergreen, and this time she knew that he was right.

"Very well, but there are some papers and odds and ends I must burn before we go."

They were out of matches and paraffin and she sent Wintergreen off in the car to get hold of some.

"I'll pack your things while you're gone," she said.

IT WAS the first time she had had any intimate contact with Wintergreen's underwear, and she was shocked to find that he wore long pants of a hideous gray material. In a drawer of his dressing table was an automatic pistol, loaded, once the property of the general; also there were numerous photographs of disreputable-looking French girls, inscribed with such endearments as "*Tout à toi,*" "*Je rêve de tes caresses,*" and "*Souvenir d'une nuit d'extase.*" Caroline had never suspected him of being a bit of a lad and was chuckling over the discovery when she heard a furious barking from Snarleyow, and a man swearing in German.

Caroline Britt did not hesitate. Picking up the automatic she made for the stairs. Through the window at the stair landing she saw a pale sky dotted with parachutes. Snarleyow's barking covered the sound of her descent. The drawing-room door was open and as she entered she saw a German parachutist stooping to pick up a poker from the grate.

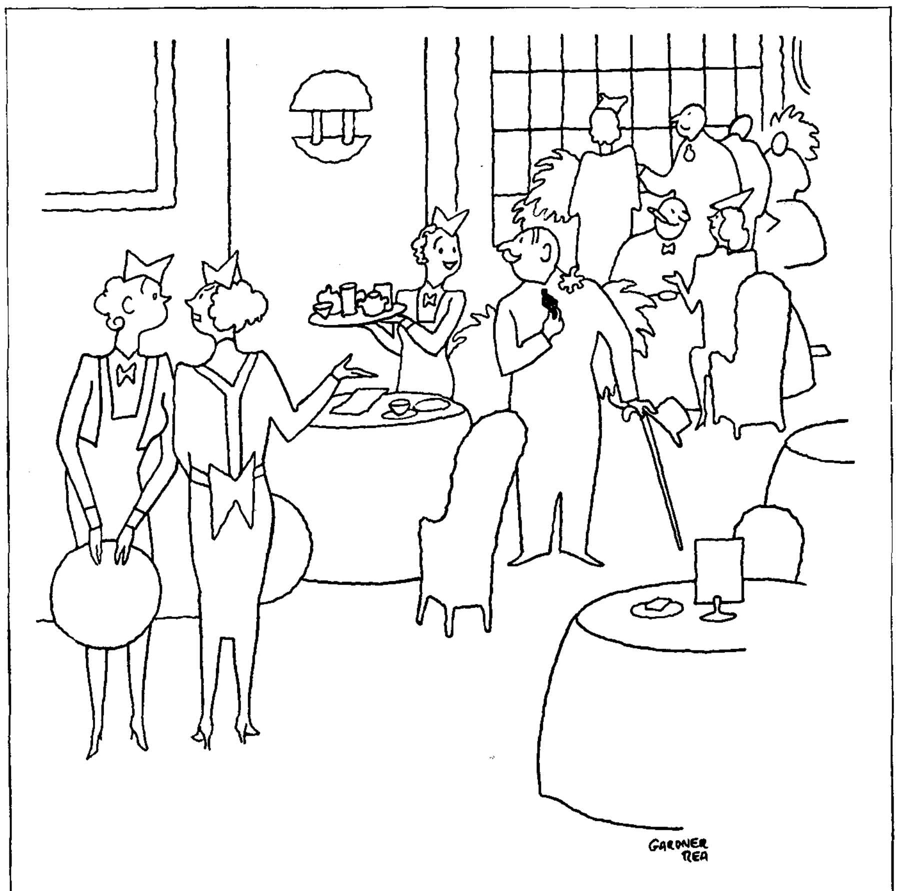
His motive was obvious, as obvious as the fact that Snarleyow meant to go down with his tail up. As the German straightened to strike, Caroline shot him through the back of the neck.

At the sound of running feet, she turned to deal similarly with the next intruder, but it was Wintergreen, who started and gasped.

"He was going for Snarleyow, so I had to," Caroline said.

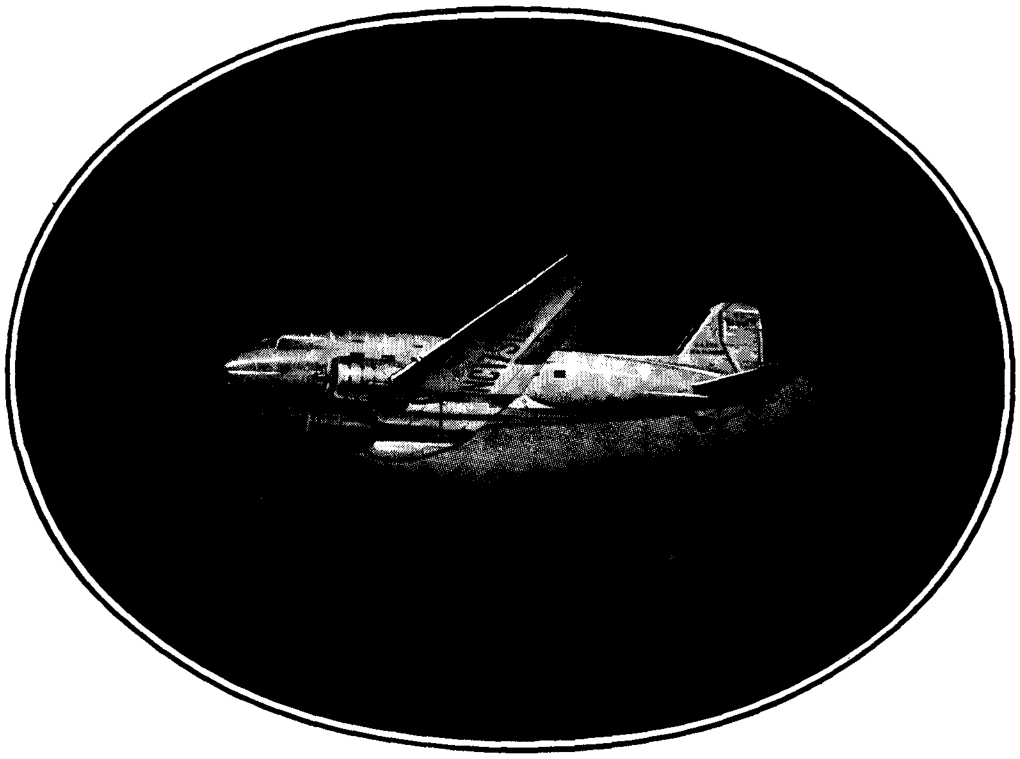
There were no further explanations. Wintergreen scooped up Snarleyow, who was worrying the prostrate German, gripped his mistress by the arm and forced her into a shambling run.

As the car bore them away, Caroline



"Talk about luck—Maisie just made a date with a $2.75 dinner!"

GARDNER REA



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Colonel Edgar S. Gorrell, President
Air Transport Association
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My dear Colonel Gorrell:

It has been the privilege of the Equitable Life to make many advances in the business world but none gives me greater satisfaction than our recent recognition of the progress made by the Air Transport Industry.

The Equitable has removed all restrictions in life insurance coverage on fare-paying passengers flying on scheduled airlines within the United States.

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Please accept my congratulations to you and all members of the Air Transport Industry on establishing such an efficient and dependable form of transportation.

Faithfully yours,

Thomas I. Parkinson, President
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When trip insurance was first issued to the air traveler, he paid a dollar for $5000 coverage. Today, he pays 25 cents, *the same as for a trip by rail.*

And now that the Equitable, one of America's most progressive life insurance companies, has announced its new policy, the fact is confirmed that air travel is today a commonplace mode of transportation.

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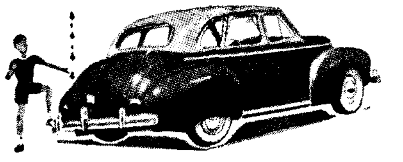
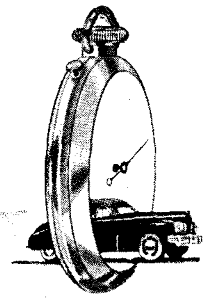
WITH A NEW KIND OF CAR—

Nash Enters the

Imagine—if You Can THIS BIG 1941 NASH SEDAN SELLING FOR THE SAME DOLLARS YOU'D PAY FOR AN ORDINARY LOW-PRICE CAR!



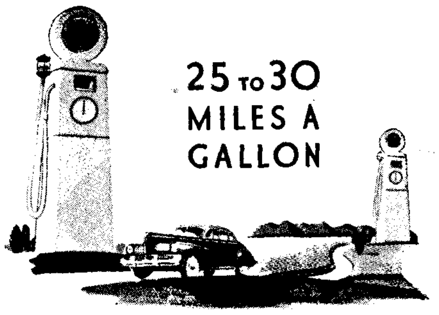
Now—coil springs on rear wheels, too! So gentle-riding, so responsive that foot-weight on bumper activates them. Proved safe in millions of road miles, and in gruelling international races.

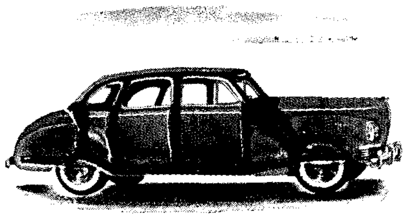


Goes like a streak! You have pickup of 15 to 50 miles an hour in 12 seconds, in high gear!

• • •

Getting more than 500 miles to a tankful, the average good driver can save from $1.50 to $2 each time he "fills up".

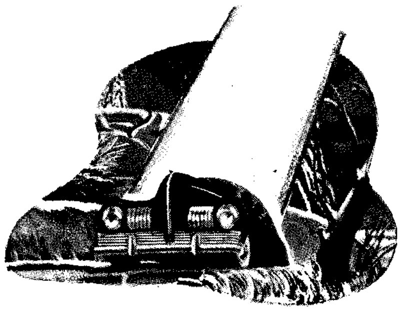




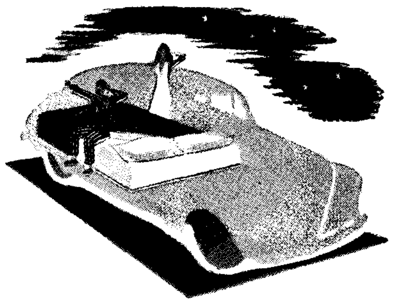
Frame and body are *one* girder-steel unit—safer, quieter, roomier. Hugs the ground. Wider seats, greater window area, 20 cubic feet of luggage space.

Lowest-Price Field!

- ★ **25 to 30 Miles per Gallon of Gasoline!**
- ★ **Flashing Pickup of New "Flying Scot" Engine!**
- ★ **Roomier than 1940 Cars Costing up to $200 More**
- ★ **A Coil Spring Ride on *All Four Wheels!***
- ★ **New "Unitized" Steel Body—Safer, Quieter**
- ★ **Improved Weather Eye Conditioned Air System ...and Convertible Bed**
- ★ **Overall Economy Saves You $70 to $100 a Year!**



With new capacity, the Weather Eye conditioned air system gives you perfect fresh air warmth even at 10° below zero. Automatically foils changing weather.



In Nash sedans the rear seat space is quickly converted into a big double bed! Saves sportsmen, vacationists $20 to $35 a year. An original Nash feature.

TODAY—America has a *new kind of car* in the lowest-price field.

Designed and built—*not* for just 15 to 20 miles a gallon economy, but for a real *25 to 30!*

Designed and built—*not* for minimum size and comfort—but to give you the sumptuous room and ride of a $1,200 automobile.

Designed and built—*not* simply to "match" the performance of its competitors—but for the thrill of your whole car-owning experience!

• Here it is—Nash's revolutionary lowest-priced car, three years in the making—designed and built as a unit—no "cut down" parts, no out-moded engineering.

Sweep your eyes over the magnificent length of it—the front seat that's nearly five feet wide. Feast your eyes on its sleek styling . . . smartly two-toned, inside and out.

For the first time under $1,000—a "unitized" car. Body and frame are forever welded into one solid, safe, rattle-proof, twist-proof unit.

Beneath its hood purrs a new kind of car engine—the Manifold-sealed "Flying Scot". Its terrific get-up-and-go . . . the smoothness of its radio-balanced crankshaft . . . are almost as phenomenal as its economy.

• Never, in all your life, have you felt a car ride—or handle—like this!

Here is the first car at its price with *coil* springs on all four wheels. The first car at *any* price with costly Two-way Ball-bearing Steering.

It is sheer delight to take a new Nash over the worst road you know . . . and feel how the bumps miraculously disappear . . . how staunchly you ride the sharpest curves.

• In every feature you see evidence of millions of dollars of new Nash engineering. A *new* Weather Eye System! A Fourth Speed Forward that raises Nash economy as high as *32 miles a gallon*, in engineering tests. The new 60-second Convertible Bed.

In every detail—the quality, the precision workmanship that mean Nash "long life."

Truthfully, it cannot be compared with the leading low-price cars you know—except in the matter of price.

Yet with all these revolutionary features, all this fine car size and comfort, your savings—in gas, oil, and touring costs—*may easily mean* $100 a year to you!

Why consider any less modern automobile this year? Right now—for the sheer fun of it—go to your Nash dealer's—*get behind the wheel!*

Go NASH

AND SAVE MONEY EVERY MILE

3 SERIES...17 BEAUTIFUL MODELS...ALL AT NEW LOWER PRICES!

The Nash Ambassador "600" . . . America's newest low-price car. 6-cylinder Manifold-Sealed Engine. 194 inches over all. Six models, including four Sedans.

The Aeropowered Nash Ambassador Six. 105 HP. . . 6-cylinder Twin Ignition, Valve-in-Head Engine. 201 inches over all. Six models, including Convertible.

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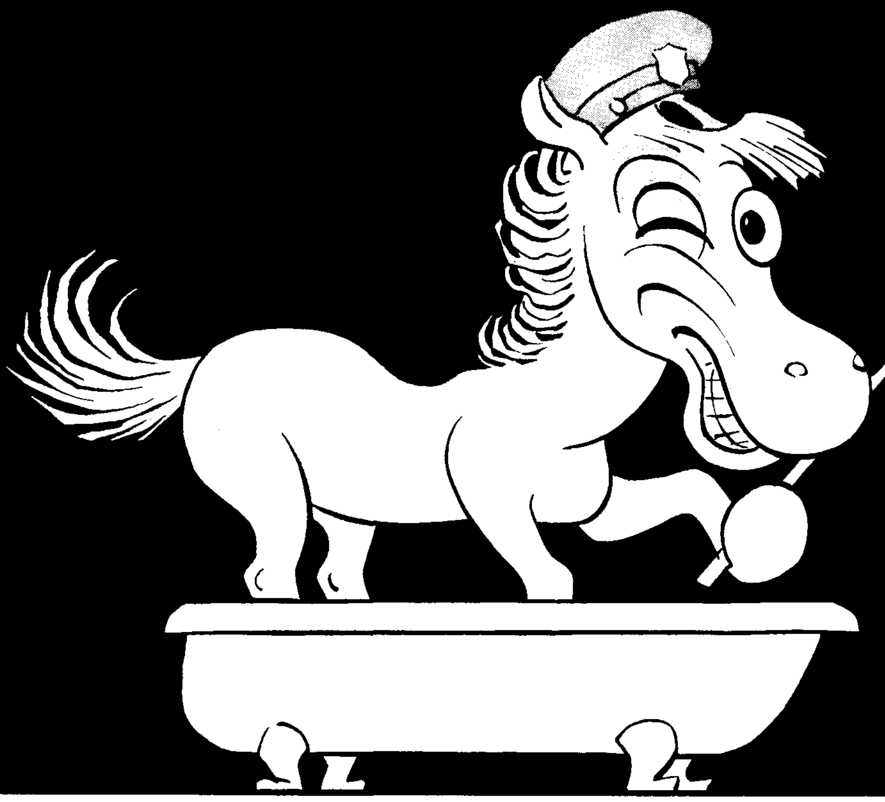

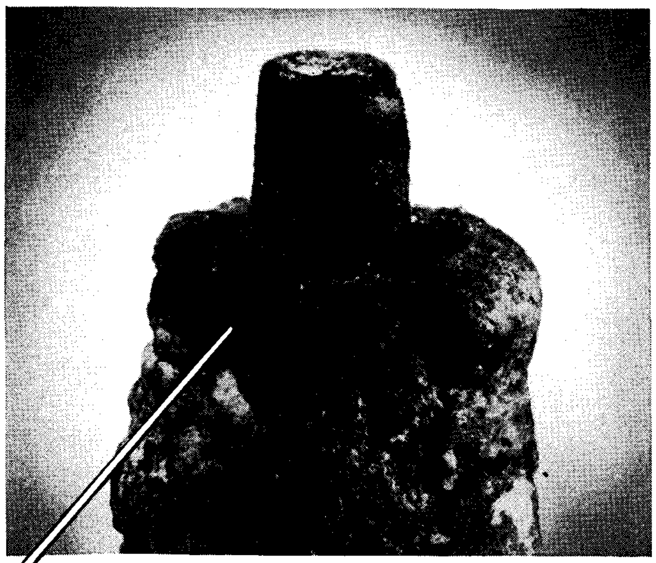

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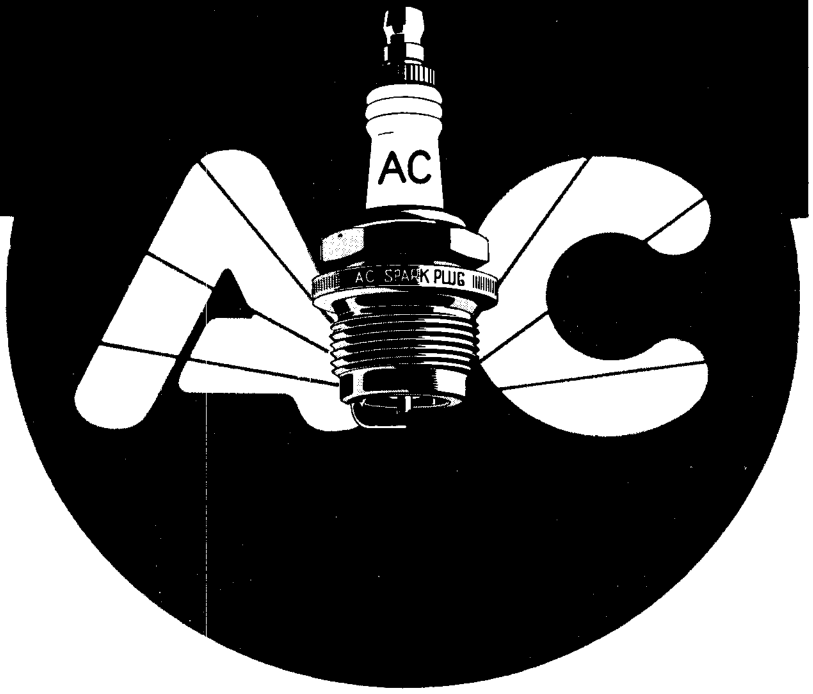
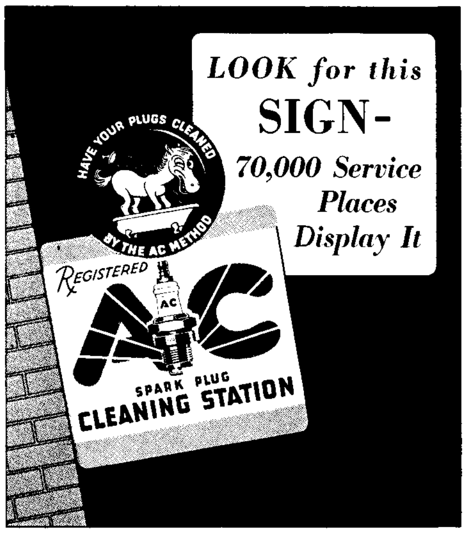


GET YOUR PLUGS CLEANED NOW
for Quick Starting in Cold Weather

Oxide coating, and the grime and carbon that form on spark plugs, cause hard starting,—especially in cold weather. They also waste gas and cut down engine power. So, have your Registered AC Cleaning Station clean and regap your spark plugs. Replace those that are worn with new AC's, for peak performance.

Here's how to get your PLUGS CLEANED


HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED BY THE AC METHOD
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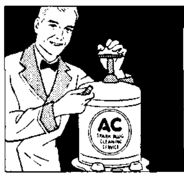

Have Plugs
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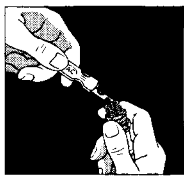
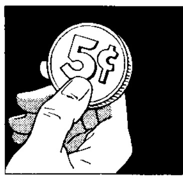
by the
AC METHOD



Cleaning Includes
REGAPPING
to the
Engineers' Standards



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the biggest nickel's worth you ever got

SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING, TOO

Replace worn plugs with new AC's for best engine performance

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Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, LaSalle, Nash, Oldsmobile, and Pontiac motor cars; Chevrolet, Diamond T, Federal, GMC, and International Trucks; Allis-Chalmers, J. I. Case, Cletrac and International Harvester Tractors . . . these are some of the well-known cars, trucks, and tractors which use AC Quality Spark Plugs. Trust your spark plug requirements to the same brand of spark plugs which the leading, big-volume manufacturers select.

Get a Set—and Get the difference

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION · *General Motors Corporation*
FLINT, MICHIGAN

said, "I forgot to shut the front door."

At the outskirts of the town two parachutists stepped into the road with submachine guns.

"Sit tight," said Wintergreen, slowed down as if to stop, dropped into second gear and let the Sunbeam have the gas. The nearside headlight hit one of the men with a thud, and there was a satisfactory double jolt as the wheels went over him. Caroline bagged his companion with a lucky stream of shots through the window. The car speeded up to a smooth sixty and she and Wintergreen exchanged congratulatory nods.

IT WAS Wintergreen's suggestion to avoid the coast road and strike southwest through Dudzeele and Bruges.

"'Cos it'll link us up with the British army, see?"

It did, but not before the car was packed with panic-stricken refugees, old and young. Even the running boards were crowded, for Wintergreen, after the fashion of a London busman, had sung out:

"On'y ahtside—ahtside on'y—p'enty of room ahtside!"

The Sunbeam looked like a swarm of bees as it crept along a road packed with fugitives.

Near Thourout low-flying German planes added chaos to terror with their machine guns. One of the bullets smashed a glass mascot on the Sunbeam's radiator.

Wintergreen, who was whistling through his teeth, caught Caroline's eye and grinned.

"Ol' times, that's wot it's like," he said.

Caroline nodded, but made no reply, for she was nursing a strange baby who, having found a soft billet, was cooing pleasantly. She wondered whether the Willoughby baby had been born yet and decided that it couldn't be a patch on this little beggar. Probably took after its father and mother and grizzled all day long. The company of the baby helped her to ignore the horrors of the situation.

A little farther on, the walls of a farmhouse had been blown across the road by a bomb. With admirable resource, Wintergreen swung the wheel over and took to the fields. Disregarding his precious paint, he drove smack through a hedge, a double row of wooden railings, and in and out of a dry ditch before heaving the car back onto the road among a rabble of peasants, British soldiers, field guns and mechanical transport.

From the south came the constant thunder of the British rear-guard action, intermittently shouted down by the yowl of German planes and the stammer of machine guns. Now and then a fugitive would stop, clutch at his or her breast and topple over with little sobbing cries. As far as the eye could see to right and left, more and more troops and refugees were converging on the road.

"Worse'n a Cup Final, that's wot it is," said Wintergreen.

"Well, it'll be something to remember," said Caroline, and added: "Like that *Souvenir d'une nuit d'extase*."

Wintergreen gaped.

"Why, you old caution!" he said.

They were his last words. A bullet plowed through the purplish patch of hair on his right temple and he flopped over the wheel. Caroline saved many lives by turning off the switch key. The car came to a stop and a woman at the back began to scream. A British staff officer doubled up and thrust his head through the window.

"You can't stop here—keep moving."

Caroline told him not to talk like a fool and that her chauffeur had been killed.

He apologized and offered to find her a driver.

"No, I can manage at this crawl."

They laid Wintergreen on the roadside bank and Caroline folded his hands on his breast and put his cap upon them. It seemed dreadfully callous just leaving him there, but war offered no alternative.

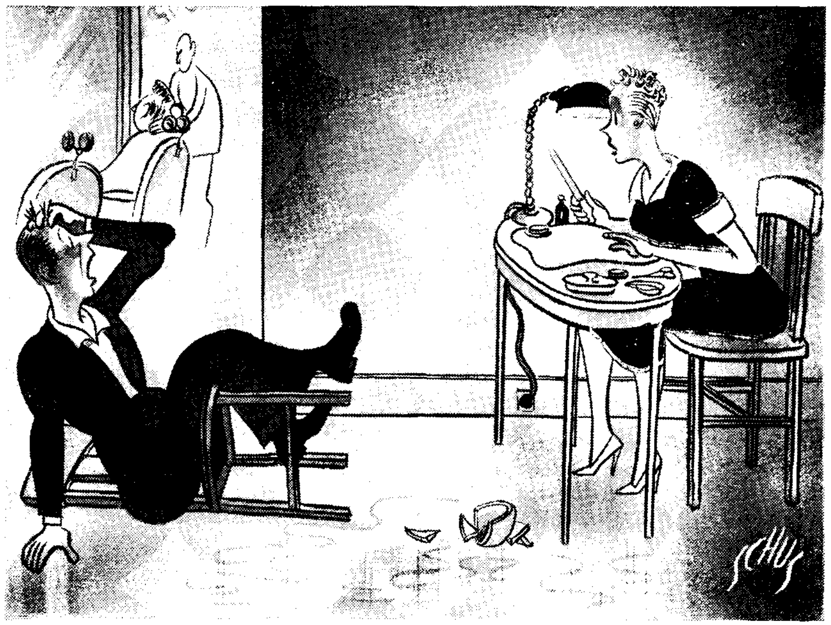
"One more passenger," she said, and planted herself at the wheel.

FOR the rest of that long, creeping, foodless day she stuck to her job, and when twilight brought a sadness of spirit she took Snarleyow on her lap and tried, with no success, to whistle through her teeth.

Outside Dixmude the car ran out of gas and she went off with Snarleyow in search of some. When she returned an hour later, all that remained of the Sunbeam was a tangle of scrap metal, littered with other and less attractive dismembered fragments.

But even then she did not despair. She was, after all, no worse off than anyone else, and with the same indomitable spirit that had carried her through the day, she joined the great shuffle-shuffle-shuffle that whispered down the road.

During the night an R.A.S.C. driver offered her a lift, and although she refused, hoisted her onto the tailboard of his truck and put Snarleyow on her lap. And here she sat with swinging legs that



"The next time you're going to let go of my hand . . . warn me!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

OUTDOORS IN SUNLIGHT
INDOORS AT NIGHT
. . . either way, it's a grand picture

THOUSANDS of average picture takers are snapshooting indoors tonight. Getting excellent snapshots after dark, under Photofloods, is a matter of using the right film. Be sure to load with Kodak Super-XX . . . about four times as fast as ordinary film. Then you can count, from the very first, on snapshots indoors at night that are as clear and brilliant as the ones you have been getting outdoors in the sun.

Any camera that takes Kodak Super-XX Film will do, even a $1 Baby Brownie.

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A . . . Load your present camera with Kodak Super-XX Film

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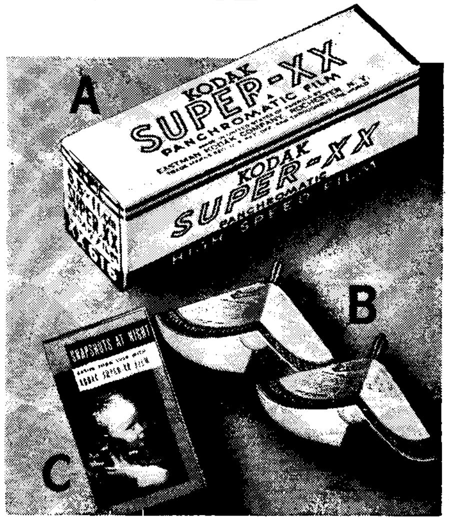
C . . . Follow the few simple directions in the FREE Booklet

A few minutes with this helpful booklet and you're headed for splendid nighttime snapshots. Photos, diagrams, easy-to-understand directions. At your dealer's . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



EVER TAKE A DARE
Just For The Fun of It?

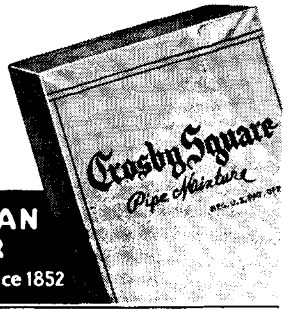
Remember how the school principal used to make you shiver in your boots—yet when "Spike" dared you to pin a "kick me" sign on his coat tails—*you did it!*

Here's Rich *Pipe* Flavor With Cigarette *Mildness!*

How about taking a dare to try Crosby Square? We'll take the risk. Smokers have discovered that this blend has what they've been looking for—the mildness of a cigarette with the full flavor of a real pipe tobacco. If you don't find that Crosby Square fills your "pipe-bill," you can get all your money back.

AT YOUR DEALER 15¢

"Take-a-Dare" Offer
Send us 6¢ in stamps to pay part of packing and mailing and you'll get a generous sample. Write Crosby Square Div., 102 Delmar, St. Louis, Mo.



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Tobacco Co. Since 1852

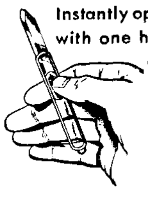
THE HANDIEST POCKET KNIFE EVER DESIGNED!

● Once you've used it, the Christy Sport Knife will have as warm a place in your heart as your favorite fishing rod. . . . Neat, handy, useful, and durable. Stainless steel frame, satin finish. Blade of finest razor steel.

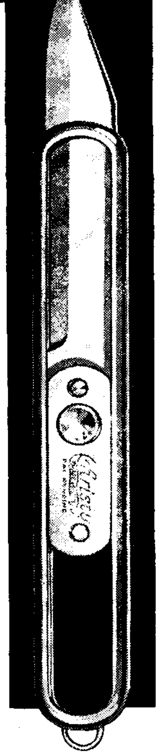
Smart . . . practical

Graceful design . . . light weight; fine enough to wear on your silver, gold or platinum chain . . . sturdy enough to stand up under the use to which you put a knife.

Three blades in one



Instantly opened or closed with one hand. No broken fingernails. Blade locks easily in any one of 3 lengths . . . really three blades in one.



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XMAS SUGGESTION—The Christy Sport Knife makes an ideal Christmas gift. Individually packed in attractive gift box. Order several for your requirements.
DEALERS—Write for interesting offer

THE CHRISTY CO., Fremont, Ohio C-10
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ached most dreadfully from the unaccustomed business of walking. The driver had told her that they were making for Dunkirk, but they never reached it, for a bullet pierced the radiator, during the night, so that the water drained out and the bearings seized.

Caroline, who had dozed off, woke as the lorry stopped with a jerk and a voice shouted:

"All out."

In the dawn light, she saw the endless crowds with resentment. She would have liked to be alone and have a cup of tea. The tea was impossible, but solitude was offered by a small military cemetery just off the road.

"I'll go and sit among the graves," she decided.

As she approached something about the cemetery stirred a memory, and in the quickening light she poked about until she found her husband's grave. He seemed very near as she went down on the grass beside the headstone. It wouldn't have surprised her to hear him shouting out to inquire why breakfast was so late.

"Well, here we are, Harry," she said, "and blest if I know who's having the best of it."

Then she went to sleep and dreamed she was a bride with her head resting on the thick of her husband's arm.

IN a mighty pair of boots raped from a dead Belgian, Old Britannia, passing through a lane of destroyed and derelict transports came to Dunkirk. Hobbling along beside her on three legs, and this time he was not shamming, was Snarleyow. They had become inured to war and no longer ducked or bothered to look up when bombs fell, or planes shrieked overhead. What little energy remained was devoted to the task of getting there, and get there they did. But as the sea came into view, Caroline stopped to stare in amazement at an armada of every description of craft, great and small, that rode its surface. Beholding this, a tumult of emotions stirred within her, so that she could almost hear her heart beating above the roar of naval guns whose shells formed a highway along which the British army was being evacuated.

"We may be running," she said, "but we are certainly doing it in style!" And, throwing away the broken fence post which had propped her faltering steps, she tossed up her head with leonine defiance and strode down to those beaches that shall never be forgotten.

And here, although there was nothing to eat, she rediscovered, among the finest company she had ever met, an excuse for being alive. For she had become a part of that spirit which, transcending disaster and thumbing the nose at death, has made England great. And she saw the remnants of bone-weary regiments shave themselves and march out to the rescue boats, up to their necks in water, but as steady as if on parade.

Many times she was ordered to embark, but while there remained a strip of petticoat wherewith to bandage an injured limb, she stubbornly defied authority. She lost count of time and days and had no notion how long she was on the beach before encountering young Peter Willoughby.

He looked like a scarecrow as, standing by the breakwater, he conducted community singing with what was left of his men.

"Good God! where did you spring from?" he exclaimed, breaking off in the middle of packing up his troubles in an old kit bag.

Caroline gave him the briefest account of herself and asked after Phyllis. He clutched her arm.

"It's a boy. Eight and a half pounds. And just think, practically any time now she and I . . ."

He did not finish the sentence. A fifth columnist, in a stolen staff car and wearing the uniform of a British staff captain, opened fire at four hundred yards with a machine gun. One of the bullets cut a shallow groove across the frontal bone of Peter's skull, and he flopped into Caroline's arms.

His face was drenched in blood as Caroline knelt beside him on the sand and laid an ear to his heart. It was still beating. Several of his men gathered around and searched her eyes with anxious interrogation.

"I don't think it's much," she said, "but let's get him onto a boat."

THEY carried him down to the ripples. A dinghy was approaching, rowed by an elderly man with a walrus mustache and a cheap blazer. Caroline flapped her arms.

"Somebody wounded," she yelled, wheezily.

"Right-oh! Shove 'im aboard."

The man's accent was almost as vile as Wintergreen's.

"On you go," said Caroline, and paddled out with Peter's bearers to conduct the operation.

Snarleyow, after a protesting bark, swam along beside her. When Peter was safely stowed in the dinghy, Caroline told a couple of the men to go with him.

"Ladies first," they demurred.

The man with the walrus mustache said:

"Mike up yer minds, chums, I want to get 'ome to me tea."

"Go on, do as I say," Caroline said.

But there is a chivalry in British soldiers which will not allow them to hide more than temporarily behind a woman's skirts. This was proved when one of the men, with shocking impropriety, submerged himself and thrusting a shoulder beneath Caroline's enormous beam, seized her around the legs and hoisted her into the rocking dinghy. A similar act of grace was shown to Snarleyow.

As Caroline was hauled onto the deck of a disreputable-looking Thames tug, she heard, coming across the bullet-dimpled waves, the unmistakable voice of Sir Montague Robertshaw.

THE baronet was waving from the polished brass rails of the San Toy's bridge.

"Ahoy there, Britannia! How about a bit of lunch at the Carlton and handing over the cash?"

"Stupid old fool," she wheezed back, as the engines thrummed and the tug came around under the San Toy's bows. "I believe you only came here on the off chance of collecting it. But I'll bet a monkey we pass Gravesend before that gin palace gets her screw turning."

"Yah!" he taunted; then raising his voice to a yell: "Mind my paint, you ginger-headed longshoreman. Sailing toy boats on the Round Pond is all you're fit for."

From the master of the tug came the sound of soft fruit delivered with force and affection. He added:

"Tike orf the yachtin' cap, Percy, and shove a geranium in it."

A salvo of bombs falling harmlessly into the sea washed out the rest of the dialogue.

Drenched to the skin, but in a mood of happiness that she had not known for over twenty years, Caroline went below to patch up Peter and tuck him into the master's bunk. After which she accepted a noggin of rum from a quartermaster sergeant, who had kept his head and part of the regimental stores; and, inspired by this circumstance to a reckless frame of mind, she passed the remainder of the voyage playing Crown and Anchor with the exuberant details of the B.E.F.

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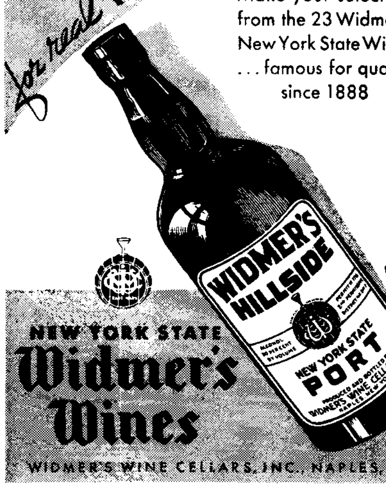

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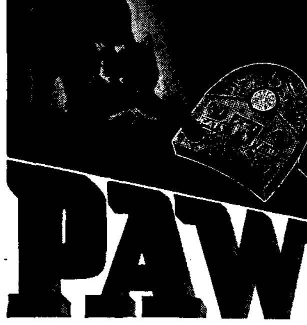


PAW
RUBBER HEELS & SOLES ●

Rainbow round Your Neck

Continued from page 22

In India there is great competition to see who can bestow the costliest garland. In Hawaii, one of the most informal places in the world, there's no percentage in trying to out-lei your neighbor. All the contesting goes on among the incoming tourists. As the ship docks, the girls count the leis that friends have tossed around their shoulders.

"I've got thirteen, Mary," boasts one girl. "Oh, my dear," sympathizes her pal, "what hard luck! I have twenty-two." This sort of thing often ends sweet and lovely steamship friendships.

Leis go down on family budgets in Honolulu along with rent, light, Scotch and taxes. The minute anyone on the mainland says a trip to Honolulu is coming up, someone is sure to pipe up with: "Oh, you must look up Homer and Minnie Glotz over there—I'll write and tell them you're coming."

The result is that hundreds of hospitable Hawaiians meet the weekly boat, bearing armfuls of leis and trying frantically to find people they've never heard of before and hope to God they'll never see again. But the visitors love it and go around sweating under their loads of blooms, wondering how soon they can shuck the load and cool off.

Romance Wins Over Regulations

The lei industry in Hawaii runs to about half a million dollars a year and is important enough for the government to fuss around with. Flower growers and lei sellers are numerous enough to be a political factor. Along with hula girls, they are always being threatened with gross income taxes, traffic rules and health regulations. It was once proposed, as a New Deal measure, to standardize the number of blooms in various leis, but the idea was howled down, Hawaii being traditionally romantic—and Republican. At the same time, incidentally, it was proposed to regulate grass skirts, which arrive in the islands by some fantastic route from Madagascar, via Buenos Aires, Asia Minor, Manila and Camden, New Jersey.

This nefarious scheme was circumvented by substituting glass, cellophane and assorted plastics for grass. Leis are still made of flowers, though.

Well, not all of them: You can make leis of feathers, or sea shells, or seeds. In fact, some feather leis run into big money.

Although most mainlanders associate leis with ship arrivals and departures, they're everyday affairs in the islands. You give your girl friend a pikaki lei instead of orchids. Hawaiian cowboys—oh, my, yes, there are cattle ranches over there—wear garlands around their hats. Children offer them to teachers. Babies are decorated with them at christenings. Hosts bestow them upon guests.

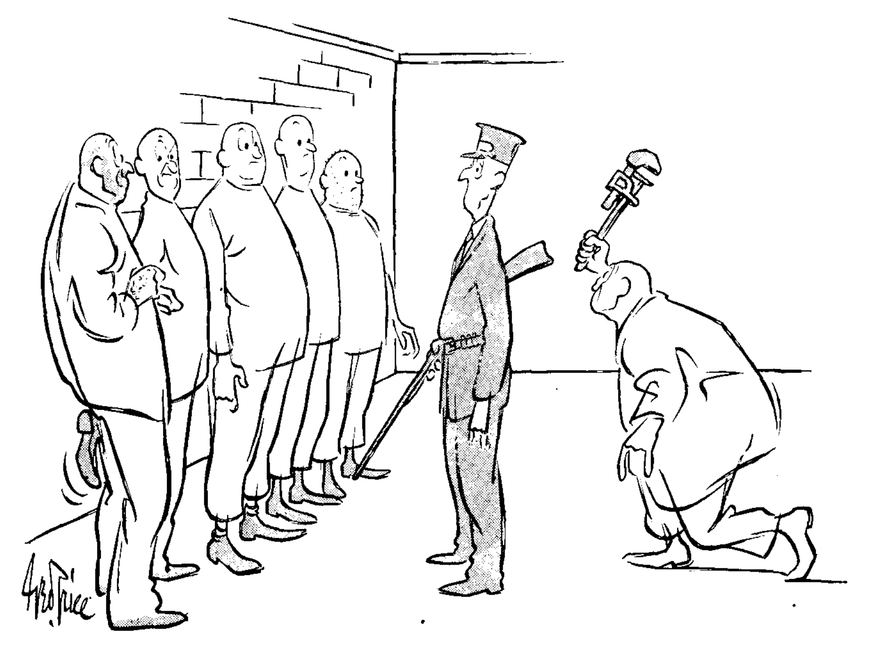
On May Day, while the rest of the world is watching labor parades and looking for communist outbreaks, the Hawaiians are celebrating Lei Day. This floral orgy includes a parade of fashion by lei sellers, who show up frantically garbed in wildly colored *holokus*—a sort of Mother Hubbard invented for and imposed upon the natives by early-day missionaries, who held to the belief that discomfort was better than nudity.

Last Lei Day the fashion parade took hours, because an early contestant, filing along, decided to put a little personality into it. She broke ranks and kissed all the judges. This so obviously gave her an advantage that an adjournment and consultation resulted. Upshot was a decision that, to make things equal, all the contestants would have to kiss all the judges. . . . Late in the evening a couple of judges told friends it would be all right with them if they never saw a kiss again in this life.

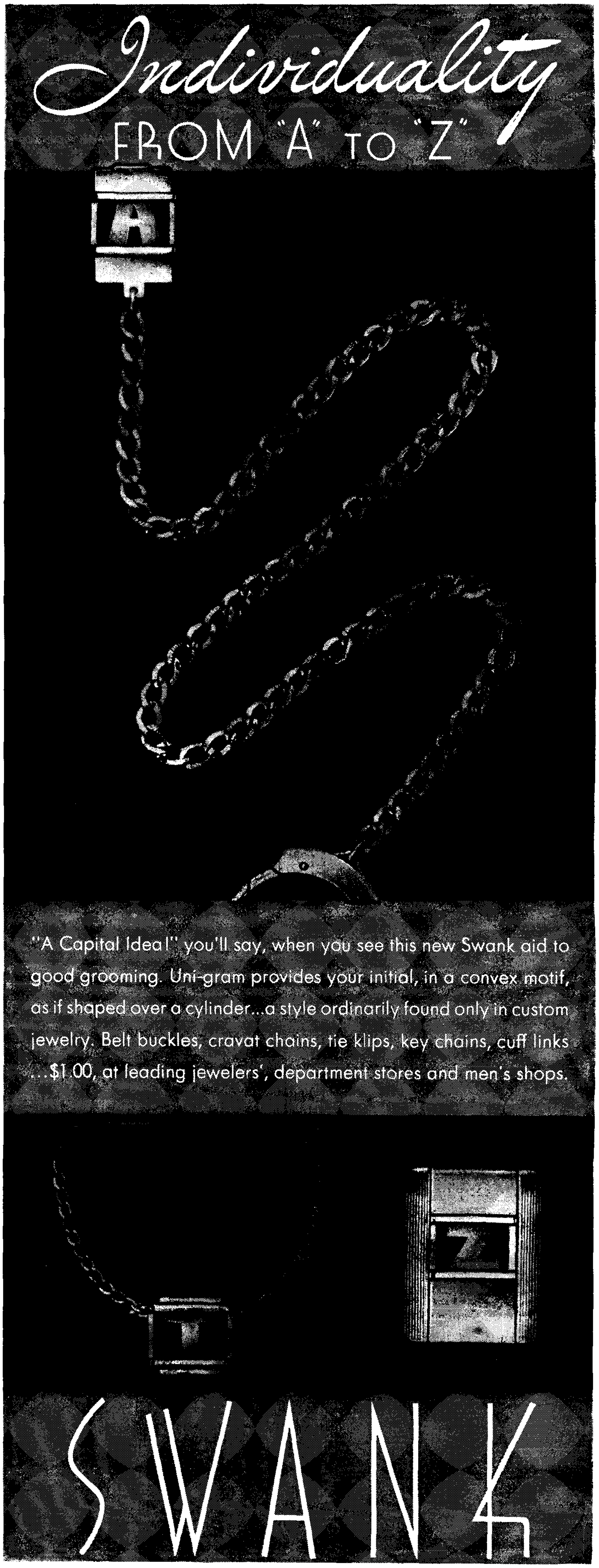
George T. Armitage, the island's historian and author of "How's Your Hawaiian?" says that those orange-colored paper leis you sometimes see on members of mainland "Hawaiian orchestras" are really imitations of the royal lei, made of ilima flowers, and that the boys have no real right to wear them unless they can prove descent from King Kamehameha or Queen Liliuokalani. Still, who cares?

Only thing that peeves Hawaiians is the legend, started some years ago, that visitors should heave their leis overboard in Honolulu harbor. The feelings of an island matron, standing on the pier, watching her outbound acquaintances throw away $13.45 worth of flowers she has just hung around their shoulders, may be imagined.

The correct thing to do, says Mr. Armitage, is wear the leis as long as possible, then cast them into the sea with a silent tear or two. . . . The steamship track between San Francisco and Diamond Head must be paved with leis by now.



"I can't keep it in any longer. I—I'm going to giggle!" GEORGE PRICE



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The Drifter

Continued from page 20

"Oh now," said Cleve Stewart, nettled by the other man's manner, "I couldn't drag her away against her will."

"Couldn't you? Why the hell couldn't you?"

"Well," said Stewart, "I guess that's the difference between you and me."

"Maybe it is," said Keene and turned about to find Portia Crews standing in the kitchen doorway.

"Yes," she said, "I lied to you, Jim. Otherwise you would have gone straight to the store. DePard expected you to do it."

"Fine," he murmured. "You left her where DePard would find her. He's on his way there now."

Stewart said in a kind of groaning misery: "You sure of that, Jim?"

"I saw them."

Portia turned into the kitchen. Stewart said: "We got to get down there, Jim. I'm going to the bunkhouse and talk to the crew." He left the house.

Keene went into the kitchen and stood at the warm range while Portia poured coffee from a big pot simmering at the back of the stove. She handed him the cup, her eyes blackened by her thoughts. "Now," she murmured, "you really hate me."

"No," he said, "but you should have thought."

"I did, Jim. I did. I thought of you."

"You should have thought of her."

She said: "That's never the way. A man thinks of a woman. A woman always thinks of a man. Nothing will happen to her. You're the one DePard wants to kill." She turned from him and looked into the kitchen cupboards. She found a platter of cold meat and got bread out of a box. "I think you must be hungry."

He made a meal from the bread and meat; and burned his tongue on the coffee. It took the chill out of him. Portia saw his haste, his impatience—and knew what was in his head. He had a slanting, angular wickedness on his face. His anger stayed and his worry increased. She murmured: "You could break almost anybody's heart. I wish you didn't hate me."

"I don't, Portia."

"Ah, you might just as well." She made an expressive gesture of resignation with her hands. In the room's lamplight her lips were soft, her face showed its childlike sadness. "I could never be very cold. Perhaps it would be better for me if I were. I'm pretty easy to read, aren't I?"

He said: "You're a hard woman to know."

"Me?" she answered in astonishment. "Why, Jim—look at me! What do you see?"

STEWART came into the kitchen from the yard; and now he was angry and helpless. "I'm going to fire that crew tomorrow. They won't go along. That," he added bitterly, "is what a man gets for being considerate. They think I'm soft and they tell me to go to hell. They won't buck DePard. I'm going with you, Jim. Let's move."

He caught up his heavy coat from a chair in the front room and went into the driving dark. Keene moved to the front room, Portia Crews behind him. He saw an extra rifle in the room's gunrack and reached for it; he was at the door when Portia's voice turned him.

She said: "What do you want me to do, Jim?"

"Stay here," he said. "Don't cross the valley tonight. There's a real storm coming up."

She came to him and reached out to button his slicker. She showed one brief flash of hope. "Would it worry you if I were out there? Would it really?"

"Yes," he said, "it would."

"Ah," she sighed and was pleased, with the shine of wetness in her eyes. "Then you should know I lied—because I'm worried when you are out there. Why should I be hard for you to know? All you need to do—" She stopped the explanation. She held it back and shrugged her shoulders. "Well, be careful. I'll see you soon."

She stood in the blast of wind and wet snow coming through the doorway, watching the shadows of the two men dissolve in the blackness; and closed the door. Wind cut a shrill sound at the eaves of the house, wind shouldered heavily at the walls. She moved idly around the room, restless because alone, and cast down immeasurably by Keene's departure. Then, unable to be alone, she put on her coat and went out to the shed for her horse. She turned down the road, came upon the valley and headed westward across the three-mile flat to her own house in Lost Man. The full sweep of the wind was against her, the thickening smother of snow. Traveling steadily onward, night swallowed her.

KEENE said: "Get out in the middle of the valley and catch the creek. We'll follow it down."

Stewart called: "Go slow, Jim. If DePard's in front of us—"

"Go on—go on. We're late."

Swinging across the valley, they reached the creek and put their backs to the bitter drive of the storm. An hour from Stewart's ranch Cleve said something that was ripped away by the wind. He lifted his voice to a half cry: "Should see a light pretty soon."

"Not in this," said Keene.

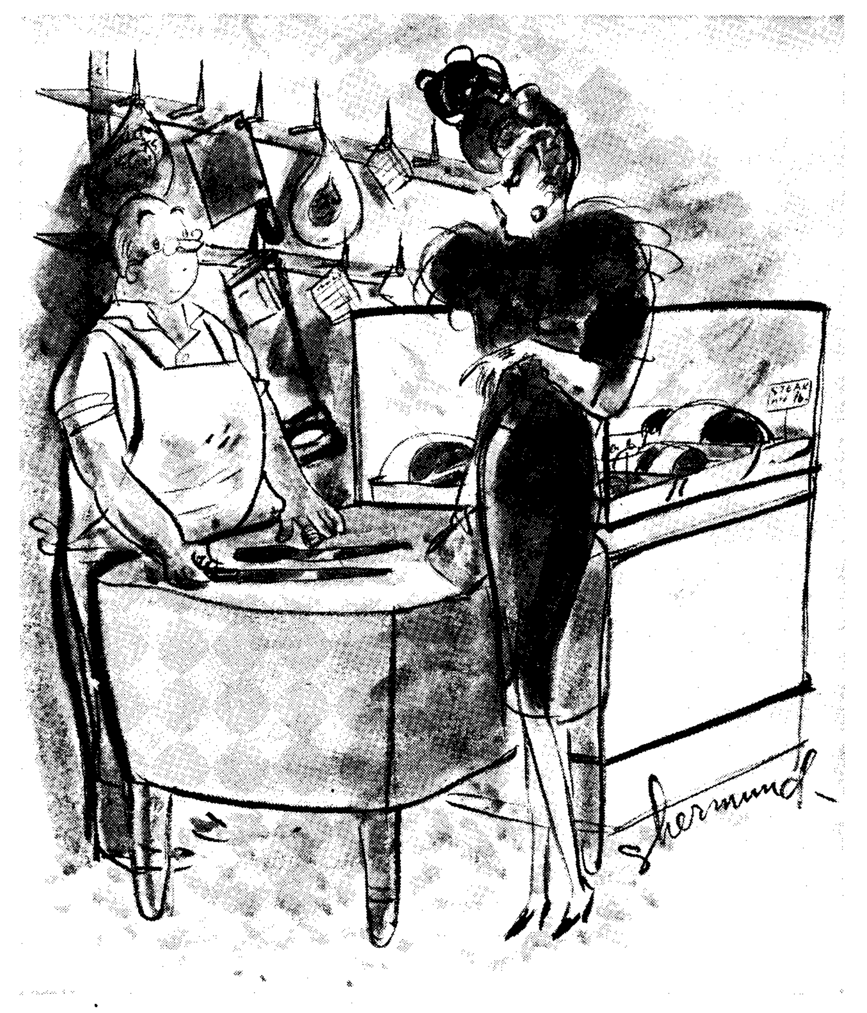
"Wait!" howled Cleve and hauled in. Keene ran beyond him before stopping and when he turned back he saw nothing in the mealy flitter of snow. It was that black, that solid. He held his horse broadside to the wind until Stewart bumped into him. They swung together, Keene discovering the faint glint of light ahead. He bent on the saddle, speaking close to Stewart's ear: "Circle to the left."

They had the light for a definite guide. They swung around the light until the corner of Aurora's shed cut it off. They wheeled back a few feet and caught the light again, and drifted slowly to the shed. Keene said: "Wait," and got down.

HE MOVED into the shed, expecting to find Aurora's pony—and discovered it gone. He moved out of the shed, crawling along the store wall. Light sparkled through the snow-fogged window of the main cabin. Keene stood beyond that out-thrown fan of light, distrusting it. He retreated farther from it, walking deeper into the yard. Twenty feet from the window he tried to catch a view through it, unsuccessfully. He circled the yard and closed again on the cabin. Tight against the wall, he put his ear to the logs; and then, turned impatient, he reached for the latch and lifted it.

Wind threw back the door. He had one half view of the room before the lamp blew out. He yelled: "Cleve!" when he stepped into the room. He ran against an upturned table, against a fallen chair. Stewart ran in, slamming the door. "What's up?"

Keene scratched a match on the floor and found the lamp, and lighted it. He made one complete wheeling turn of the



"I forget what they are called. You stick an apple in their mouths"

BARBARA SHERMUND

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Thanksgiving

An Old American Institution

Do you remember how Thanksgiving was celebrated when you were "knee-high to a grasshopper"? Weeks ahead of time—even before the last leaves had been whipped from the trees by fall rain and winds . . . mincemeat-making began . . . The whole house rang with the clop, clop of the chopper against the sides of the big, wooden bowl where heaps of raisins and amber currants gave forth honey-like nectar to mingle deliciously with juicy apples, fine beef and delicate spices.

On the great day relatives came from all over the county. With aprons tied around stiff, silken waists, the visiting aunts lent a hand—laying the well-ironed cloth just-so over the table which was stretched with many extra leaves—and fluttering busily around the kitchen. From behind the glass walls of the china closet came the hand-painted relish dishes, the silver caster and the cut-glass spoon holder in which celery stalks stood up like a stiff gold and white bouquet.

And the dinner . . . Who but a small and always-hungry boy could do justice to the marvels of that meal? To the huge, bronzed turkey . . . the stuffing steamingly redolent with chestnuts and sage . . . boats of deep-brown giblet gravy—smooth and heavy as cream . . . snowy butter-rilled mountains of mashed potatoes . . . golden glazed "sweets" and all the old-time fixings . . .

Today in an America that is still our land of privilege and plenty, we can enjoy the same abundance of grand foods—quivering garnet molds of jelly, taste-teasing pickles of all kinds . . . even the deliciously seasoned soup and old-fashioned mincemeat. For now, they are all put up by the House of Heinz.

It is a matter of great pride to us that Heinz 57 Varieties have been bidden to the Thanksgiving tables of American families for over three generations—just like old family friends . . . We believe in the old-fashioned Thanksgiving and in the old-fashioned American foods that grace its table. Every year for 70 years we've been helping prepare this grand dinner. And if our foods evoke the memory of some fleeting flavor of long ago—perhaps it is because we blend them with care, with skill—and with a fondness for days gone by.

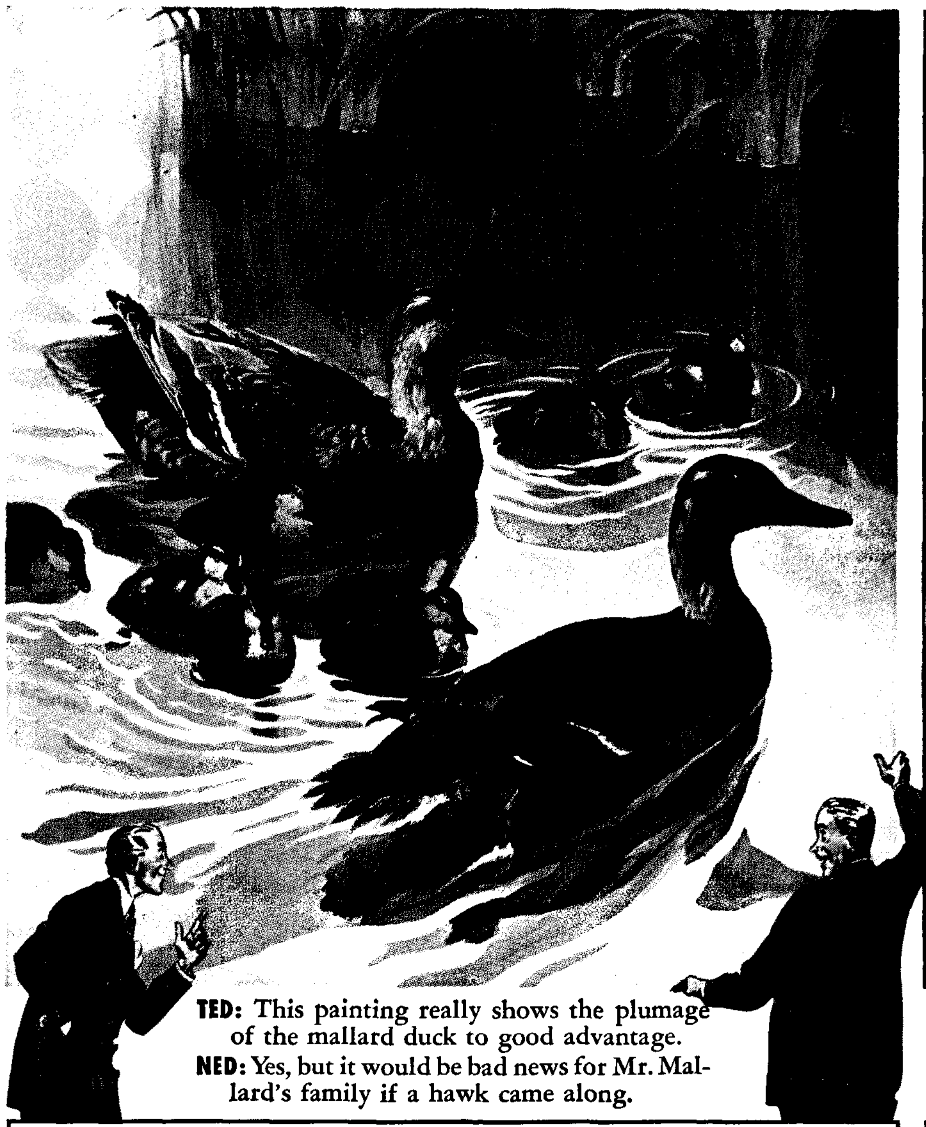
We are grateful for your friendliness all these years, and for those quiet, refreshing "islands of peace" in a troubled world—bountiful Thanksgiving tables around which happy American families still gather.

57

H. J. Heinz Company

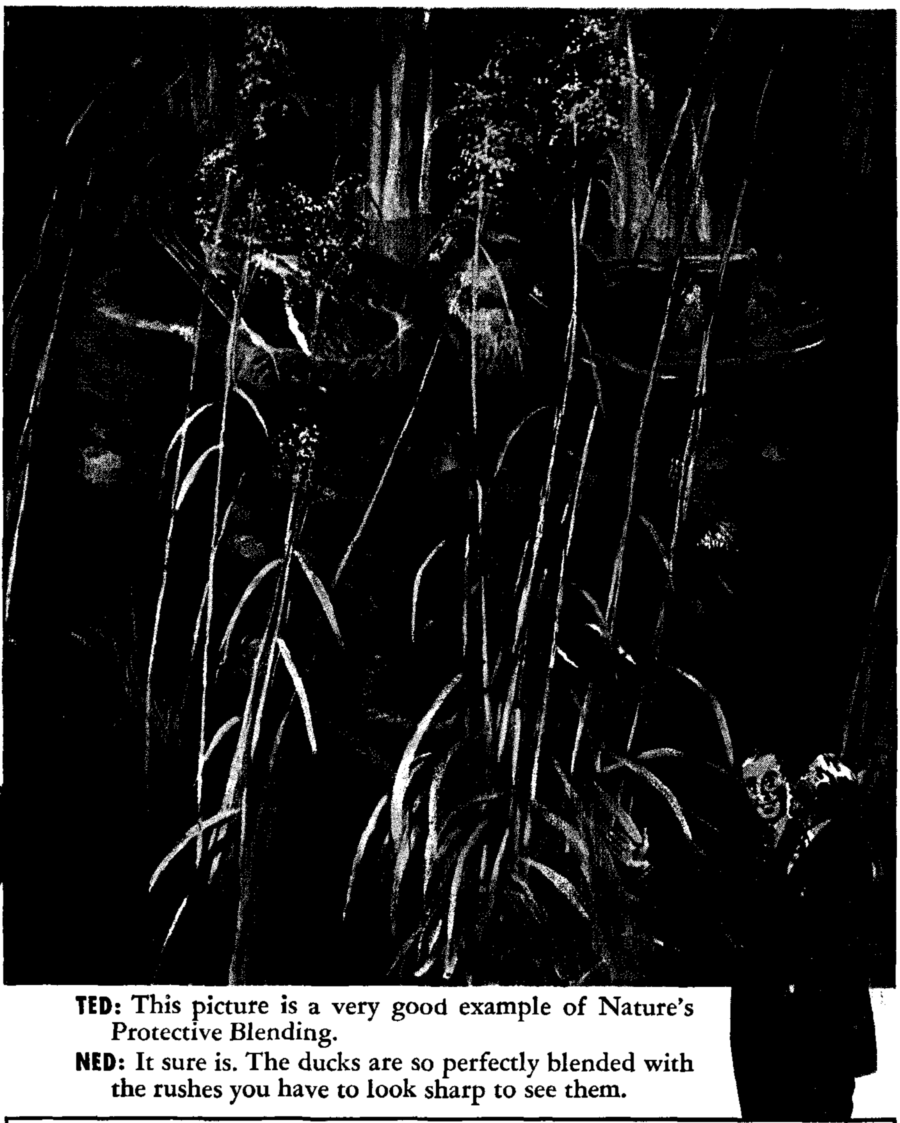
An Old American Institution

NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE MALLARD



TED: This painting really shows the plumage of the mallard duck to good advantage.

NED: Yes, but it would be bad news for Mr. Mallard's family if a hawk came along.



TED: This picture is a very good example of Nature's Protective Blending.

NED: It sure is. The ducks are so perfectly blended with the rushes you have to look sharp to see them.

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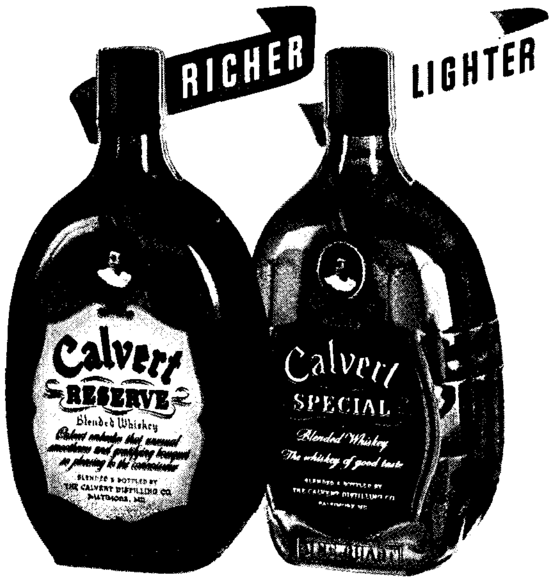
protects the flavor and good taste of Calvert Whiskey

TED: I never tasted a whiskey that pleases me so thoroughly as Calvert.

NED: Naturally. Its precious quality and flavor is protected by Calvert's own exclusive method of Protective Blending.

TED: Well, whatever it *does* for this fine whiskey, it sure increases my drinking enjoyment—*all-ways!*



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CLEAR HEADS (CLEAR-HEADED BUYERS) CALL FOR Calvert

BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

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room. The table and chair had been tipped over, but the thing his mind closely played on was the location of the lamp. It had been placed on an empty soapbox in the corner. Somebody had taken it from the table—where it normally would have been—and put it on the soapbox before the table was tipped. The bed was smooth. The stove held only a little heat. He pulled back a stove lid and saw the gleam of a single coal in the ashes.

He swung from the stove and Stewart observed then how changed this man was. He had never seen this consuming fire before in Keene; he had never seen that complete destructiveness. "There you are," said Keene, his talk gritting into the noisy night. "Damn a man—!" He whipped a hand across the lamp chimney, killing the light. He was across to the door in a long jump, throwing the door open. "We get out of here," he said, and moved into the darkness. Stewart found him on the edge of the log wall. "It may be a trick," said Keene.

Stewart moved away from Keene, hearing the other man's swift challenge: "Where you going?"

"Over to Spackman's. She might be there. Wait for me."

Keene paced through the yard's blackness again. He pushed against the arriving wind; he bent his shoulders to it. A hundred feet or more from the cabin—which was now lost in the blur of the storm—he cut to the right and crisscrossed the yard. He came against the woodpile and skirted it. Back at the cabin he made another wide-angled slant into the desert, circled the store entirely and reached the shed. None of these trips told him anything except that the yard was empty. He stood in the shed a good fifteen minutes before returning to the cabin. Lighting the lamp he made a thorough search of the cabin and found nothing informative. Nor was there anything in the storeroom when he passed into it from the main cabin. Out in the yard again, he heard Cleve hail him from the deeper darkness. Cleve arrived on the run.

"Joe Spackman came here tonight. He heard Aurora scream. There was a bunch of men. They took her toward Lost Man. Joe followed. He got too far away from them and took the wrong trail. He went back and told his dad. They're getting up a bunch of the homesteaders now."

Keene said: "What's up in those trees? Any place to stop?"

Stewart searched his memory. "A line cabin would be nearest. Then there's Bowley's abandoned house. Nothing else until you get to what's left of the old army post, twelve miles into the Short Hills."

Keene went to his horse and came back to Stewart. "Try the cabin first."

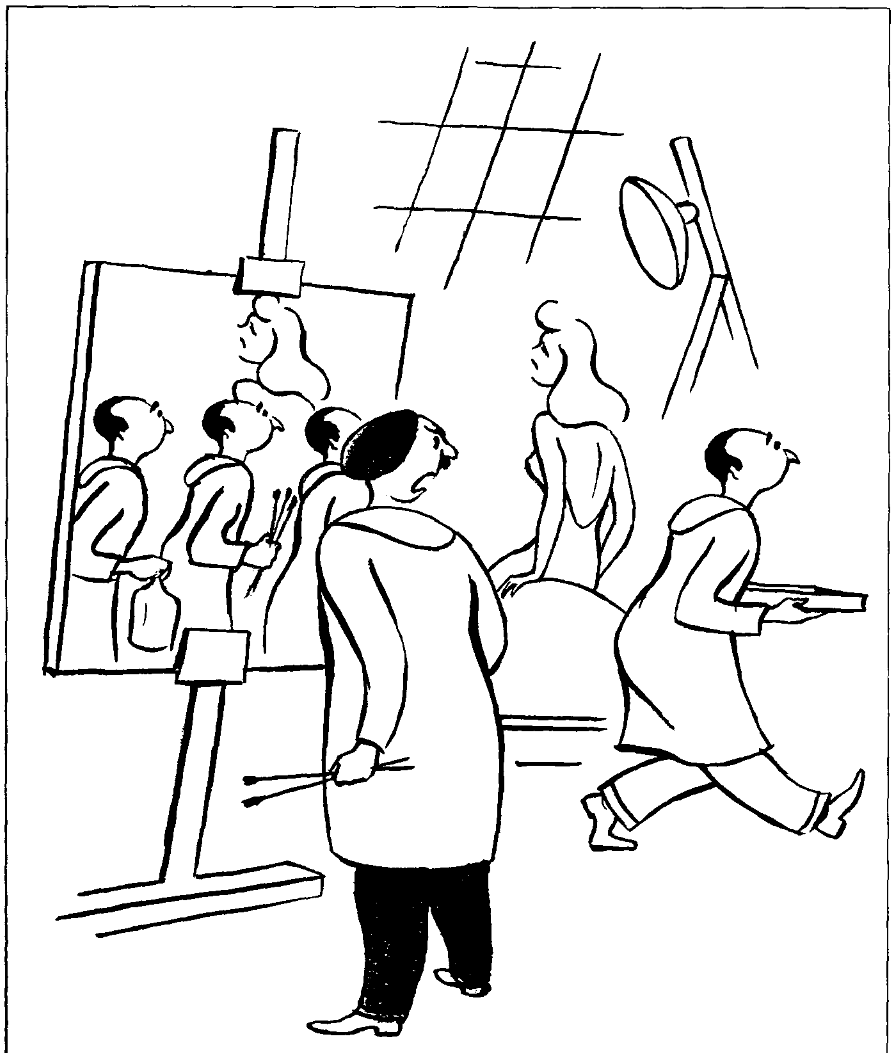
WHEN they turned southeast the night was solid with slant-driven snow. Keene gave his horse its head; this was Jesse Morspeare's horse and familiar with the country.

The wind was a wild, smashing racket in the pine tops. Branches tore away and dropped down. Keene kept a slight rein pressure on the left side of the horse's neck, so that it would swing to the right when it reached the fork of the trail. Sometime later he realized he was being carried due south and knew the horse had passed the fork.

Stewart called: "That cabin's on the left. Mile beyond the split in the trail."

Keene had come up this trail once before, on the way to DePard's. He remembered the cabin and the small clearing in which it sat—a low log cabin with a door and no window. He traveled at a walk through a kind of blackness that had weight; it was a tangible substance he pushed his shoulders through. . . .

Wind steadied against him, blowing through one fixed channel in the hills; he caught the smell of smoke in the



"Must you be continually walking in front of me?" BILL KIMBALL

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turbulent air. He had reached a clearing; now paused on the trail, he saw the faint hulk of a cabin in the solid night. Stewart was beside him, whispering: "Somebody in there. Smell smoke."

"Wait," said Keene, and slid from the horse.

He moved toward the cabin, his feet sinking through a surface of half snow and half slush. He was at the wall, with his head against it as he listened for inner sounds, but all he caught was the sing of the wind against the trees. He moved around the house, looking for horses. He came back to the front of the line cabin. Stewart was near the door.

"I'm going in there, Jim."

Keene said: "Stick against the wall." He ran his hand down the door surface until he caught the latch. He lifted it and kicked open the door. He was inside, wheeling back to a wall. He said: "Aurora," and put his shoulders against the wall and waited, his revolver drawn and half lifted.

All he heard was the gusty wind against the cabin, the rattle of the stovepipe. One eye of fire showed in the stove, fanned bright by the fresh air scouring through the doorway. The room was warm. He slid a hand into his pocket and brought out a match. He ripped the match across the wall and watched its light flare through an empty cabin.

Cleve came in on the jump. Keene said: "Go outside and keep your eyes peeled. Something wrong here." Cleve Stewart retreated, pulling the door shut. Keene lighted another match and found the lantern. The lantern globe was still warm when he touched it, the smell of kerosene was strong. He swung the lantern slowly around, noting the puddled water on the floor—from somebody's feet. A double-deck bunk frame stood in one corner of the room, both bunks covered by straw ticks; there was nothing on the ticks. Turning back, he looked at the table again and saw a woman's handkerchief.

Cleve Stewart opened the door.

"She's been here," said Keene. "She left a handkerchief."

Stewart's strain poured out as a long, ragged sigh. "You know, Jim, they only had one reason for taking her. To pull you into a trap. This must have been the trap. Then they changed their minds. What'd they do that for?"

"Something's wrong."

"Maybe they went on to Broken Bit."

"Too far to go on a night like this."

"Lige Bowley's old house then. Or the abandoned military post."

"We'll try the house first."

They got back on the trail. Stewart took the lead, calling back, "I know this pretty well."

THEY rode into a full-blowing blizzard, all the upper world screaming with it. At every aperture snow whirled down. Keene's pony sank into forming drifts, the pony's mane collected snow and slowly froze into solid hanks.

Stewart said at last: "Here's the turnoff to the Bowley place. It's downgrade a half mile."

They stopped. Keene said: "What else around here?"

"The military post is six miles over in the rough country."

"They wouldn't try it. Too far tonight."

"Well, there's the Crews' ranch. Not so far. But they wouldn't go there."

"Might if it got too tough." Then he said: "Possible that they'd try to get on to Broken Bit. That would be foolish but maybe they'd try it. This is too tough to be out in. If they're on this trail they're not much ahead of us. I'm going down to that Bowley place. You go to Crews'. If I don't find anything I'll come along to Crews'. You stay there until I meet you. Don't break in on that ranch. Slide up and have a look first."

"What would you do if you ran into DePard at Bowley's?"

"Not more than one or two men with Aurora in the line cabin. Probably no more than that with her now—if she's at Bowley's. Meet you at Crews'."

Stewart called after him: "Damned easy to get lost tonight, Jim."

"I know where the house is," said Keene. "I passed it once."

THE main trail had followed the ridge crest; this side trail dropped quickly, still crowded by pines. Presently the wind reached at him more forcefully and the racket of the night grew in his face. He came out of the trail into a flat open meadow which he felt rather than saw; he cut across the meadow and drifted against the shadow of a house; and now, as before, he circled the house and identified the opaque shadow of a barn.

He left his horse and moved against the back-sloping wall of the barn and came to a broad doorway. Pieces of the door teetered under his feet as he passed in; and at once he touched the head of a horse. The horse let out a startled grunt and retreated. Keene stood dead-still, baffled by the cell of blackness. He heard the horse step around and stop; there were no other inner sounds. He murmured: "Easy—easy," and moved on, touching the horse again. He ran his hand along the cheek strap and felt the cold glass surface of the headstall ornament, immediately recognizing this as Aurora's bridle. He cruised through the darkness from corner to corner; but this was the only horse. Knowing that, he turned from the barn, struck broken house steps and reached forward until he found a door. He tried the door, softly turning a knob and feeling it give. He lifted his gun, steadied himself on the steps and went through the doorway at a jump.

The noise of his entry clacked onward into cold emptiness; he heard the echo die somewhere in distant rooms. He said: "Aurora."

"Jim," she said, in a far-away, exhausted voice.

He moved over the room and stopped. He said: "You're alone?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes."

He heard her walking rapidly through a room. She struck a corner and cried softly to herself and stumbled on. Going forward, he met her in a narrow hall. He came against her and felt her arms slide around him, quick and hard. She was shaking. She started to speak to him but the words stuck in her throat. He spoke—and was afraid of what he would hear: "Nothing happened?"

"No."

He said: "How'd you get here? You were at the line cabin."

"They left me there with Red John. But he changed his mind and we came here. Then he left."

He said again: "Nothing happened, Aurora?"

"No—no. Don't think of that."

"It's all I've been thinking of. How long's Red been gone?"

"Not long. He said something funny to me, and left."

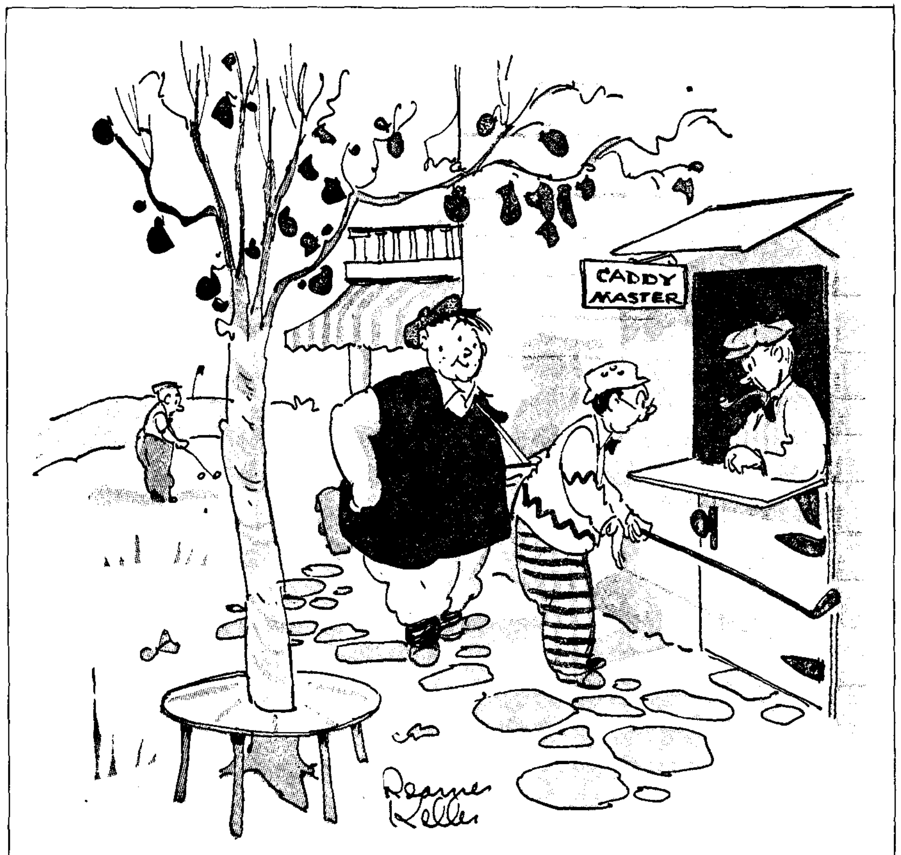
He said: "I'll get the blankets from the saddles." Then he realized how close she was to exhaustion and loss of control. She tightened her grip on his neck and said, "Don't leave, Jim."

"Just out to the barn."

HE STOOD still, waiting for her to let go and trying to find some line of reasoning that would explain Red John's departure. The foreman, he figured, might be somewhere in the neighborhood, expecting pursuit. He might have ridden for Broken Bit, knowing the girl could not leave this house in the storm. Wherever he was, he'd be back by daylight. Meanwhile, the blizzard blocked departure. This was the only shelter.

She said, "All right, Jim," and dropped her arms. But she followed him to the door and remained at the door. He went across the yard, pulling his pony into the barn and unsaddling it. He unsaddled Aurora's horse as well and took the two blankets and moved around the barn and stumbled against a small pile of hay in one corner. He tried a match and caught a glimpse of a loft above; dropping the blankets, he found a piece of a ladder leading to the loft. He climbed the ladder and tried a second match. There was a mound of gray, old hay in the loft.

He went down the ladder, returning to the house. She waited for him at the



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A Simple Guide to WINE SERVING

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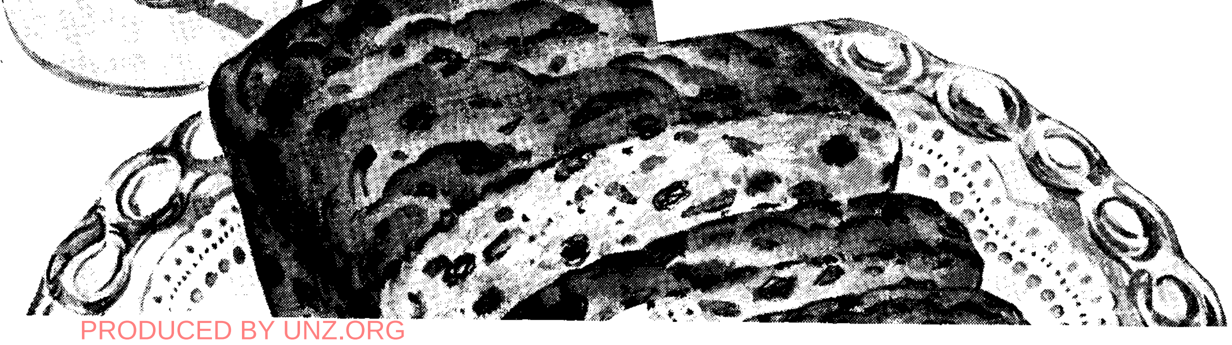

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open door, badly shaken by the wind. She caught his arm, murmuring: "I'm sorry, Jim. I've had about all I can stand, I guess."

"Found a bed," he told her and led her across to the stable. He searched for the ladder, he put her against it. "Climb up," he said. He went away from the ladder, hunting the blankets he had dropped; he got them, hearing her call from the loft, "All right. I made it."

He went up the ladder and tried a match—catching one short glimpse of the girl's dead-white face, the burned blackness of her eyes. The match went out. Wind cried along the roof and wind went all through the broken boards of the barn. Keene dug into the heart of the old hay in the loft and pulled her down. He took off his slicker and boots. He settled beside her, drawing the blankets and the slicker over them. He reached up and stirred the hay until they were buried in it. Her arms closed around him, her face was close to him, and the first real warmth since leaving the line cabin loosened him—the joined warmth of their bodies. Something went clattering across the roof; all the aged timbers of the barn swayed slowly, not far from collapse. She had ceased to tremble; when she spoke her lips brushed his cheeks:

"I was deadly afraid of him. He came to the store a couple nights ago. That was unpleasant. Tonight he came back with DePard and some others. They took me to the line cabin. DePard said it was to make you follow me—he kept saying that. Then he went away with the other men, leaving me with Red John. DePard was to come back in the morning. But then a strange thing happened. Red John started the fire and I saw him get worried. He looked at me and I think he was more afraid of me than I was of him. That was queer, because he had always been so sure of himself. But he said something about he being the man in trouble, not you. Then we left the cabin and came here. I think he was afraid he might be trapped there. It was a terrible ride. When we got in the house I heard him walking around it—just walking around and talking to himself. Then he said another strange thing. He told me to remember he hadn't touched me. He wanted me to be sure to remember that. Then he left—and here you are."

He was silent, trying to fathom the foreman's motives. It was difficult to understand what had swung Red John so quickly, so definitely.

She said: "You're still in trouble, Jim. Red John will tell DePard where I am. They'll be back, they'll find you. That's what DePard meant to do."

"Not tonight," he said. "Nobody goes anywhere tonight."

"But in the morning—"

"A long way off."

HE HEARD her long, softening sigh. "How little it takes to be happy. I was afraid of him, then I was cold—and then I was alone in the house. All that wildness. Now I'm warm, and that makes me happy. It doesn't take much. That's your life, isn't it, Jim? A lot of trouble—and little things to make you pleased."

He said: "You've had a hell of a time."

"The harder life is," she murmured, "the less people ask of it. People who don't know fear or hunger or pain want a lot. Those that face those things are happy if they have one small break. Terror makes us all very humble. How quickly pride falls."

"Warm now?"

"And content," she said, gently.

He lay still, her sweetness and fragrance close upon him, the weight of her arm on his shoulder. Her breathing blew gently against his cheeks; her lips moved, very near him. In the beginning he had put his arms around her to take the chill from her body; now since she lay content and warm the need of it was gone, and what had been a natural and necessary act suddenly turned into something else. Within his arms was a woman and all the disturbance she could bring to a man—her beauty, her reliant will, the dreaming and lonely things that lay beyond her eyes, the impetuous moods suppressed but crying up through silence.

HE DREW his arms away. He heard her say, "What is it?" He held his arms still but he dropped his head forward, his mouth coming against her lips. Her arms were at his shoulders, still-placed. They pulled gently at his shoulders until some warning passed between them, and then she quietly repelled him. Her heartbeat was against his hands, strong and quick. She turned her head. She said: "Little pleasures, just for today. If that's a memory to look back on, Jim, I don't begrudge it. But you mustn't fool yourself. You're no man to be content with memories. You're going to be lonely after you cross the last hill."

"So will you, Aurora."

"There's a difference. I am more patient than you are." She brought her arms away and turned from him. "Good night."

He didn't answer. Presently she said in a gentle curiosity, "What is it now?"

"Thinking."

She reached back and took his arm, and pulled it over her. She held his hand. "Don't think," she murmured. "What good is that?"

One of the horses rubbed along the lower wall, the wind slammed steadily against the barn. Aurora's hand, holding to his hand, was warm and relaxed; she seemed to fall immediately asleep. This girl, he thought, had taken the heart out of him in more ways than she would ever realize. She revived old doubts; somehow she had made his life less important. He put the thought aside, considering DePard and Red John. He went slowly back over the night, trying to figure Red John; and at last thought he knew what had been in the man's mind. There was no other crime in all the frontier category as serious as that of troubling a woman. If DePard ever lost his battle and Broken Bit could no longer protect its men, Red John was finished.

He slept briefly, wakened by the shift of Aurora's body. He said: "Awake?"

"Yes."

"Do you have to stay at the ford?"

"That's my home. That's my last stand."

"Big world, Aurora."

"I've seen enough of it."

He said thoughtfully: "Sure. I've seen a lot of places I liked well enough to stay in. Never stayed, though."

"And never will. You're like my father." She put her hand on his shoulder and held it there; and again he fell asleep.

He had always been a man to wake at the first signal of daylight. Now when he opened his eyes he found Aurora kneeling beside him. Light came through all the apertures of the barn, cold-gray; the wind had slackened. Her cheeks were vivid red and hair lay loose around her temples. She had been watching him, she had been waiting for him to rouse; on her face was a sober, saddened thoughtfulness that vanished at once, to be replaced by a smile.

"Jim," she murmured, "when you grow old and speak to your children of your adventures leave this night out."

"Don't seem to see children in the plan."

"There'll be some woman," she said, "who'll gladly follow you wherever you

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want to go. But anyhow, I took your advice for one night. Today's pleasures for today. That's happiness. Now what?"

They went down the ladder. A long drift had blown through the barn doorway, crowding the horses into a corner. Outside the world was still and white, the tree limbs sagging with snow's weight. There was a half-wind in the air and the sky was gray, as though the storm had only incompletely blown itself out.

Snow still fell. "Slow traveling," he remarked. "The trails will be two feet deep."

He saddled and helped her up. "This is the way it is. The Crews' ranch is nearest. If I were certain it was safe for you I'd take you there but it is hard to know what we'd find there. That leaves Stewart's across the valley. Or I'll take you to Spackman's."

"You can't show yourself in the open, Jim."

He moved from the barn doorway, quickly motioning her to pull aside. Short, crisp echoes of a horse treading through drifts came forward; in a little while he saw Cleve Stewart appear on the meadow. Keene went into the yard. Stewart said: "You found her?"

"She's here."

Stewart groaned his relief. "My God. Now we've got to move. DePard's around here. I saw tracks up on the trail." As soon as Aurora came from the barn he called: "You all right, Aurora?"

Keene said: "Everything proper at Crews'?"

"Yes."

"You take her there," said Keene. "Keep off the big trail."

"Where you going?"

"That way," said Keene, pointing indefinitely toward the east. "He was on his horse. "Get going," he said.

Aurora looked at him, troubled and silent. Stewart turned back into the meadow, calling, "Come on, Aurora. We're in a hurry."

She followed after Stewart. Beyond the house she turned in the saddle, as though to speak to Keene, and then she pulled the horse about and rode to him. She said, "Jim, do you have to—" and looked down at her hands. "Well," she murmured, "you started this habit." She lifted her eyes and she swayed in the saddle, offering her face to him; he bent over to kiss her, feeling the stir of her lips. She looked at him with the darkest, saddest glance and said: "I'll be at Crews', or at the store. I wish—I wish I knew where you'd be." She wheeled and ran the pony after Stewart. Just before she entered the trail she waved at him; and then disappeared.

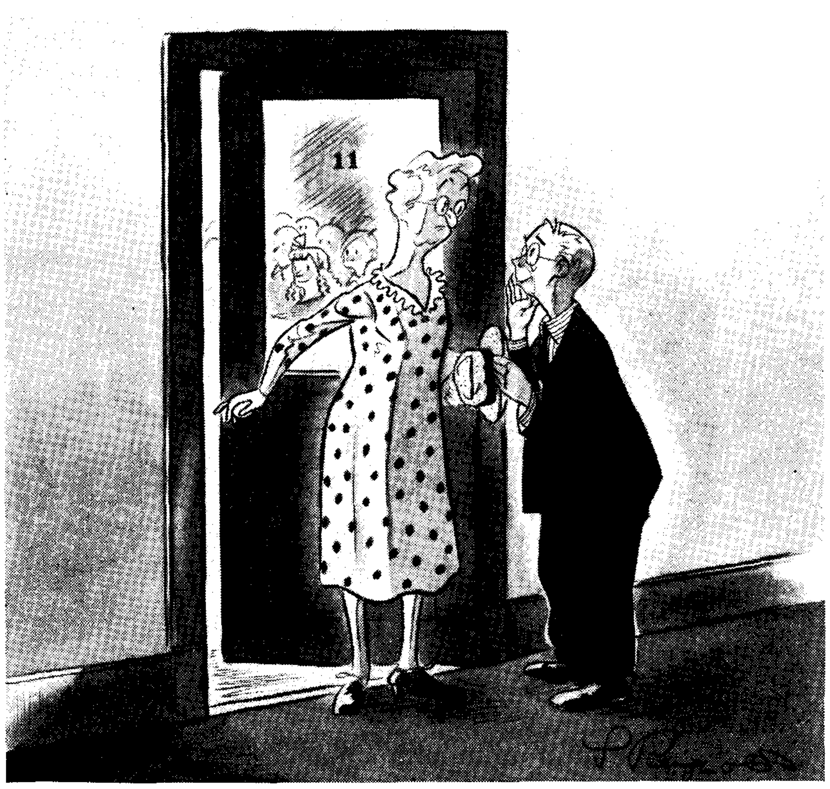
The morning was dull and biting and would get no better. He swung about, heading for the Short Hills country to the east—in that general direction where lay the canyon hide-out. He bucked a trail through timber, saying to himself: "Leaving tracks a yard broad," and fell into an open meadow between rolling buttes. Aiming toward the slope on the far side of the meadow he heard a distant echo, thin and flat. He jerked upright in the saddle, sweeping all the open areas. To his right, near the Broken Bit road, he saw three men in motion. Two of them came toward him. The other was racing back into the timber.

Keene swung about into the trees he had so recently left. DePard, he realized, had him spotted and now would hang to his plain trail.

COMING up from the Bowley house with Aurora, Stewart reached the crest of the ridge and discovered that some other rider had meanwhile passed along the main trail, headed in the direction of Broken Bit. Those tracks were deep-punched in the snow. "They're all through this country—DePard's crowd," he said. "We'll cut through the trees."

He left the trail to break a makeshift path through the pines. At places snow lay in drifts breast-high to the horses; in other areas the ground showed black beneath a thin crust. A mile more or less from the Bowley house both Aurora and Cleve were arrested by the sound of a single shot clacking along the dismal gray world. Aurora turned her pony around, crying out in the sharpest voice: "Do you think—! Cleve, let's go back there!"

He saw the heart-squeezing fear in her eyes and then took his glance from her, grumbling, "I've got to get you to Crews'." They moved on. Five long minutes later he broke the silence with his irritated observation: "This is his



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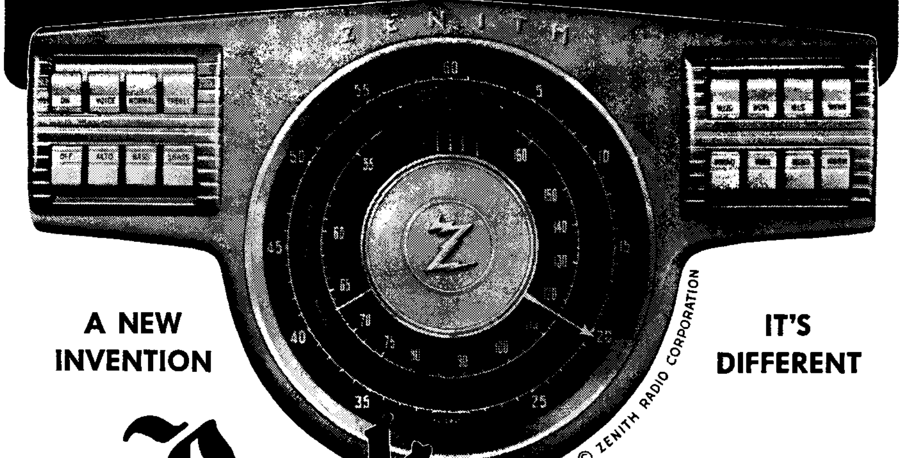

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A Brand New Zenith Radio and Phonograph Combination
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ENGINEERED and designed to offer Zenith standards of quality in a moderate priced radio and phonograph combination, this set is truly exceptional.

Radio tuning is automatic and so is record changing. Gives direct foreign reception as well as domestic with a handsome design and beautiful tone from a powerful electro-dynamic speaker.

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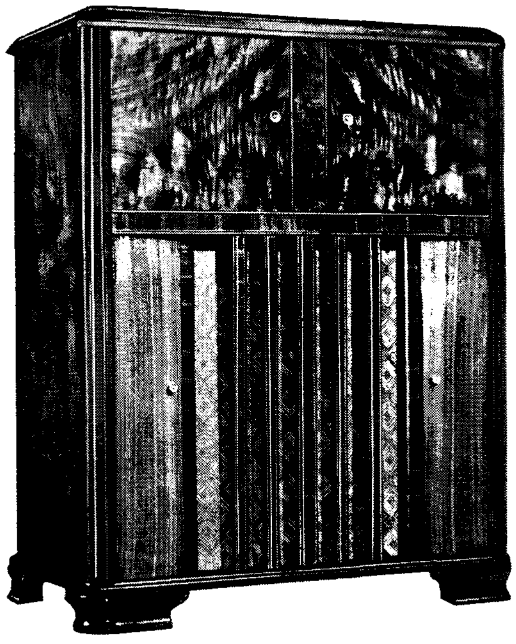

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ZENITH
•LONG DISTANCE• RADIO

AMERICA'S OLDEST MANUFACTURER OF FINE RADIOS FOR THE HOME

fun, isn't it? He's the fellow who rode into it. Nobody asked him to. The big man that eats trouble for breakfast—"

"Cleve!" He rode doggedly ahead until she spoke again, and more gently: "Look at me, Cleve." He turned, showing her the blended worry and anger on his face. Her soft question took all the sting from her other words. "What's wrong, Cleve? You don't really mean that."

"No," he said, "I guess I don't." He rode with his head down, lost within himself, and when she saw that she had her quick contrast of the two men. Stewart took the world hard, he was at war with himself, he seemed always to face life with confused reflections. Keene was so unlike that. Were he riding in Stewart's place every sense in him would be sharp-focused, he would be alive to the day and the things it contained.

Cleve said: "What happened to you, Aurora?"

SHE told him the story of the previous night. He rode steadily into the timber, bucking the drifts, searching out the passable alleys. He rode stiffly, with his shoulders flung up; color stained the back of his neck. He said, more to himself than to her: "Red John. The world's gone wrong—and it's Red John."

After an hour's hard riding they came to the lip of a meadow and found the Crews' ranch below them. Snow fell soft and steady; steam rose from the warm roof of the ranch house. A dog sounded from the far part of the yard and a man came from the barn with a rifle half lifted. Cleve wigwagged at him and passed on to the house. Portia Crews waited at the doorway; a moment later they were inside the house.

Cleve Stewart remained by the door. "Well," he said, "I'll see you later."

Portia Crews asked: "Where are you going?"

"Why," he said, "I am a damned fool and I'm going back to find Keene."

"Cleve," said Portia, "do you think you should?"

"What you mean to say," he answered with a touched pride, "is can I take care of myself? I don't know. It will be interesting to find out. Things like that get in a man's head. You would suppose a sound education in the classics might shed some light on human behavior. I find it sheds no light at all on me. There is an end to the Socratic dialogue at last. It never was much good. The important thing, really, is to know if you can stand up and be shot at without making too much out of it."

"Cleve," said Portia, "don't go."

"Does it make any difference at all?"

"Yes," answered Portia.

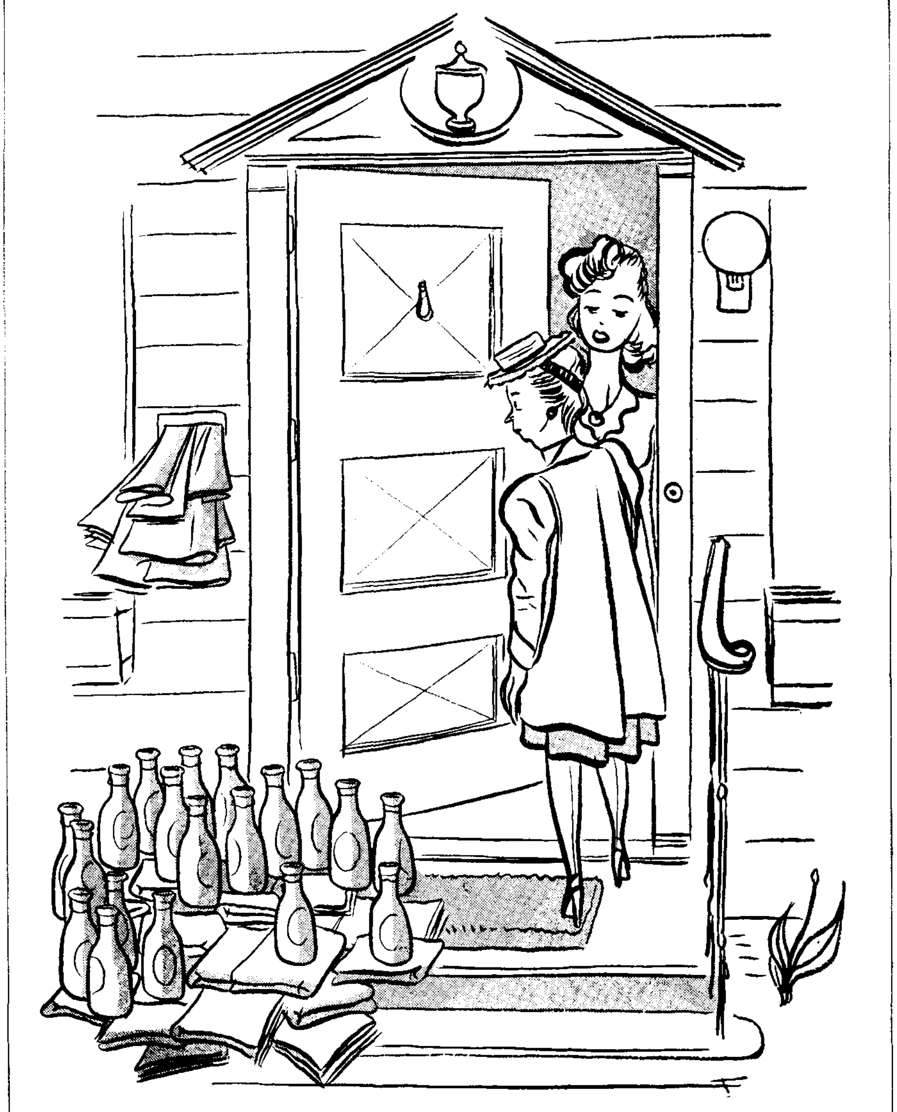
"Ah," murmured Stewart with an ironic fragment of a smile on his mouth, "that's nice to know. Makes a man seem very masculine." He turned his eyes to Aurora, the smile disappearing. "What would you say?"

"I had hoped you'd help him," she answered.

It made him thoughtful. He stood tall before the two women, now again drawn into himself; a man who would always be gentle and never thoroughly acclimated to this life he had chosen. "Of course you would," he said, and added, "So long," and left the room.

"How much he has changed," murmured Portia, as much to herself as to Aurora. "When he finds he has courage it will please him. But if he should kill anybody to prove it, that will make him very sad." Then she said: "You're hungry and you want to clean up. You can use that room in the corner."

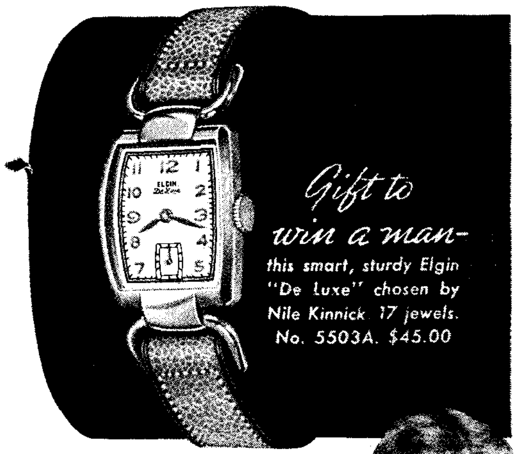
(To be continued next week)



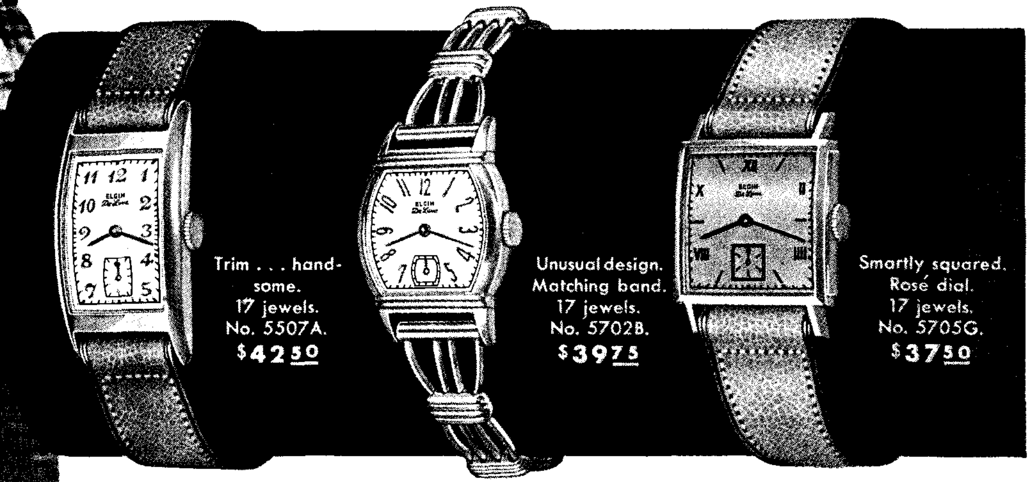
"They're decoys to discourage salesmen" FRITZ WILKINSON

"I've teamed up with Elgin De Luxe..... a real All-American"

says **NILE KINNICK**, *Iowa '40*



Gift to win a man—this smart, sturdy Elgin "De Luxe" chosen by Nile Kinnick. 17 jewels. No. 5503A. $45.00



Trim . . . handsome. 17 jewels. No. 5507A. $42.50

Unusual design. Matching band. 17 jewels. No. 5702B. $39.75

Smartly squared. Rosé dial. 17 jewels. No. 5705G. $37.50

See the newest Christmas Elgins at your jeweler's now. Ask about his budget or lay-away plan of purchase.

Here's the newest member of ELGIN'S Christmas gift team. Accuracy and smartness make the ELGIN "De Luxe" chosen by Nile Kinnick a real stand-out.

All the new "De Luxe" ELGINS boast the same careful workmanship—the same inherent good taste. Beneath each shining case beats the famous 17-jewel ELGIN movement. And this year, two new advances make these adjusted timepieces more dependable than ever—the Elginium hairspring* and the Beryl-X balance. Each is rustproof, non-magnetic, unaffected by temperature or climatic changes.

ELGIN'S celebrated fourth-generation partnership of American craftsmen and scientists has given unstintingly to the newest ELGINS. Into them have gone the finest of materials. Leading American designers have lavished new beauty on them. Every ELGIN is completely created under one roof in the world's largest fine-watch factory. Your ELGIN "De Luxe" awaits you at your jeweler's. And here's the good news—prices start at only $37.50. Lord and Lady Elgins from $50.00. These watches are available in Canada at slightly higher prices.

ALL-AMERICAN *Nile Kinnick starred as passer, kicker, runner, blocker and strong defensive back on the great Iowa team of '39. He was class president—was elected to Phi Beta Kappa—majored in economics—and is now studying law. "My Elgin carries on a family tradition started by my grandfather," he says.*

Dainty case with 2 diamonds. 17 jewels. No. 5002A. $47.50

Graceful loops, matching bracelet. 17 jewels. No. 5004B. $39.75

Authentically styled. 17 jewels. No. 5009A. $37.50

New rosé gold-filled model. 17 jewels. No. 5005E. $37.50

*Patents No. 1,974,695 and 2,072,489

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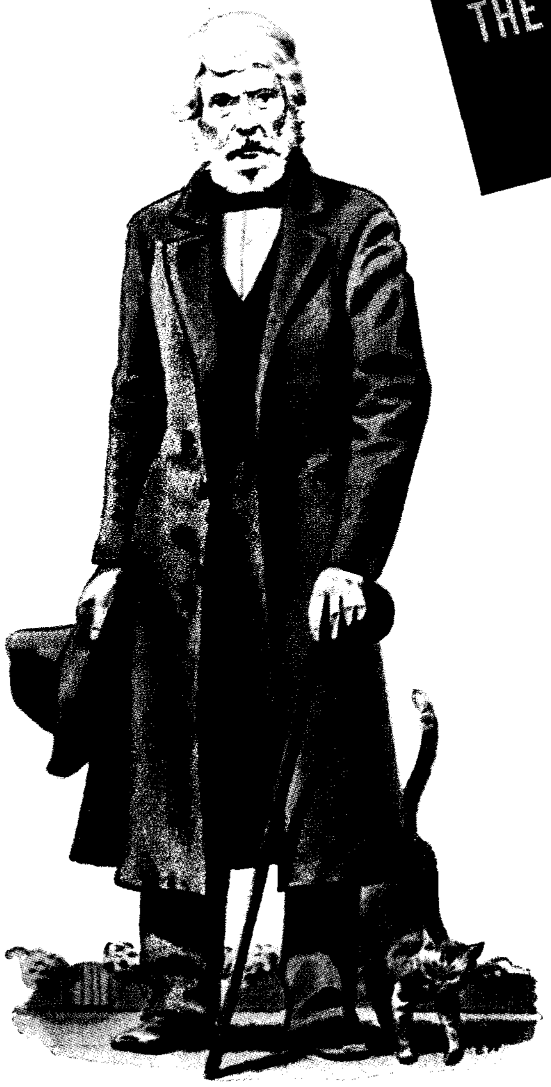
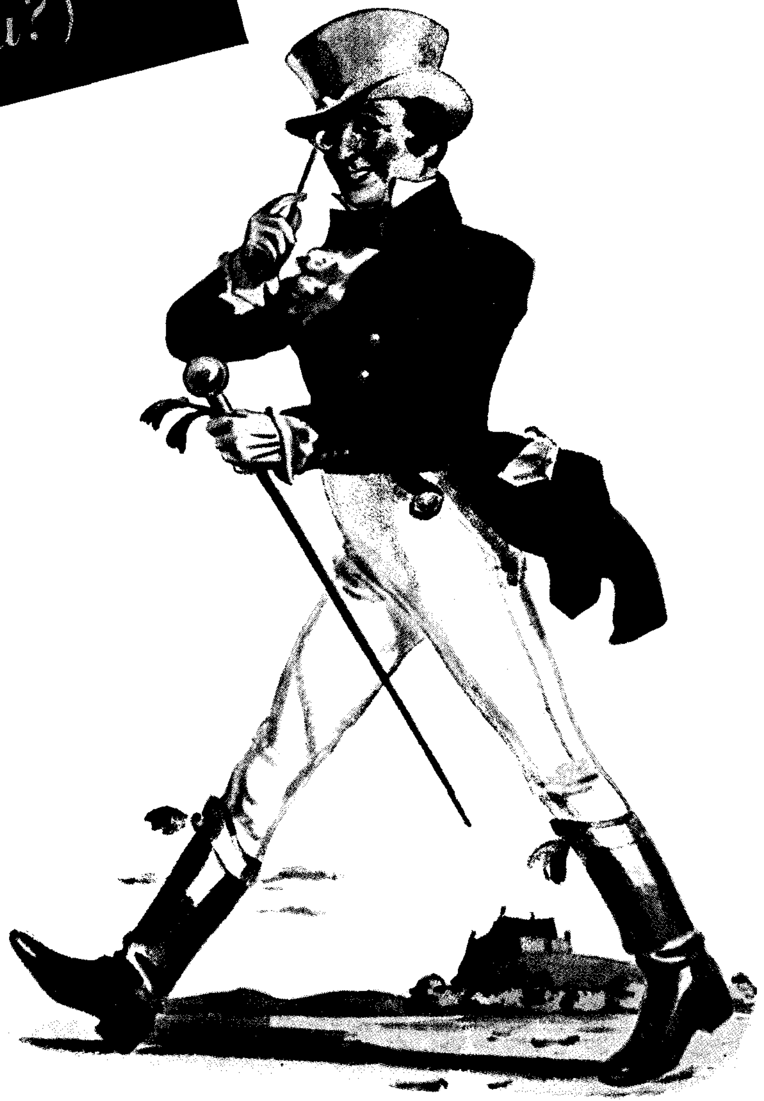
FOR SPORT . . . FOR BUSINESS . . . FOR DRESS

SCOTCH FIGURES THE WHOLE WORLD KNOWS
(Do You?)



1. A man of letters who wrote *"Sartor Resartus," "Past and Present."* Spiced his opinions with penetrating humor. He refused Disraeli's offer of a pension and the Grand Cross of the Bath. Remained a strong influence in British literature until he died in 1881, 61 years after Johnnie Walker was born. *(Answer below.)*



2. A familiar figure born in 1820 . . . still going strong. He has covered more miles than any other Scot, always travelling in the best company. When wearing the famous Black Label he never undertakes a trip without first sleeping 12 years. To this he attributes his mellow character. *(Answer below.)*

JOHNNIE WALKER
BLACK LABEL
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
12 YEARS OLD 86.8 PROOF

1. THOMAS CARLYLE
2. JOHNNIE WALKER

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., *Sole Importer*

Football is for Fun

Continued from page 21

ishment. "What do you mean workout? We spent three days at the World's Fair and two in Washington. We shook hands with Jim Farley!"

What gets them dates on good schedules is that they put on a great show. When they get possession of the ball they start throwing it. Against Louisiana College last year they completed forty-two passes. They completed forty-two passes and never scored a touchdown! One amazed scout reported that they passed from twenty-six different formations. On running plays the ball carrier precedes his interference. When he is halted he laterals to his nearest teammate, who laterals to the one nearest him, who laterals to the one nearest him—who forward passes!

Strategy While You Wait

Against the Missouri School of Mines at Rolla they had the ball in the middle of the field when their passer, Annie Robinson, was so badly rushed that he had time only to lateral to a linesman who was back there to protect him. That gentleman uttered a yell of terror and started pedaling toward the rear. Then began a series of laterals that took in everybody on the team. The last lateral came as one of the Weevils stepped over his own goal line. With a wild heave he sent it down the field into the arms of a teammate for a completed pass that nearly resulted in a touchdown.

This made everybody very happy and convinced the players that the only decent attack is one made up on the spot, something they always do. Their favorite play is a ten-man line with a lone back operating behind it. They actually won a game with it last year, much to their astonishment and horror. They have the "Swinging Gate" formation which is made by grouping five men very tightly together, spreading the others, and then swinging the five-man gate as a unit, with the center acting as a hinge. It almost never makes any yardage but they love it. They also had a little daisy called the "Whirlwind," which consisted of the team milling around the ball carrier in ever widening circles until the whole outfit got so dizzy they just sat down. Net gain: Nothing.

"Tackling?" says Coach Ferguson. "We never teach it—it just makes them tackle-shy. Besides it would spoil our jersey-tackling and arm-grabbing, which are something extraordinary."

As a matter of fact they play a tough game for a squad that has little first-rate material. One of the stars of the team is Winfred Whalen, 17-year-old passer. They have a 39-year-old Methodist preacher, James Sewell, playing tackle. They never worry about the score and consequently the game never bores them. In the last quarter against St. Joseph's, with the score 40-7 in favor of the Philadelphia team, the Boll Weevils were having a great time pushing St. Joe around the field. They finally got across on a line buck and had to be restrained by the referee from breaking out champagne on the spot.

It is to be feared, however, that the young men do not approach the pastime with the proper reverence. They are subject to moods. In a game last fall, one of the backs broke into the open field and headed for a touchdown. After going about fifteen yards he noticed that the referee was jouncing along behind him. With a flip he tossed the ball into the referee's arms.

"You carry it a while," he said.

Mr. Ferguson does not approve of this and he sits on the bench with his head in his hands on other occasions. He wants them to have fun but not that much fun. If the team follows any strategy at all, it is a system invented by a mathematical maniac. There is never any certainty that they are going to kick on the fourth down in their own territory; they are just as likely to begin chinning themselves on the goal posts. The defense is indescribable. Every man determines his own defensive position. It is not considered sporting for a guard to know what a tackle is going to do and yet by some uncanny instinct they frequently make a mess of an attack that has been worked over for weeks by the opposing coach.

"Originality works both ways," they maintain stoutly.

But the passing is what makes them popular. From long cogitation they have evolved the theory that standardization is the curse of civilization. The ends run around in circles; the halfbacks dash across the line of scrimmage and dash back again; the ball is tossed about like a cabin plane in a cyclone—and yet there must be some plan to the thing because they complete pass after pass.

The only man who denies it's a plan is Coach Ferguson. "If it is, they haven't taken me in on it," he says a bit sourly, albeit with pride.

The star last year was Annie Robinson, a stubby blond guy of 145 pounds who, although playing his first year, had a remarkable passing record. Robinson played no high-school football. When he went out for the team in his sophomore year at Little Rock High the football coach chased him right out through the back gate, throwing rocks at him as he fled. Robinson took out his sporting lust as a cheerleader. In short, he was just the man to be a sensation at Old Arkansas A. & M.

No Menace to Anyone

It was an irate former president of the college who gave them their nickname. According to this explosive gentleman the "only gosh-darned thing that ever really licked the South was the boll weevil." One Thanksgiving Day while making his annual pep talk before the game with Magnolia A. & M. College, he stopped suddenly in his speech, caught a deep breath, and roared at the startled students: "Boll Weevils! That's what we are—Boll Weevils!"

That was in the days, however, when the Aggies were an occasional menace. Now they don't menace anybody; they just travel and see the world. In the present season they estimate that they will play in nine different states, see both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, pass through most of America's greatest cities, visit a majority of the national parks, spend time at two hundred colleges and "investigate many points of historical interest." They are great on historical interest and almost no good at all in stopping off-tackle smashes.

But nobody can deny that they have de-emphasized football and are having a great time doing it. It is a bit exaggerated to say that they don't practice. They do have sessions but they are governed by the wishes of the brethren. If they lack pep, they call the thing off. Or they play a version of touch football, which can be enjoyed by three members or all the population of Arkansas. Sometimes they just sit around and gab. A Little Rock paper described the practice this spring: "The Boll Weevils conducted their spring practice by jumping in the college bus and riding around the campus. There were no casualties."

This is all due to Coach Ferguson who has some marvelous notions about how this is the American Way and men are free again and there are no worries, etc. The downtown quarterbacks in Monticello scoff at the spectacle but the players ask right back, "Who's taking this beating?" and that sort of answers them.

"No more chewing fingernails, no more do-or-die for old Siwash, no more sleepless nights for the coach, which is me," says Mr. Ferguson.

When they played Missouri Teachers, rain had been falling for twenty-four hours and Ferguson kept his charges in the field house until game time. When he finally opened the doors, they rushed onto the field in their nice uniforms and dived into the nearest pools of water. They waddled in the water and quacked. The kick-off whistle drew a loud chorus of quacks which continued through most of the game, even in place of signals at times. "A circus without the fleas," the team has been called. Opposing coaches have left the field in protest at such actions—and returned just in time to see the Boll Weevils complete an eighteen-handled-lateral-forward pass play for a touchdown.

The only things that irk the team are those games they won last year.

"Something must have gone wrong," they say sadly.

GERMANY taught her youth to fly by teaching them first to glide.

American youth is discovering the fun of gliding—a sport that will give them the "bird brains" we're going to need. Read how in

An article by Commander E. F. McDonald, Jr.

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

BALL-BAND
RUBBER FOOTWEAR

always gives more for your money in stylish comfort and satisfying wear

Step out this winter in *both* style and comfort. Guard the family health with Ball-Band—the really modern rubber footwear. Treat yourself to the best and buy this fine-fitting, fine-feeling, money-saving footwear—the kind ten million users find so easy to wear and so hard to wear out. Step in to see your Ball-Band dealer and step out in the season's smartest protective footwear.

LOOK FOR THE RED BALL

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THE
123,232 MISSING
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Whose thumb prints are on the wrong packages of pipe tobacco!

A high percentage of exacting pipe smokers literally *rave* about BOND STREET once they try it. Our experience proves this.

We find 123,232 pipe-smoking readers of this magazine are still "missing". Because they have yet to *discover* this delightfully *different*—truly *aromatic* blend!

BOND STREET contains *a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in a popular priced mixture.* It smokes clean–cool–rich as a custom blend. Leaves no tobacco odors in the room–*even the ladies approve it!*

Buy and *try* a tin—today!

BOND STREET
15¢
POCKET TIN
(convenient new pouch—10¢)

BOND STREET
Pipe Tobacco

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

The Hand of Destiny

Continued from page 24

Courtney, biting his nails with fury on the quarter-deck, appreciated the position at last.

"What is it you want, then?" he shouted.

"Send us a orficer," called Garton. "Send Mr. Hornblower. We can trust 'im."

Courtney looked down to where Hornblower stood waiting.

"A singular honor, Mr. Hornblower," he said.

Hornblower swallowed the innuendo as the rules of the service dictated.

"Have you any orders for me, sir?" he asked.

"Oh, go and treat with 'em. I'll not stoop to speak to 'em again."

"Do you give me full powers, sir?" asked Hornblower, nervously.

"Gad, yes, man!" snapped Courtney testily and yet offhandedly. "Get it settled. Are my officers questioning my orders, too?"

So it was with no very light heart that Hornblower climbed the stairs to where the mutineers stood at their posts; Garton handed his portfire to a companion beside the carronade and greeted Hornblower with two of his fellows in crime at his back.

"This is a bad business, Garton," said Hornblower.

"Aye aye, sir. But it wasn't us that started it, begging *your* pardon, sir. You've been on board a week, sir, and know what we've been through. We've had six months of it, sir."

"Well, what do you want?"

"'Tain't much, sir. Supposin' the cap'n lets us all off this floggin'? We'll do our duty, honest we will, sir. We don't need floggin' for that."

"It's Courtney I don't trust!" exclaimed another mutineer. "If it ain't for this, he'll flog us for summat else."

Hornblower thought that was likely enough, but he did not say so.

"Make 'im promise he won't flog us no more," said the third member of the committee, but Garton turned on him with contempt for such a notion.

"How could 'e promise that?" he demanded. "What'd happen to discipline if we all couldn't be flogged, not never?"

It was odd to find discipline being discussed by mutineers, but they saw that difficulty as well as Hornblower did. Discipline in the ship's crew would fall to pieces quickly if there was a large section of the crew perpetually free from punishment.

"Tell you what, sir," said Garton. "Let's do what I arst for fust. Supposin' the cap'n promises not to flog none of us fifteen for a week, sir. How's that?"

THESE men were simple, and their range of vision was limited although crystal clear as far as it went. They had the ship at their mercy, and could have made unlimited demands. The terms they asked were ridiculously small when the strength of their position was considered.

"That's the best thing, men," Hornblower said. "The captain will forgive this behavior of yours, and he'll not flog one of you for a week."

"Can you swear to that, sir?" asked the second committee member.

"I won't swear to it," said Hornblower indignantly. "Captain Courtney has given me his word, and that should be enough."

Despite the solemnity of the occasion Hornblower was piqued at the suggestion that he should make an oath to mutineers—it would be upsetting to his precious dignity.

"Mr. Hornblower's word's as good as his oath," said Garton. "Come on, fellows, get those guns run back and secured. May I go below, sir? Fletcher's in the magazine with flint and steel. He was goin' to blow the ship up if we was rushed, an' I don't expec' he'll come out unless I arsts him to myself."

"Quick!" said Hornblower. "Run quick."

Fletcher was one of the half-wits on board—press-gang methods always brought in a high proportion of half-witted recruits—and he was quite capable of blowing up the ship. Pictures of Fletcher in the magazine with flint and steel occupied Hornblower's mind all the way back to the poop.

"Well, Mr. Hornblower?" asked the captain.

"I've promised them oblivion for their crimes to date, sir," said Hornblower. "And immunity from punishment for a week."

He spoke with all the formality he could manage; he knew the danger he was in.

"You promised them *what,* sir?" demanded Courtney. "*What* did you say?"

Hornblower repeated himself.

"God bless my soul! Oblivion and immunity for mutineers! Mr. Hornblower, I fail to understand."

"I have pledged my word, sir," Hornblower said hotly, "and yours too. My honor is at stake, sir, and I do not have to tell you what that means to me."

"Indeed, Mr. Hornblower? Indeed?" Courtney was speaking coldly, and with his eyes narrowing. "I do not have to say what I think of an officer who stakes his honor to mutineers. I hope this is the last you will hear of this affair, Mr. Hornblower, but I doubt it. You display altogether too much sympathy with the criminals."

THE week of truce was one of horror for Hornblower. He knew how the crew would react to any course that they considered to be sharp practice. If Courtney did not play his part, if he would not let bygones be bygones, but instead had those fifteen men horribly punished, the consequences would be incalculable.

Hornblower expected a general mutiny and massacre, such as had happened when the crew of the Hermione rose and killed Pigott and the officers and surrendered their ship to the Spaniards. Courtney was one of the same class as Pigott, brutal and untrustworthy—it was not surprising that in a service employing two hundred thousand fighting men an occasional brute might attain promotion. Hornblower raged against the practical difficulties the admiralty experienced in detecting and replacing a brute across hundreds of miles of desolate sea, just as he raged against the fate that had placed him under the command of the brute—and just as he raged against the feeling of artistic discontent at seeing a potential masterpiece like H. M. S. Marguerite and her crew mishandled and wasted.

BUT it was during the night following the sixth day, as the Marguerite sailed the Biscay waters under a bright moon, that a sharp-eyed lookout at the masthead caught a glimpse of a dark shape just visible over the glittering water. Some ship or other was trying to break the blockade the Marguerite had been maintaining so relentlessly over Ferrol. Courtney was called on deck, and stared at the dark shape through his night-glass.

"That's Castilla," he said. "She's been ready for sea for six weeks back. Eighteen guns a side, so that Dutch trader said. Turn up the hands and beat to quarters."

Courtney rubbed his hands with pleasure as he walked the deck. Brutes sometimes attained promotion in the British navy, but cowards never. The prospect of fighting a ship of considerably superior force set his blood aflame. Hornblower beside him on the quarter-deck—he had the morning watch—could feel the man's passionate pleasure at the prospect of a fight.

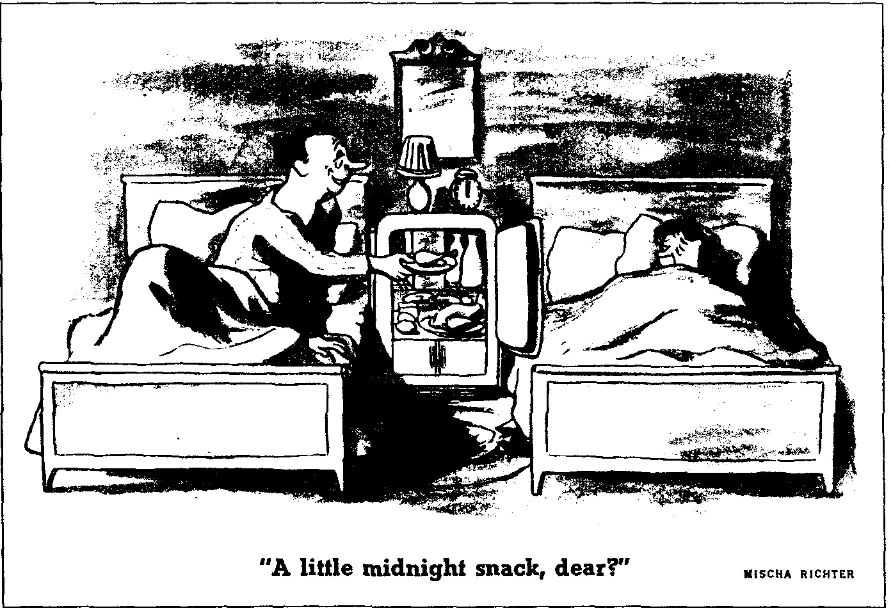
"We'll be up to her by daylight," said Courtney. "We'll have her before eight bells. And then our friends Garton and Fletcher and company will get what's been waiting for them for a week. That'll make a satisfactory morning. Steer small, you blasted soldier, you."

The last remark was addressed to the quartermaster at the wheel—Hornblower suspected that the man's attention had lapsed a little on overhearing the threat to flog the recent mutineers.

A little blade of orange fire pricked the dwindling darkness to leeward; the Castilla was trying the range.

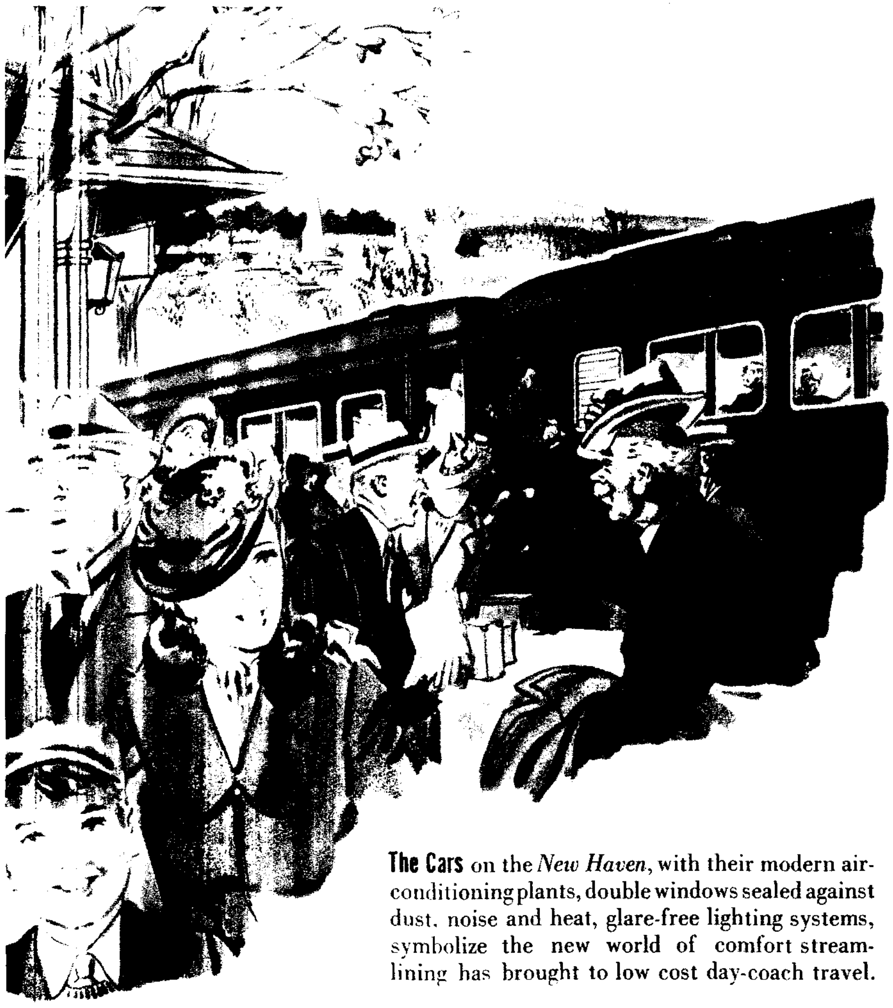
"Just like all Dagos," said Courtney. "Never know how to wait."

Courtney knew: Hornblower grudgingly had to admit as much. The Marguerite held her fire as she ran grimly down upon her quarry, even though occasional shots from the Castilla cut a rope here and there, and opened one or two holes in her sails. Even trained seamen and gunners could not be trusted to load and fire to perfection once fire was opened. The first broadside, aimed

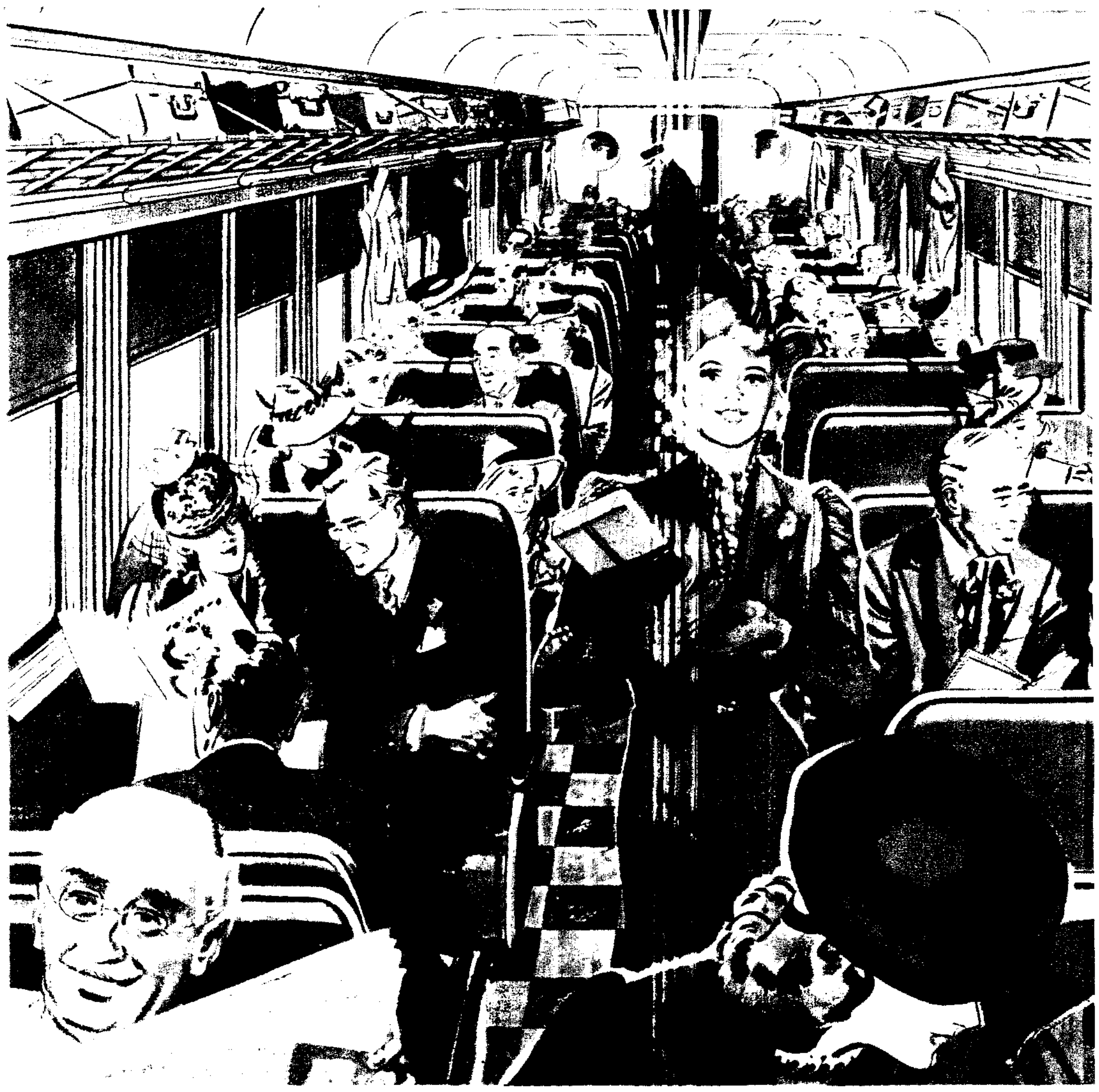


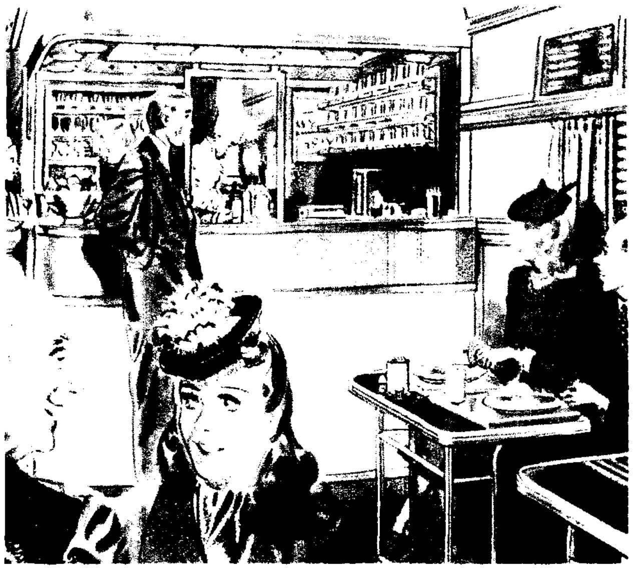
"A little midnight snack, dear?"

MISCHA RICHTER



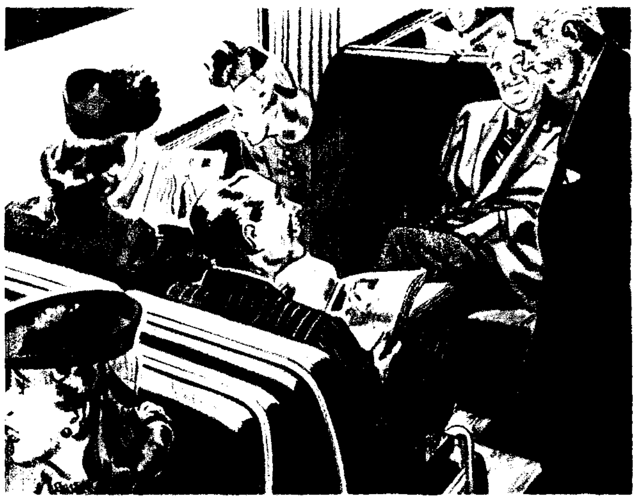
The Cars on the *New Haven*, with their modern air-conditioning plants, double windows sealed against dust, noise and heat, glare-free lighting systems, symbolize the new world of comfort streamlining has brought to low cost day-coach travel.





The Grill Cars—excitingly modern in decoration and embellished with Venetian blinds, red leather settees and photo-murals of New England scenes—provide a convivial atmosphere in which to enjoy a snack, a meal, or a tall, refreshing glass.

Opportunities for fun—recreation—and contacts with interesting people are never lacking . . . neither is the chance to rest. Because the supremely comfortable seats can be individually tilted to relaxing angles or swung around for groups.



The Greatest Fleet of Lightweight, Streamlined Chair Cars Owned by a Single Railroad

—THE NEW HAVEN

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF RAILROAD AND TRANSIT EQUIPMENT

A STIRRING chapter in the epic of modern transportation was dictated in 1934 when the progressive *New Haven Railroad* commissioned Pullman-Standard to build 50 streamlined chair cars. Generous in the number of accommodations they provided, it was believed their capacity would meet the newly-created need for this modern type of transportation.

But, from the day they took the rails, public demand for space on these cars began to grow. In 1936, the *New Haven* ordered a second group of 50 units from Pullman-Standard—later that same year another 55 including 5 cafeteria cars—and in 1938 the number was again swelled by the addition of 50 more.

Thus did this great fleet of 205 modern lightweight, streamlined units come into being within the short space of 6 years.

You have made Pullman-Standard streamliners gross the highest revenues

To those of you who have experienced the greatest thrill in present-day travel—the fun of taking a trip on a streamliner—the success typified in the case of the *New Haven* is perfectly logical.

For you know that, by turning even familiar trips into stimulating adventures, the strikingly beautiful cars Pullman-Standard is building for an ever-increasing number of railroads do more than provide a *means* of travel . . . they supply a *reason* for it. And, if you multiply your enthusiasm by that of millions of other modern travelers like yourself, you will understand how Pullman-Standard streamlined units have been able to establish their proud record of increasing traffic and revenues for railroads from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico.

In recognition of this, the railroads have purchased over 70% of their new lightweight equipment from Pullman-Standard . . . the company which introduced lightweight and streamlining to America and established the standards of strength and safety by which all railroad passenger cars are measured regardless of the material employed.

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PULLMAN-STANDARD CAR MANUFACTURING COMPANY—CHICAGO

Copyright 1940, by Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Company

"Tops" IN STREAMLINERS ARE BUILT BY *Pullman-Standard* with deliberation, was worth any five subsequent ones—it was a tactical necessity to save it up until it could be delivered with the most crushing effect. The shots from the Castilla hummed overhead; twice they crashed into the hull, and the surgeon's crew of idlers had their first wounded to carry below, but Courtney would not allow a shot in return, while the night faded into a pearly dawn, and the dawn changed to blazing day, and the Marguerite closed steadily upon the Castilla.

They were within half-gunshot at last; they could see with the naked eye the glitter of gold on the Castilla's quarter-deck, where her officers stood looking back at the Marguerite. Over their heads hung from the peak the flaunting red and yellow of Spain.

"She's coming into the wind," said Courtney. "Port your helm, there!"

The Castilla was bracing around to meet her opponent; perhaps her captain had some idea of raking the Marguerite as she came down, but he had no chance against the well-handled English ship.

"Starboard broadside, there! Mr. Cuffe, we'll board her in the smoke."

The Marguerite came grinding alongside the Castilla—foretop gallant mast snapping with the force of the collision—and as the ships touched, they heaved and rocked with the recoil of the almost simultaneous broadsides and the dense smoke billowed out, engulfing the two ships under the blue sky. The boarders were thronging the gangways, but Cuffe was not there to lead them—an unlucky shot had brought him down. There was a moment's hesitation, and the gap had to be filled instantly, before the Spaniards had time to recover or reload, before the impetus died away. Hornblower saw the need, saw the hesitation.

"Come on!" he yelled. There was no room for any thought in his head save that instant action was necessary. He vaulted onto the bulwarks hat in hand—it did not even occur to him to draw a weapon.

"Come on, boarders!" he called, and he leaped onto the Castilla's deck, where the dead and wounded lay, and where the remnants of the Spanish crew, dazed by the broadside, stood inactive. The boarders cheered and followed him.

"Boarders away!" shouted the petty officers, and everywhere the Marguerite's men grabbed up weapons and came pouring over into the Castilla, yelling like madmen in their excitement.

HERE and there resistance was offered to them. Somebody banged off a weapon apparently right at Hornblower, but the bullet missed him miraculously, although his left hand bore for the rest of his days the ingrained stain of the burning powder. Most of the Spaniards—raw recruits without a shred of discipline to hold them together—broke and ran before the attack, scuttling below to safety. Only on the high poop did the officers attempt a last resistance, but Hornblower, his mind working like lightning as the excitement keyed it up, collected his men in the waist and rushed at them, while at the same moment Courtney came down upon their flank with the afterguard from the Marguerite's quarter-deck.

So the Castilla was won and Hornblower and Courtney met upon the high poop of the Castilla, Hornblower hatless and sweating and grimy in the sunshine, Courtney with his drawn sword dangling by its knot from his wrist.

"Creditable, Mr. Hornblower," said Courtney. "Positively creditable."

Hornblower realized that that was the highest praise.

"Thank you, sir," he said.

There was a loud popping of pistols under their feet—some desperate Spanish officers were still defending themselves in their cabins while the English boarders were beating in the doors. Hornblower's mind was still working like lightning. He realized at once the stimulating effect this victory would have upon the Marguerite's crew, the chance open to Courtney to let bygones be bygones and turn his crew from a mass of sullen, incipient mutineers into an organization of enthusiasts such as Pellew commanded in the Indefatigable. And this was the one moment when he could proffer requests or suggestions. He swept the sweat from his forehead as he spoke.

"If you please, sir," he said, "I would like to submit that you select for the prize crew of the Castilla those men whom you marked for punishment last week. It would be a convenient way of ridding the ship of their influence."

COURTNEY stared at his disheveled fourth lieutenant, stared at him and then ran his gaze over him from head to foot in a manner that made Hornblower ashamed of his honorable untidiness.

"Indeed, sir? Do you think by any chance *you* are captain of the Marguerite? Oh, I suppose you had it in mind that I should appoint *you* prize master so that you could go off with your mutineering friends?"

That had not occurred to Hornblower at all, although now that it was suggested to him it seemed an excellent notion—too excellent to be hoped for.

"Mr. Hornblower," said Courtney, "you fill me with the gravest doubts—with very grave doubts indeed. I hardly know what course of action to follow with regard to you."

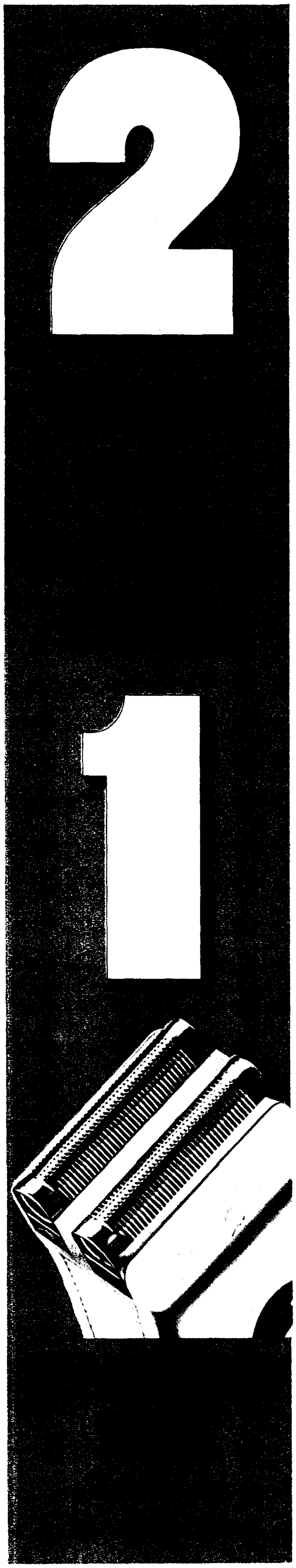
Hornblower looked despairingly about him. Another pistol shot went off under his feet. He thought of the Marguerite and the sullen discontent of her crew; he thought of everything, including the menace to his own career.

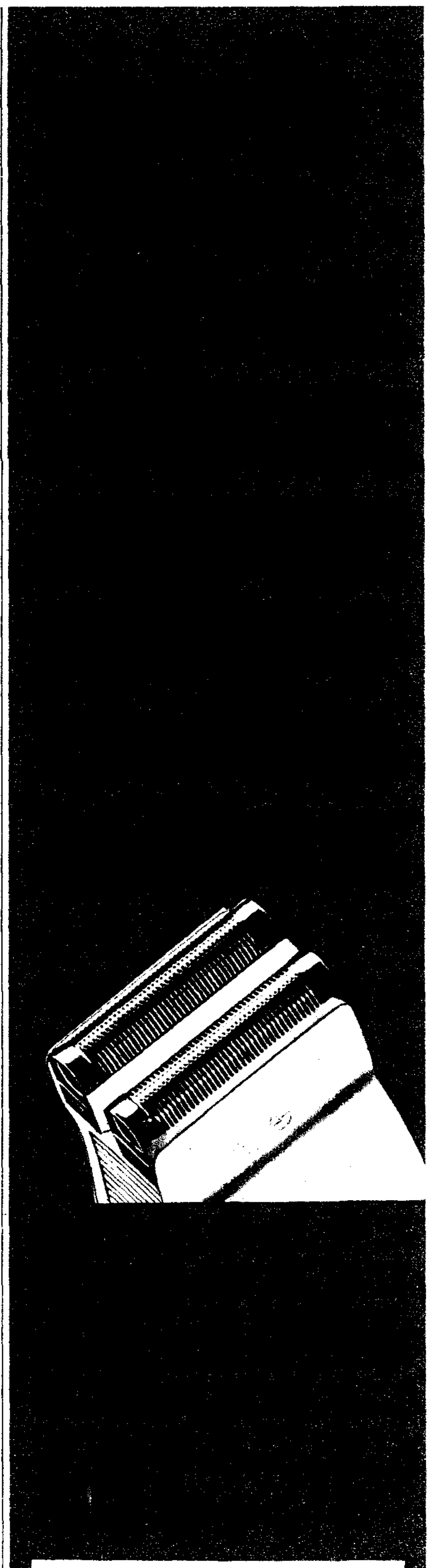
"You mean that, sir?" he said.

"I mean all that I say!" snapped Courtney.

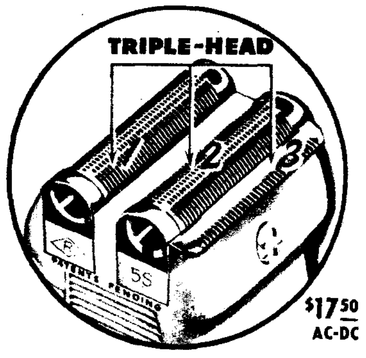
Over on the quarter-deck of the Marguerite lay Fletcher, wounded; save for the helmsman the Marguerite's quarter-deck was peopled only by the dead and the badly wounded. A stray puff of wind was swinging the sterns of the two ships closer together; Fletcher held a pistol in his hand, and he was pointing it toward the two officers—toward Courtney. Months of brutal ill-treatment had shocked Fletcher out of what little wits he had. Hornblower's instinct was to put out his hand and drag Courtney out of the line of fire. There was only the tiniest moment of hesitation between the thought and the action, a moment during which Hornblower could think once more of the approaching ruin of the Marguerite if Courtney should continue unchecked. Then his hand went to Courtney's shoulder, at the very moment when Fletcher's pistol banged, and Courtney fell to the deck with the bullet in his knee.

The ministrations of the Marguerite's surgeon made it finally certain that Courtney's wound would incapacitate him from further service. That was how Hornblower received his important promotion to first lieutenant of the Marguerite. His conscience troubled him often enough after that, largely because of that promotion; but he was so busy restoring the discipline and good spirits of the Marguerite's crew that he was able usually to shrug off those accusations of his conscience. After all, the incident had certainly resulted in the further good of the service. And discipline had not suffered as a result of Fletcher's action, for no one had seen him fire the shot—it had passed unnoticed among the popping of the pistols in the Castilla's cabins. No one had seen it, that is to say, save Hornblower, and he never told.




NEW-
THE REMINGTON DUAL PLUS A TRIMMING HEAD

FOR: 1. Sideburn trimming. 2. Mustache trimming. 3. Stray hairs on neck and Adam's apple. 4. Stray hairs on back of neck. 5. Clearing up all stray hairs on cheek bones, etc.



$17.50 AC-DC

REMINGTON TRIPLE-HEADER
General Shaver Division of Remington Rand Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Kid Tinsel

Continued from page 13

She ain't never brung me nothin' but misery, an' the on'y reason she don't gimme my freedom is 'cause she's plain mean. She ain't got no mo' cravin' fo' me than I has fo' her, an' . . . well, anyway, Mistuh Eddie: she's got a swell job with them white folks on Whittaker Street, an' no matter what she says—Ise trailin' along with you when you exodust."

Eddie nodded and laughed. He knew well enough that Magenta Johnson was two parts evil disposition and one part plain poison. He'd heard her shrill, nagging voice many times from the Johnson ménage over the garage, and he couldn't very well blame Feets for seeking to escape. His own conscience was now clear: He had reminded Feets of his domestic obligations, Mr. Johnson had declared himself out, and so the journey to New York seemed set. It was Feets himself who introduced a slightly disturbing note. He said, "Is Miss Patricia drivin' with us, Mistuh Eddie?"

The laughter left Eddie Gordon's eyes, and his lips compressed into the grim line that was usually reserved for his ring opponents. He said shortly, "Just you and me. Get going Feets. You've got arrangements to make. So have I."

"What kind of arrangements, Mistuh Eddie?"

"This morning I went to see the guy that runs Buzzard Roost."

"That dancin' an' gamblin' place over yonder past Shades Mountain?"

"That's the one. I figured I was through with the ring, and I asked him for a job. He gave me one. Well, I'm driving out there tonight to tell him it's no soap. Tomorrow morning, Feets—we'll be on our way."

"Yassuh . . . us sho' will. But, beggin' yo' pardon, Mistuh Eddie—Ise bound to say I wish you an' Miss Patricia could be gooder friends."

BY ELEVEN o'clock that night Joe Barton, spoiled son of a successful politician, was utterly fed up with Birmingham.

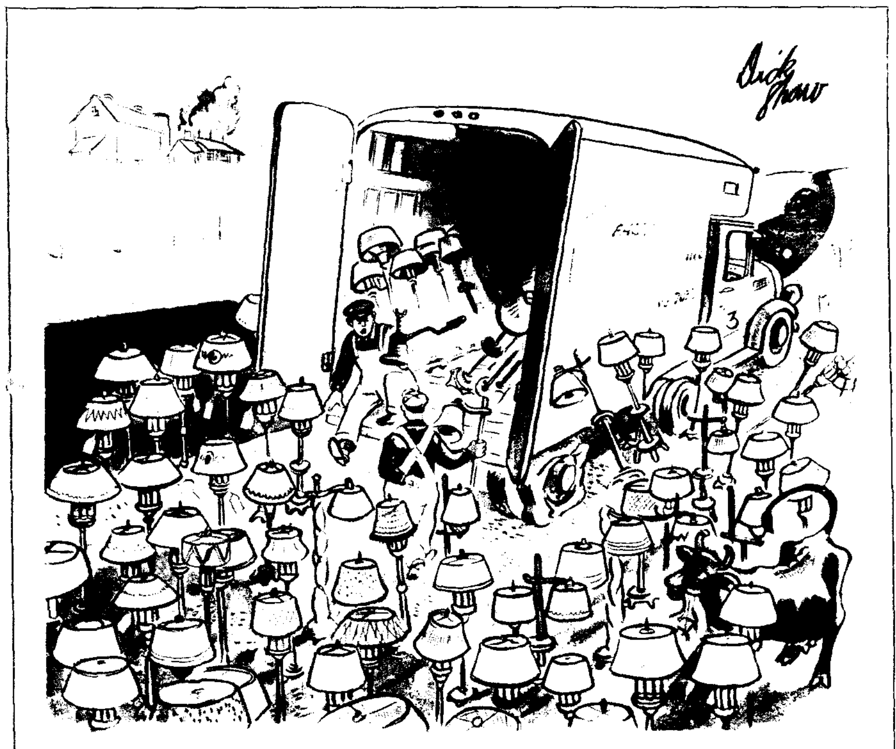
In the first place, he hadn't located Eddie Gordon. Inquiry at the Athletic Club brought the information that Eddie had been there—but had gone, nobody seemed to know where. Joe ate a melancholy dinner alone. He went back to the club only to be annoyed by the information that once again he'd missed Eddie by a few minutes. But this time someone told him that he'd heard Eddie mention he was going out to Buzzard Roost later that night.

Mr. Barton asked questions. He learned that Buzzard Roost was a roadhouse far beyond the city limits. He was given to understand that it was the Birmingham version of a sizzling spot. There was music, dancing, drinking and gambling and, for the first time in twenty-four hours, Mr. Barton became interested. He was informed that the Roost was by no means a joint, but that—although the less desirable elements patronized it—it was also a favorite playground for the city's best when the improper mood was upon them.

AND so Joe decided to kill two birds with a single brick. He could enjoy himself and at the same time have his talk with Eddie Gordon. But the Roost was a late spot and so, after dinner, Joe drifted through the Loop section and into a poolroom. There he encountered a dour individual who introduced himself as Nick Bellis. They played a few games of pool, had a couple of drinks, and Joe inquired whether Nick knew the road to the Buzzard Roost. Nick declared with obvious enthusiasm that he did, and offered to guide Mr. Barton . . . which was precisely what Joe wanted.

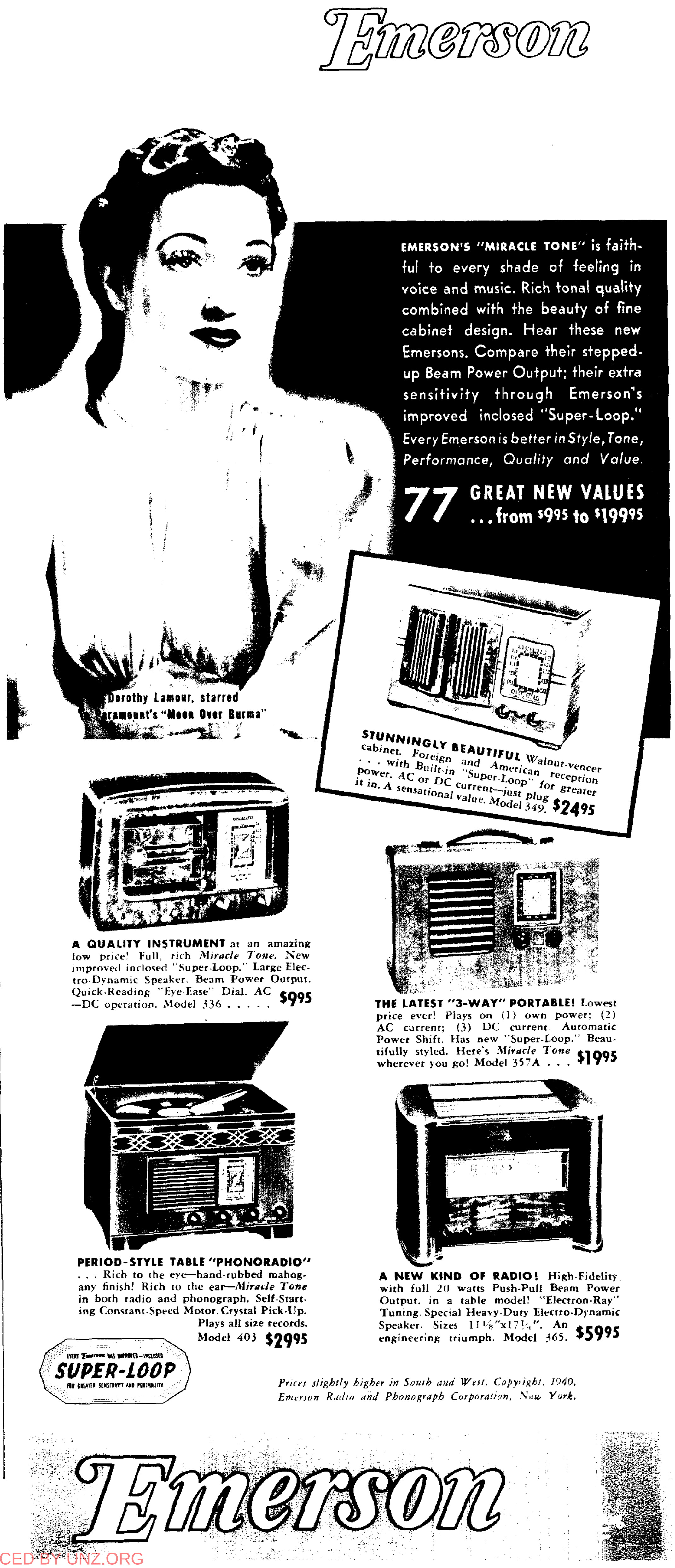
Long before they reached the Roost, however, Joe had decided that he didn't like Nick Bellis. Joe prided himself on the fact that he could take 'em tough, but he didn't like this sort of a guy. Bellis talked big; but Joe had a feeling he wouldn't act that way in the clutch.

By pre-arrangement, Joe Barton staked his pickup companion to twenty-five dollars' worth of chips with the understanding that they'd split whatever winnings he might make. So Nick took up a spot at the popular dice table, and Joe—to get as far away as possible—went to the other end and bought a hundred dollars' worth. He had inspected the not unattractive roadhouse, marveled at the extreme youth of most of



"After this, put the jack under the front seat!"

DICK SHAW


Emerson

Dorothy Lamour, starred in Paramount's "Moon Over Burma"

EMERSON'S "MIRACLE TONE" is faithful to every shade of feeling in voice and music. Rich tonal quality combined with the beauty of fine cabinet design. Hear these new Emersons. Compare their stepped-up Beam Power Output; their extra sensitivity through Emerson's improved inclosed "Super-Loop." *Every Emerson is better in Style, Tone, Performance, Quality and Value.*

77 GREAT NEW VALUES ...from $\$9^{95}$ to $\$199^{95}$

STUNNINGLY BEAUTIFUL Walnut-veneer cabinet. Foreign and American reception . . . with Built-in "Super-Loop" for greater power. AC or DC current—just plug it in. A sensational value. Model 349. $\$24^{95}$

A QUALITY INSTRUMENT at an amazing low price! Full, rich *Miracle Tone.* New improved inclosed "Super-Loop." Large Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Beam Power Output. Quick-Reading "Eye-Ease" Dial. AC—DC operation. Model 336 . . . . . $\$9^{95}$

THE LATEST "3-WAY" PORTABLE! Lowest price ever! Plays on (1) own power; (2) AC current; (3) DC current. Automatic Power Shift. Has new "Super-Loop." Beautifully styled. Here's *Miracle Tone* wherever you go! Model 357A . . . $\$19^{95}$

PERIOD-STYLE TABLE "PHONORADIO" . . . Rich to the eye—hand-rubbed mahogany finish! Rich to the ear—*Miracle Tone* in both radio and phonograph. Self-Starting Constant-Speed Motor. Crystal Pick-Up. Plays all size records. Model 403 $\$29^{95}$

A NEW KIND OF RADIO! High-Fidelity, with full 20 watts Push-Pull Beam Power Output, in a table model! "Electron-Ray" Tuning. Special Heavy-Duty Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Sizes 11⅛"x17¼". An engineering triumph. Model 365. $\$59^{95}$

EVERY Emerson HAS IMPROVED—INCLOSED SUPER-LOOP FOR GREATER SENSITIVITY AND PORTABILITY

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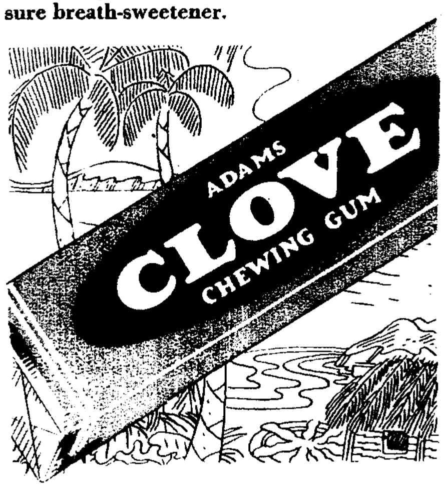
Emerson

BREATH
WAY?
GUM
CLOVE

Here's the spiciest flavor-story that ever came out of the tropics—flavor exotic and tempting. Just *taste* Adams Clove Gum—discover how delightfully it refreshes your mouth and satisfies your natural longing for a taste-thrill that's uncommon and delicious!

Freshens your breath too! Carry Adams Clove Gum with you—it slips conveniently into your pocket or purse, ready for instant use before business appointments, before and after parties, whenever you need a quick, sure breath-sweetener.



A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

the patrons, and satisfied himself that Eddie Gordon had not yet arrived. He'd seen lots of pictures of Eddie. The young fighter was by way of being a sensational draw in the provinces and his photograph had been printed hundreds of times. So no fear—figured Joe—that he wouldn't recognize the young fighter.

SO FAR as Barton was concerned, the dice game didn't go well. Playing 'em do or don't, his guess was invariably wrong when the stakes were high. Occasionally he caught sight of the unpleasant face of Nick Bellis at the other end of the table. Nick was doing very well by himself.

Joe Barton didn't enjoy losing. His pallid face was flushed, his hair slightly disheveled, his movements quick and nervous, his voice rasping. He had a suspicion that this game wasn't entirely above reproach, but he was already in for almost a thousand dollars and was trying desperately to get out. And since Eddie Gordon still had not appeared, there seemed to be no valid reason for quitting.

But when at twelve-thirty Eddie still hadn't arrived, and Joe had lost most of his ready cash, he made one last unfortunate roll, watched the dice dealer rake in his stack of chips, and walked around the table to where Nick Bellis was nursing his hefty winnings. He said shortly, "Cash 'em in. We're traveling."

They handed Nick two hundred dollars, and he walked with Joe to the heavily wooded parking lot in the rear of the roadhouse. The foliage was heavy there, and no other person was in evidence. From inside the Roost came the brassy blare of a dance orchestra which atoned in noise what it may have lacked in melodic quality.

Joe Barton, a full head shorter than Nick Bellis and thirty pounds lighter, was in an ugly mood. He held out his hand and said, "Give."

Bellis had been waiting for this. Having a supreme contempt for this slim young fellow, he counted out twenty-five dollars and said, "There's your dough. Thanks for the loan."

It was dark under the trees and so Nick didn't see the cold, dangerous gleam in Joe's narrowed eyes. He probably wouldn't have taken warning even if he had noticed, because Joe was too small physically to worry about. Bellis didn't even take warning from the flat, toneless quality of Joe's voice when the young man said, "You won two hundred, Nick. Half of it is mine."

"What?" Mr. Bellis pretended surprise and indignation. "Where d'you get that stuff, feller? You loant me twenty-five. You've got your money back, and that's all you're gonna get."

Joe's body was tense, his voice silky. There was a steely quality about him in any moment of stress. He said, "You ain't playin' it safe, Nick."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning you're stealing a hundred bucks of mine, and no man gets away with that."

Nick Bellis swelled with righteous wrath. He looked down from his superior height on this shrimp of a man with his too-dapper clothes and pasty complexion. He said that he wasn't gonna stand for nobody calling him a thief, and with that he swung. The blow landed high on Joe Barton's cheek and Joe went down.

But he didn't stay down. His slender body was like a coiled spring. He didn't do any more arguing. There was a gun in his hand, a gun that had appeared from a holster under his left arm. It wasn't much of a gun: a .32-caliber affair with a pearl handle and a nickeled barrel. The single shot he fired was lost in the pounding of the drums and the blare of the trumpet. Nobody saw Nick Bellis fall; nobody except Joe Barton saw his body crumple and roll down the little hill just beyond the parking space.

It was that quick. That decisive. Joe frightened. Not yet. He stepped down the little declivity and felt Nick's pulse. The man was dead, all right. Joe left the money in Nick's hand.

He found his car, started the motor and whirled through the parking space into the narrow highway that twisted along the top of Shades Mountain. There were woods on both sides of him and below, on the left, was the vast, moon-drenched expanse of Shades Valley. Far beyond another mountain he could see a glow in the heavens which marked the city, and he headed in that direction. Fast.

Reaction had set in. Joe Barton was hard; hard as nails. But he'd never before killed a man. Realization was coming to him now, and making his nerves jump. He slipped the gun into its holster and clamped down on the accelerator. He whizzed recklessly along the twisting road. His one thought was to put a maximum of distance between himself and the body of his victim in a minimum of time.

For all the panic that threatened him, his brain was working clearly. He was glad now that he hadn't seen Eddie Gordon because that meant that no one at the Roost knew who he was. He had been alone out there in the parking space with Nick Bellis, so there were no witnesses. Chances were that by the time the body was discovered, he'd be out of town, and they'd never connect him with the murder.

He saw a car coming toward him. He saw its headlights a quarter mile away. But he didn't slow down. Speed seemed essential at that moment; speed and more speed. He didn't know that the car approaching him was headed for the Roost.

And, most important, he didn't know that the sole occupant of that other car was Eddie Gordon.

The silence of the night was split by the sharp bleat of the horn in Eddie's car. Barton didn't slow down. Instead he swerved to the right and tried to flash by. Too late he saw the impossibility of that, and he jammed on the brakes. His car jerked one way, Eddie's car whirled dangerously near the cliff on the other side. The two vehicles came to rest with fenders touching.

Eddie Gordon was mad. He was mad clear through. His first thought was, "Drunk driving," but that made him no less angry. He knew he'd had a miraculous escape from death and the reaction that hit him was one of fury. He opened the door and jumped out of his car into the glare of Barton's headlights.

In that instant, Joe Barton recognized the man he had come to see. This was Eddie Gordon, all right. And Eddie was striding angrily toward him.

Barton knew what would happen. There'd be an argument; perhaps even a fight. He wasn't afraid of that . . . but he was afraid that Eddie Gordon might see him clearly enough to recognize him at some later date.

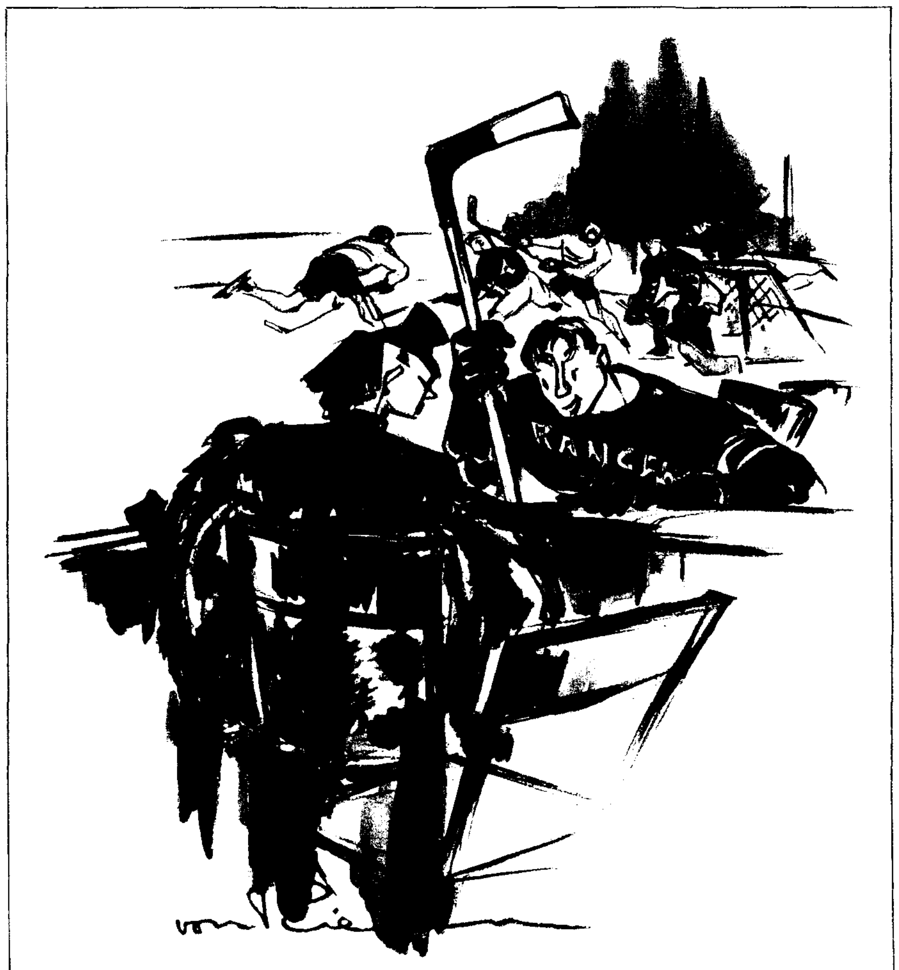
THAT was the danger. Recognition. Joe knew he must prevent that. It still wasn't too late. Eddie was half-blinded by the glare of the headlights; Joe was still at the wheel of his car. And Eddie came closer.

Barton reached for the gun with which he had just killed a man. But this time he reversed it. Eddie walked up to the car and shoved his head inside.

Joe Barton didn't hesitate. He cracked down on Eddie's head with the butt of the revolver. It was an instinctive gesture, and quick.

Eddie was a trained fighter. He, too, reacted instinctively. He didn't think about what he was doing—he simply did it. He half-ducked, and his hands swung upward. The butt of the gun cracked against his skull; but at the same instant one of his hands grabbed Joe Barton's wrist. And because instinct was so strong in this young fighter—he held tight, even as he was falling.

Panicky, Barton jerked loose. He got his hand free, but the gun fell to the



"Well, my penalty is up, but I'll swat somebody and be right back"

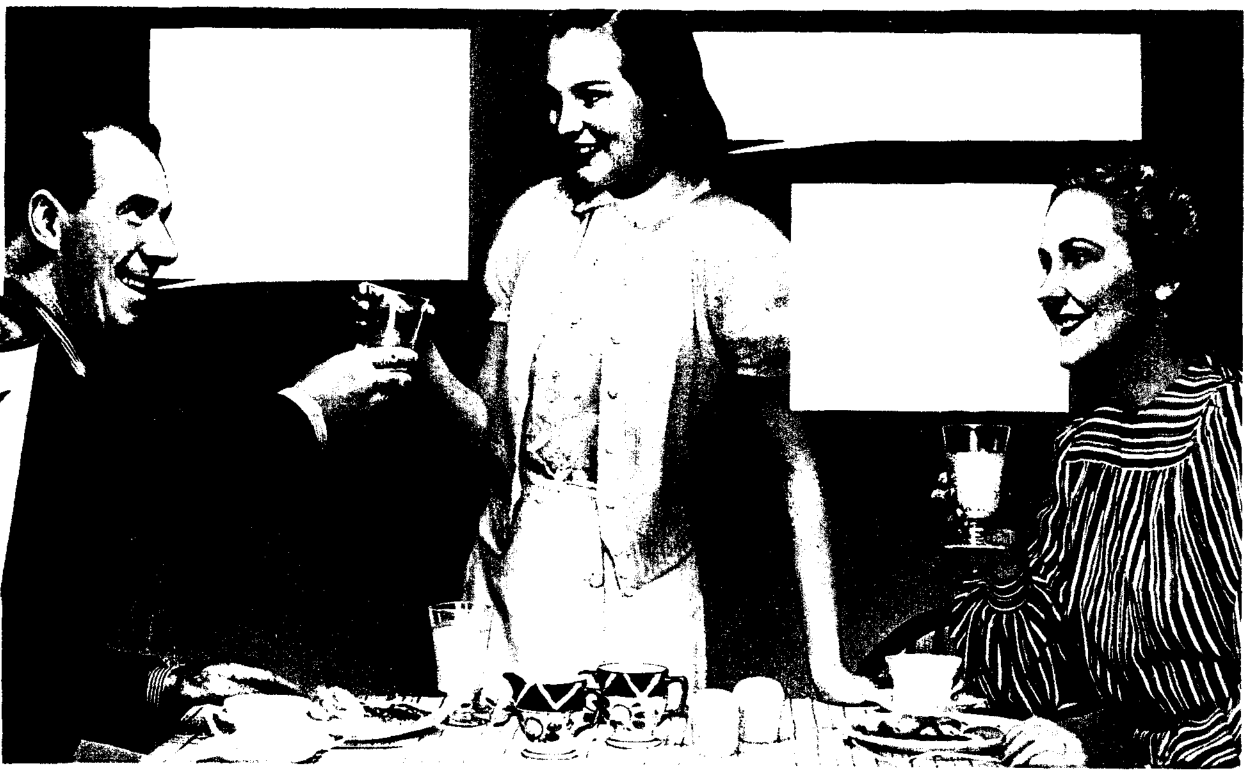
WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

$5,000.00 FIRST PRIZE

2ND Prize $500.00 ★ 3RD Prize $100.00 ★ 4TH Prize $25.00

1000 Prizes each { 1 DOZ. No. 211 CANS LIBBY'S PINEAPPLE JUICE AND 1 DOZ. No. 1 CANS LIBBY'S TOMATO JUICE

JUST FILL IN THEIR COMMENTS ABOUT LIBBY'S PINEAPPLE JUICE FOR BREAKFAST



Name .... *City* ....

Address .... *State* ....

Send to Libby's Contest Judge, Dept. CS-3, 215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

READ THE EASY RULES. 1. The people in the picture above are talking about *Libby's Pineapple Juice for breakfast. Write in what you think they might be saying*—one comment in each of the three empty white spaces. You can use this Official Entry Blank and get more at your dealer's.

2. Cash prizes will be awarded as follows: 1st Prize, $5,000.00; 2nd Prize, $500.00; 3rd Prize, $100.00; 4th Prize, $25.00; and 1000 Prizes of 2 dozen cans of Libby's Juices (1 doz. No. 211 size Pineapple Juice, 1 doz. No. 1 size Tomato Juice). In the event of ties duplicate awards will be made.

3. Send as many entries as you like. With each entry, send *one label from Libby's Pineapple Juice and one label from any other Libby's Juice*—or facsimiles thereof. Stamps and/or money will not be accepted in place of labels. Mail your entries to Libby's Contest Judge, Dept. CS-3, 215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

4. Your entry must be original with you, in your own proper name, and over your own signature with your complete address.

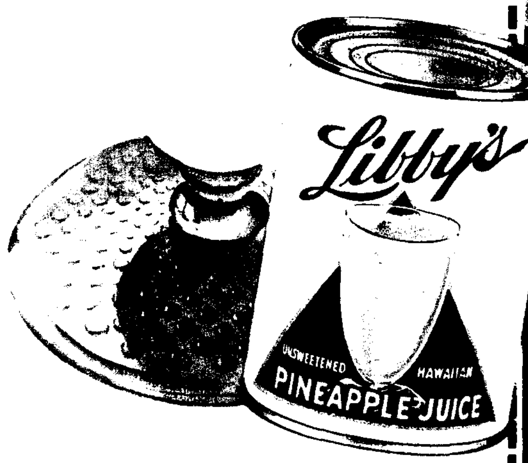
5. Entries will be judged not on elaborateness but on the basis of the aptness, uniqueness and effectiveness (selling ideas) of the comments submitted. *Entries must be submitted on an Official Entry Blank.*

6. This contest closes midnight, November 30, 1940. No entries postmarked after this date will be eligible for an award.

7. This contest is limited to residents of the United States and possessions. Employees of Libby, McNeill & Libby, members of their families, and the advertising agents cannot compete.

8. The decisions of the judge will be final. No entries will be returned or acknowledged. All entries will become the property of Libby, McNeill & Libby.

9. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after the close of the contest.



DREAMS COME TRUE. Think of it! Just for writing a few words, somebody's going to get *thousands* of dollars . . . enough to build a house, or put a boy through college. *Why shouldn't that somebody be you?* There are other fine cash prizes, too; and *one thousand* prizes, each a grand supply of delicious Libby's Juices.

SO EASY! Just write in what you think the people in this picture might be saying about Libby's Pineapple Juice for breakfast. Things like: "This unsweetened juice is so refreshing" or "What a marvelous *change* for breakfast!" or "Such a time-saver; you just chill and serve."

TASTE LIBBY'S! The best way to get good ideas is just this: *try* Libby's Pineapple Juice for breakfast. See how delicious it is, how much your family enjoys it. It's an excellent source of Vitamin C. And, pressed from pineapples actually ripened in the field and unsweetened, it has a wonderful natural tang.

LAST CALL! No more contest announcements will appear in this magazine. Enter *now.*

Libby's HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE JUICE

JUST OPEN A CAN AND *Breakfast is different!*

Libby's Family of Juices includes: Grape; Grapefruit; Kraut; Lemon (adds a tartness to other juices); Orange and Grapefruit; Pineapple; Tomato; Prune (from Dried Prunes). Diluted and sweetened juices: Apricot; Apricot and Orange; Loganberry. Pressed from sun-ripe fruits and vegetables, they're all delicious and they offer variety your family will enjoy. To enter the contest you need *one label* from *Libby's Pineapple Juice* and *one from any of the other Libby's Juices listed here.* **Refreshing . . . any time o' day!**

Libby's
TOMATO JUICE
Libby's
LOGANBERRY JUICE
Libby's
GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

"GET IN THERE, YOU HEP-CATS, AND ROCK ME!"

Or translated, "Start, you addicts of Swing, and move me with your rhythm!" Swing it, sing it, play it, speak it, with a Crosley Home Recorder. You're making a perfect GLAMOR-TONE record that you can play back instantly. Of course, Crosley offers you the finest of Home Recorders but the 1941 GLAMOR-TONE line offers you much more. Radios, radio-phonograph combinations, with or without automatic record changers, with performance that you cannot duplicate at Crosley prices, are now being demonstrated by your Crosley dealer.

A multi-pleasure table model. Radio-phonograph combination with Home Recorder and Public Address system! *Model 33 BG* **$69.95***

In this handsome cabinet of carefully-selected woods, hand-rubbed to a lasting lustre, is a radio with broadcast, shortwave and police bands—a superb phonograph—the latest and finest of home recorders. Crosley GLAMOR-TONE table model radios start as low as $7.95*.

The instrument that has everything. A deluxe period-type console with radio-phonograph combination and home recorder. *Model 31 BF* **$159.95***

This lovely console has an automatic record player that plays 10 twelve-inch or 14 ten-inch records. Broadcast, shortwave and police bands. Crosley console radios and radio-phonograph combinations, with or without home recorders, are available in a wide range of prices. All Crosley consoles have the finest hand-rubbed finish and are manufactured for a lifetime of service.

CROSLEY Glamor-Tone RADIO

**Prices slightly higher in the far west and south. Prices subject to change without notice.*

THE CROSLEY CORPORATION, CINCINNATI, OHIO
POWEL CROSLEY, Jr., *President*
Home of WLW, "The Nation's Station"—70 on your dial

ground. Joe gave a quick, frightened glance. He saw that Eddie was hurt, but not unconscious. No time now to recover the gun, no time to do anything but get away from there. He didn't believe that Eddie Gordon had seen him, and if that was so then he was reasonably safe.

He slammed into gear, scraped the fenders of the other car, and whirled down the road, the accelerator jammed against the floor board. His wiry figure was tense, his hands steady on the wheel, the cold, gray eyes focused intently on the road.

Meanwhile, Eddie Gordon sat up and pressed his hands against a head that ached atrociously.

He rose unsteadily. Then dizziness hit him again and he sat down on the running board of his car.

Cupping his head in his hands, his eye caught a glint of something in the road. He bent over, with difficulty, and picked up a .32-caliber revolver with a pearl handle and a nickeled barrel.

He looked at it for a moment, and then slipped it into the pocket of his coat.

"I better keep this," he said to himself. "Maybe some day I'll run across the guy that goes with it."

He climbed into his car and started slowly back toward the city. But he did not know that the gun in his pocket had been used less than twenty minutes since in the commission of a murder.

MAX ELLISON'S office was crowded, noisy and unimpressive. Large men in shirt sleeves and suspenders walked out of one door and into another, little men with big cigars and hats on the backs of their heads waited patiently in the anteroom for interviews with the greatest fight manager in the game. Scattered about the dingy room was a nondescript assortment of athletic young men: a copper-skinned flyweight from the Philippines; a flat-faced, awkward, gigantic heavyweight from the Argentine; an array of slim, sharp-eyed featherweights, lightweights and welters from the United States.

The aroma of stale cigar smoke pervaded everything. Greetings between those in the waiting room were curt and terse; each manager hoped to do business with the great Max Ellison and there wasn't a fighter present who wouldn't have swapped his present bo for the man behind the door marked "Private."

There was a hum of technical conversation which had to do with this fight or that, the relative merits of a certain boxer as against a certain slugger. It was a hard-bitten, disillusioned crowd out of which an occasional young and eager face stood out like an orchid in a trash heap.

An elderly and efficient secretary buzzed into Ellison's office and looked down at the roly-poly little man behind the battered desk.

Max wasn't at all what one might have expected. His face was pink, his glasses rimmed with thin gold, his eyes blue and gentle, and he beamed paternally upon friend and foe alike. His voice was soft, his hands were soft, his manner was soft—and his brain was swift and keen. The secretary said, "There's a young man out there I think you want to see, Mr. Ellison."

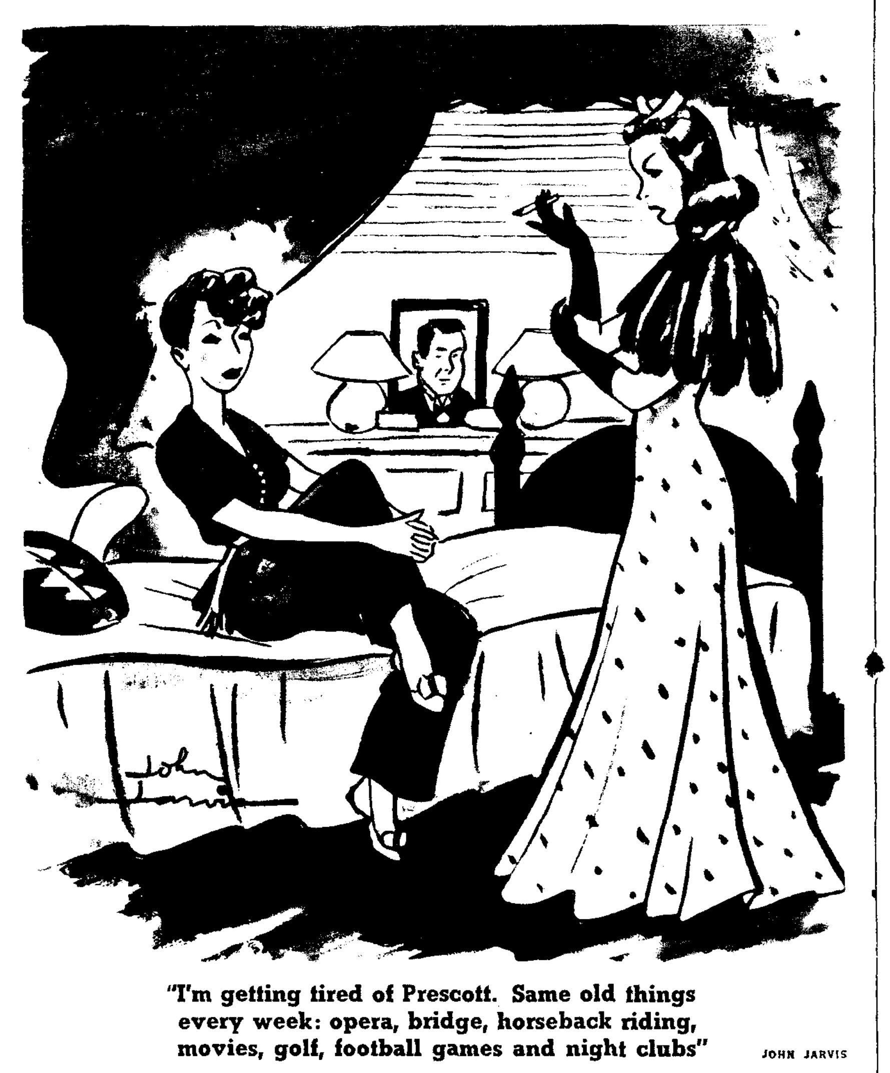
"Yeah? Who?"

"Eddie Gordon."

"So-o. . . ." He nodded thoughtfully. "That's nice. It's better he should come to me without knowing I wanted him. Send him in."

He leaned back in his swivel chair and glowed benevolently as the door opened to admit Eddie. His kindly blue eyes took in the minutest detail, and what he saw pleased him.

He saw a young man who had the perfect build for a fighter; whose waist was slim and in whose legs no useless poundage had been squandered. He saw shoulders that were not too broad and a chin that was broad enough. He saw



"I'm getting tired of Prescott. Same old things every week: opera, bridge, horseback riding, movies, golf, football games and night clubs"

JOHN JARVIS

clear, wide-set brown eyes, dark brown hair and a face that was definitely homely, yet oddly attractive. "The kind of guy the crowd will like," reflected Max, "provided he's got any class at all."

Max noted the soft, firm tread of the boy as he advanced toward the desk—obviously awed by the man in whose presence he stood. He liked Eddie's quiet voice and diffident—yet unafraid—manner. The young man said, "It's nice of you to see me. I'm Eddie Gordon."

Max beamed paternally. "I know. I've heard lots about you." His moonlike face reflected sympathy. "Awful sorry about Pop Mallory."

"You knew him?"

"Who didn't? A square shooter, and mighty smart. You lost an awful good manager, son."

"Yes . . ." Eddie seated himself near the desk. "And a good friend."

Max leaned forward. "What you here for, Eddie?"

Eddie smiled, and Max liked the smile. It was a big smile and boyish. "Why do fighters usually come to you, Mr. Ellison?"

"I get it. You think I should take you on."

"I didn't say that. But I'd like it."

MAX ELLISON chose his words carefully. "Figure you're ready for the big time?"

"Pretty nearly. Pop thought so, anyway."

"It's different up here. Fighting around the country like you've been doing, it's been easy. Slapping palookas around, or else sharpening up on hasbeens. Even the club fighters around New York are pretty good."

"I think I'm pretty good, too." Eddie hesitated and then went on: "There's no use playing modest, Mr. Ellison. Pop believed I had something extra-special. He taught me things, every fight I had. And I didn't fight a lot of stumblebums, either. I stopped Vittorio Devito in three rounds. I decisioned Kid Wazey once, and then knocked him out the second time. I'm the only middleweight who ever knocked Shifty Morgan out. They're no setups, Mr. Ellison, and you know it."

"Sure, I know, Eddie—or I wouldn't be talking to you. Only thing is, you don't really know how good you are, and neither do I. I'm not interested in just another middleweight. I've got the champ and I've got a half-dozen other pretty good one hundred and sixty pounders. What I'm interested in is: have you got it?"

Eddie said simply, "Yes, I've got it."

"You can hit." Max was speaking softly, as though to himself, but his calm blue eyes never left the face of the boy in front of him. "That's a big help, because folks'll pay to see a hitter. They tell me you box well enough, and that you don't back-pedal. Well, that's good, too." His tone changed and his question came more sharply: "Have you finished growing? Do you have any trouble making weight?"

"No. I've been out of training since Pop got sick—all but light training, that is—and I scale one hundred and fifty-nine now. I can do anything from one hundred and fifty-five to one hundred and fifty-eight without thinking about it. I've stayed that way for more than a year."

"Good. Drying out weakens a guy. And you're not built for a heavy." He took his time about selecting a cigar from a humidor and looked at Eddie through the haze of fragrant blue smoke. "Maybe I'll take a chance on you, Eddie. If you turn out to be just another punk I'll tear up your contract and kiss you bye-bye. Okay."

"That's swell." Then Eddie fidgeted uncomfortably. He said, "I feel embarrassed about this, but there's a gimmick. I've got a manager."

"Hmmm . . ." Max had been waiting for this. Knowing the setup, he'd been wondering how Eddie would get around to it. So he simply asked, "Then why did you come to me?"

"Because—" Eddie's voice was hard. "Someone has put a fast one over on me. There's a contract, but I think a smart guy can get around it. So I came to you."

"Let's have it," suggested Max. "From the beginning."

Eddie talked. He made it as brief as possible, and as fair; but he didn't even try to conceal his own sense of outrage. And when he had finished, Max looked straight at him, and Max was smiling.

"She sounds right bright," he commented approvingly. "Gets her brains from Pop, maybe."

"Yeh—her brains. But Pop never played that way in his life. It's lousy . . ."

"Listen, son—maybe it's lousy and maybe it ain't. If you're a good meal ticket, why should she let you go?"

"Because the whole thing is wrong. The contract was only drawn in her name to protect Pop and me. When Pop got tanked up you never knew what he was going to do. He'd get friendly with some bird and give him his shirt—or his best fighter. And so long as the contract was in her name, he couldn't. That's all there was to it."

"Sure. You know, I think this girl must be keen. What does she look like?"

Eddie shook his head. "How should I know. Just another dame."

"Pretty?"

"I guess so. Yeh, she looks okay."

"But you just don't like her, is that it?"

"You said it. I never have and I never will."

"Mind telling me why?"

Eddie gave a short laugh. "The way it started was silly," he confessed. "But what grew out of it wasn't."

"I'm listening."

"You see, I was awful fond of Pop: sort of felt like a son to him. That was before I ever met his daughter. Pop and I were traveling around together. Well, Pop was writing her things about me, and he happened to mention that I was looking after him the best I could: you know, doing what any young fellow would do for his old man. Sometimes I'd cook up something he liked specially: an omelet or something like that. He wrote Pat about it."

"Sounds level so far, Eddie."

"It did to me, too. Now, you've got to know something about the girl: She's a pretty good artist. Fashion designing—that sort of stuff, and she can draw swell. So she did a cartoon of me cooking for Pop. I was in fighting togs, and I had boxing gloves on, and a chef's hat and a sissy expression and I was saying 'Punch or cream puff, sir?' She's got plenty on the ball, that girl has, because it was the sort of caricature that could make you squirm. It was so caustic that Pop never showed it to me."

"So then . . . ?"

"WELL, what happened next was an accident. We were fighting out of St. Louis where Pop had lots of friends in the newspaper game. Some guy came around to get some photographs of me. Pop had hidden this caricature among those photos, and he handed it over to the newspaper guy without knowing he'd done it. First time I ever saw it was in the paper, and this writer—he was one of these wise bozos—did a funny column about it. Oh, it was funny, all right, and I got a first-class razzing."

"I'd call that pretty good publicity, son."

"Yeh. So would I . . . except I was

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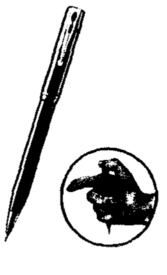

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kid enough to get sore. I knew Pop had turned it loose accidentally, so I didn't get mad at him, but I figured that Pat never had a right to draw that kind of thing in the first place. I'll show it to you some time. It didn't seem funny. It seemed cruel. So while I was all hot under the collar I wrote her a letter and told her off. I guess I went pretty strong.

"Well, she came back with a letter that burned. Good and tough, and don't ever let anybody tell you she can't write. So we wrote back and forth, building up from that, and what it added up to was that we disliked each other months before we ever met. When Pop began to slip and she joined him, we were both batting left-handed. And it kept right on getting worse. You see, Mr. Ellison—lots of things like that start simple, but they grow big. And no matter how foolish the beginning of it was . . . nothing alters the fact that we dislike each other, and I don't mean halfway.

"And what she's doing now doesn't make her any more popular with me, either. Sort of getting even with me in the first place. And, in the second place, a girl managing a scrapper . . . oh, sure, I know it's been done before. But this is different and I don't like it."

Max was thoughtful. He said softly, "If you really can fight, son—it adds up pretty good."

Eddie looked up sharply, his jaw setting itself suddenly in a square, pugnacious line. "I don't get you, Mr. Ellison."

"Look . . ." Max started counting off on his fingers. "You start off by being something of a freak. You're a college boy, and college boys don't usually go places in the fight game. There have been exceptions—sure. Steve Hamas, for instance. But it still leaves you different. Now you invade New York with a gal manager. We'll say she's a pretty girl. There's an awful lot of publicity to be grabbed from that angle. Of course, if you can't fight, it don't mean a thing. But if you can . . ."

Eddie felt a sinking sensation. He said, "Gosh, Mr. Ellison . . . that isn't the slant I wanted you to take. Look: I don't want that kind of publicity—"

"You want any kind of publicity that'll make people buy tickets. Don't ever forget that, Eddie. Today, it's a business. And this Mallory girl looks like an asset."

Eddie said, "I'm sorry you feel that way. Because the one thing I wanted was to get out of my contract with her."

"Did I say that was a bad idea?"

"Well . . ." Eddie looked up and for the first time saw the shrewd glint in Max Ellison's eyes. "You mean . . . ?"

"I mean a lot of things, Eddie. For instance, you say this dame is slipping a swift one over. So it's open season, ain't it? What's to prevent you doing the same thing?"

"The contract . . ."

"Forget it. I've got smart lawyers, Eddie. They can break any contract ever written. It's just a question of when."

EDDIE rose and walked the length of the room. When he turned back toward the desk he was nodding. "I begin to get the drift . . ."

"So do I, Eddie. And it totals up good." Max stretched out his hand. "Did you bring the contract with you?"

"Sure . . ."

"Let's have it. I'll have my attorneys go over it. They'll find plenty of outs."

"And you'll let me know . . . ?"

"I'm letting you know now, son. Maybe they can bust this easy and maybe they'll have to do it the hard way. It doesn't matter. But what I'm going to say *does* matter, and plenty. First of all, we're going to find out whether you're hot or just another guy named Elmer. If you're good, I want you. If you're not—it's off."

"That's fair enough."

"Building a fighter who's been knocking 'em over in the sticks isn't easy. Not even for me. And you can't be built too fast, because if Pop said you needed a little more experience, you need a little more. Pop knew this game.

"But to build you at all, Eddie—we need the newspaper breaks, and that's where this Mallory girl comes in. You say she's somewhere in New York now. You say you haven't seen her. Well, that's the first thing you're going to do."

"I'm listening."

"You're going to play according to the rules she's laid down. She started out to push you around, and you've got a right to do a little pushing on your own hook. So you're going straight to her and roll over like a nice doggie. Follow me?"

EDDIE said grimly, "Sure, I follow you."

"You tell her you've found out that the contract can't be busted, and that you've decided to play it her way. Don't lay it on too thick, because if you do, and if she's half as smart as I think she is—she'll smell a mouse. You've simply got to sell her the idea that you're making the best of a bad bargain."

"And that I'm going to let her handle me: Is that it?"

"Yeh—that's it. Don't balk at anything she wants to do. If she wants you to train at Stillman's—train at Stillman's . . . and get her up there to supervise things if you can. The newspaper boys will get wind of that: I'll make sure that they do. And I'll talk to a few of my promoter friends and see that she doesn't have any trouble getting fights for you."

Eddie said slowly, "What you're driving at is this, isn't it? That you'll really be my manager . . . and so long as it suits you, you'll be using Pat Mallory as a come-on. When she's done all she can, you'll bust the contract and take me on yourself?"

"Nice thinking, kid."

"But you won't be making a dime out of me for those first fights."

"So what? I'm not interested in chicken fodder. Long before you're ready to lay golden eggs, I'll take over. But there's one thing I'm hammering home, so I'm asking you something first. You're quite sure you don't like this girl?"

"The answer still is No."

"She'll be hard to take. Well, you've got to take it, see? Like a guy you're sizing up in the ring. You've got to find out what he's got. So she pushes you around and you've got to pretend you enjoy it. You'll come in for a lot of razzing. If you ain't tops, it'll cut you down. If you are tops—it will make you."

Eddie said quietly: "I'll take it. So long as I know I'm headed in the right direction." He leaned across the desk with a gesture of boyish earnestness. "I don't like to have something put over on me. That's what Pat Mallory's been doing. It'd make me feel swell to get even with her."

"Okay." Max Ellison got up and extended his soft, pink hand. "Looks like it's all set. You know where to find me. Now, what I want to know is: When do you see the dame?"

"Today."

"Good. And don't forget—be sweet. Make it look good."

Eddie's teeth were clenched. "I'll be as sweet as I can," he said grimly. "But I'm telling you now—it won't be any cinch."

(To be continued next week)

Take a Deep Breath

Continued from page 16

States Medical Corps, for contribution to this safety record by their work in the field of aviation medicine, generally, and pilot fatigue in particular."

Aviation medicine is something comparatively new. You can date its beginnings toward the end of the last war. But it is growing fast and now takes in a good deal of territory. In Germany, for instance, every medical student is required to pursue a course in aviation medicine during both his preclinical and clinical years. At the outbreak of the war there were forty research laboratories in Germany devoted to various branches of this subject. In this country we have three today.

You run into a lot of new problems when you take human beings above 10,000 for any length of time. But the most obvious and probably the most important one is oxygen deficiency, the trouble from which we saw the weather pilot suffering. It's easy to get an idea of what happens to a man when he doesn't get enough oxygen by watching what happens to a candle flame in similar circumstances. If it's too much trouble to take the candle up in a plane, put it in a low-pressure chamber and you will get the same result. At a pressure corresponding to 10,000 feet the flame will be appreciably smaller; at 15,000 it will be about half normal size; at 20,000 it will be smaller still and very pale; at 25,000 it will be just barely visible; and before you get it to 26,000 it will go out.

Recipe for Pigheadedness

Of course a man has one advantage over a candle: he can get a little more oxygen by speeding up his breathing. There is plenty of it even in rarefied air, it's just more dispersed; you have to breathe a larger quantity of rarefied air in a given time in order to get the same amount of oxygen into your blood. The odd thing is that people don't speed up their breathing automatically—at least not enough. At first they pant a bit and the panting washes the carbon dioxide out of their blood. Since it was this carbon dioxide (and not the lack of oxygen) that made them breathe faster, they presently sink back comfortably into anoxemia without knowing what's happening to them.

If there were a good sharp pain, everything would be simpler and air lines wouldn't have to lecture their pilots about using their oxygen equipment or impose ironclad regulations (as some of the lines have done). But there isn't. And there is practically no discomfort. It's a very insidious business. Your judgment goes before you know it. And the symptoms are almost identical with those of intoxication—varying with the individual as do the effects of drink. Some people get morose. Some feel exalted. Almost all become pigheaded.

If you think the weather pilot was an exception in this respect, consider the experience of Professor J. S. Haldane. This distinguished physiologist was one of the first to make a detailed scientific study of the effects of high altitude. His experiments were carried on with the aid of a low-pressure chamber. In this particular instance he had been for some time at a pressure corresponding to more than 20,000 feet. His assistants, peering through the porthole in the chamber, saw the professor getting blue in the face, they saw him try to do simple calculations and fail completely. They begged him, by phone, to increase the pressure. He refused. At the end of an hour and a quarter he was practically helpless, but still refused to come out of the chamber. He did, however, permit an increase in pressure, and with it some of his faculties returned. But even with the increased pressure when he tried to look at himself in a hand mirror it took some minutes to realize that he was staring at its back and not the front. For a considerable period of time after he left the chamber he was unreasonable and he had no recollection at all of the hour and a quarter he had spent at low pressure.

Of course anoxemia wasn't discovered by Drs. Boothby and Lovelace or by Captain Armstrong. A good deal had been known for years about the effect of altitude, and it had been proved that these effects were primarily due to lack of oxygen. But there was a gap between scientific theory and practical application. Nobody knew what the effects of repeated short exposures to high altitude might be, nobody knew when to start giving pilot and passengers oxygen, or how much to give them or even how to administer it except by the wasteful and clumsy tube-in-the-mouth method.

The cases we have looked at so far were pretty clear-cut. That is, any observer could tell there was something wrong with the weather pilot and Professor Haldane. But pilots on commercial air lines are not ordinarily exposed

U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS

Captain Harry A. Armstrong (second from left) conferring with his associates in the physiological laboratory at Wright Field

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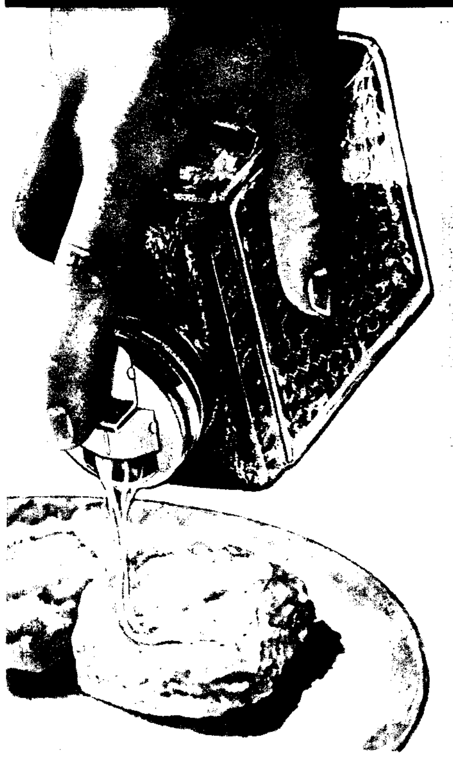

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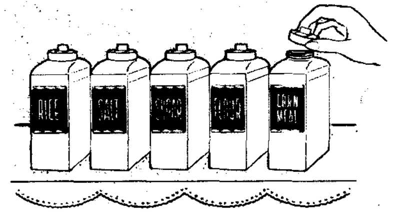

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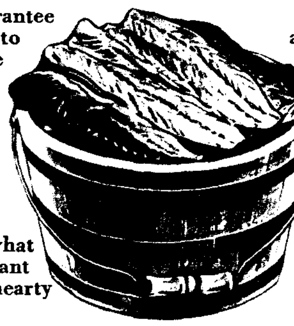

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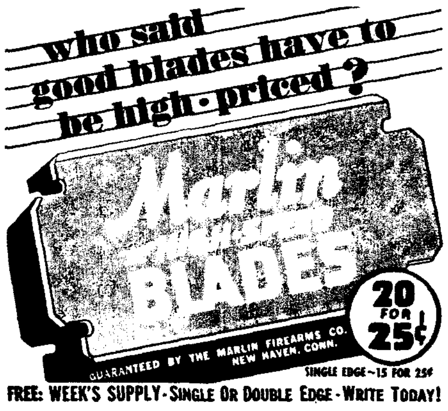
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to altitudes of anything like 20,000 feet. One of the most important of the recent findings is that oxygen deficiency starts getting in its work way below that. For the average healthy person the point is about 10,700 feet. The oftener he goes above that (without oxygen supply) and the longer he stays, the more pronounced the effects will be.

Naturally there are differences in the altitude various people can tolerate. And this used to be one of the deciding points in the selection of pilots. Pilots were proud of the heights at which they could fly without using oxygen. It's clear now that they were just shortening their useful lives. It is also clear that no one is a competent judge of how high he can safely go.

The pilots were caught in a nasty spot while aviation was midway between contact flying and flight in the substratosphere (where, as everyone knows, sealed cabins and compressors are necessary). So, for that matter, were the passengers. It didn't matter so much if they felt a little tired or lightheaded. They weren't exposed to high altitudes often or regularly, and no one's neck was endangered by the lightness of their heads. There was always the danger, however, that they might come home from a transcontinental flight and speak irritably to their wives.

The neatest solution to the oxygen problem is, of course, the sealed-cabin plane in which air pumps are used to keep up the pressure. But sealed-cabin planes are very expensive and substratosphere flight is not practical except when very long distances are to be covered. Sealed-cabin planes are no answer to the lines that only occasionally have to go above 10,000 feet. And they are not a sufficient answer for the military aviator because a sealed-cabin plane near which a shell exploded would be very likely to spring leaks—like a ship in a heavy sea.

Something more was needed. And the researchers at the Mayo Foundation provided it in the form of an oxygen mask, plus equipment to assure everyone aboard a plane the right amount of oxygen and a minimum amount of inconvenience. The latter is almost negligible, for the masks weigh practically nothing and permit the wearer to talk, smoke and eat. They fit as if they had been made to order. Which is no accident: they were designed with the aid of Dr. Bulbulian, also of the Mayo Foundation, whose business it is to supply artificial noses and ears for people who have had the bad luck to lose their own.

A Little at a Time

This equipment will supply anything from very small quantities of oxygen mixed with air up to 100 per cent oxygen—and that will see you comfortably to the 35,000 level. These adjustments are important, for one of the things turned up by the research program was the fact that only about one fifth as much oxygen is needed as had formerly been thought.

For the military aviator there is a mask that covers the mouth as well as the nose, but permits him to talk through the vent into a microphone. If he has to bail out at high altitude, there is a small cylinder of oxygen to take with him plus a pipestem device to hold in his teeth—since a mask would be blown off when he jumped. Without these he'd be faced with a nasty dilemma. Bailing out at 35,000 feet, he could either pull his rip cord immediately—and would die from lack of oxygen before he reached breathable air—or wait, and then he would be unconscious when he got low enough and so would not be able to pull the cord.

Oxygen, of course, is even more important for the military aviator than for the civilian pilot because the former has to go to greater heights. He not only needs oxygen to keep alive at all, he needs oxygen to keep warm. Between 30,000 and 40,000 feet he is likely to run into temperatures as low as 67 degrees below zero. You remember a candle won't burn at all at those altitudes, and no amount of clothing will keep an aviator warm unless he has enough oxygen—for the simple reason that the heat that escapes with his breath will be more than his body can go on producing.

Another risk to which the military aviator is exposed is aeroembolism—which is the medical name for the "bends" when they afflict a flyer instead of a diver. A diver gets the bends by coming up too fast from the high pressures below sea level. The flyer gets them by going up too fast from the normal pressure at the ground to the very low pressure at high altitudes.

The same thing happens in both instances. You can see what it is by putting a glass of water—instead of the candle this time—in a low-pressure chamber. Reduce the pressure fast. At 18,000 feet the water will begin to bubble; at 35,000 it'll look like champagne.

No Nitrogen—No Bends

That's what happens in a man's blood stream and tissue fluids if he goes up too fast. The little bubbles may form big bubbles and if a big bubble hits some vital spot the man may be paralyzed or killed.

There is absolutely no danger of this on commercial air lines; their ascent is gradual and the altitudes are not great. In supercharged cabins, of course, it can't happen at all because the pressure is kept up. As a matter of fact the only person who runs the risk of the sky bends is the flyer of a pursuit plane.

But for this danger too the Mayo Foundation has found an answer. The bubbles that form in the blood are nitrogen. The nitrogen stays in solution at normal pressure, but comes out when the pressure is suddenly reduced. The thing to do, if you are going to have to go up high and fast is to get the nitrogen out first.

Doctors Boothby and Lovelace discovered this could be done by taking mild exercise for a half-hour while breathing pure oxygen. After that you can scoot up to 40,000 feet as fast as you like. As a matter of fact, Dr. Lovelace staged a recent "ascent" in a low-pressure chamber for Robert Hinckley, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aviation. He went up to 41,000 feet in two minutes, nine seconds. After a short stay he came down again in one minute, nine seconds. That's three times as fast as he would have fallen if he had jumped out of a plane. And no harm done.

Aviation medicine, as we said, is a large field. These are simple examples—important ones, to be sure—of what's being accomplished. Doctors Boothby and Lovelace are busy at the moment trying to find some way of relieving the pressure you feel in your ears when the plane you are in starts to come down. They think the answer may be helium—because the helium molecule is very small and can find its way up your eustachian tube and equalize the pressure in your inner ear when the larger molecules of oxygen and nitrogen in the air would be blocked.

And so, with great justice, the doctors have been added to the honor roll of aviation history, the list of the recipients of the Collier Trophy: Curtiss Wright, Sperry, Burgess, Loening, Hoffman, Reed, Lawrence, Martin, Pitcairn and Douglas; the U. S. air mail, the Army's "world flyers," Pan American's clippers; the Army Air Corps, Howard Hughes.

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Feed Hungry Europe

Continued from page 12

considerations. Russia has been without adequate food supply for years. Scarcely a year has gone by in which the population of the larger cities has not been rationed. Rationing means inadequate supplies.

Russia during the past year has acquired Bessarabia, Lithuania, Estonia, Latvia, eastern Poland and east Finland. All of these areas normally produce a surplus of food. It must be assumed that the Russian people will absorb this surplus. These sources are thus cut off from the rest of Europe.

The Communist government, of course, could unquestionably deprive its people of food in order to trade it for military advantages. If there is any export of a surplus it would go mostly to Germany rather than to any other area. But it is difficult to believe that Russia will be a source of any great quantity of supplies to other parts of Europe during the forthcoming winter and spring.

Thirty Per Cent Shy

Taken as a whole, the 325 million people in Europe now outside of Russia normally bring in approximately 15% of their food from outside. This includes direct import of food, import of feed from which food is made, or food from fisheries not now available. All that is now effectively stopped by the British blockade. Moreover, the inevitable effect of war is degeneration in farm production because of the mobilization of man power, lack of fertilizers and the destruction of battle.

This year, also, the crop of breadstuffs over parts of Europe is short because of the hard winter. Apparently, taken as a whole, the production is down about 15%. Our Department of Agriculture reports that the wheat crop alone is down by 340,000,000 bushels. And wheat is only one of the bread grains that are thus affected. Combining the shortage due to blockade with the shortage of production, Europe, outside of present Russian boundaries, has a supply about 30% below normal.

The British minister of economic warfare on October 2d insisted "that there would be no famine on the Continent provided the Nazis distributed fairly the available food."

This means a universal reduction of food supplies to all these 325 million people to 30% below normal even if equally distributed. Whether populations like Europe, where the normal food intake is little above absolute necessity, can get through with 30% reduction in essential foods is very doubtful. It has never been really tested. It is not, however, important to elaborate this point because the food supply cannot be evenly distributed. We can well explore this distribution question in more detail.

The largest area in Europe is greater Germany itself, with 90 million people, where the domestic production this year is about 85% of the normal food supply of that country. Does anybody believe the Germans will reduce this to a 70% basis in order to distribute it over other countries?

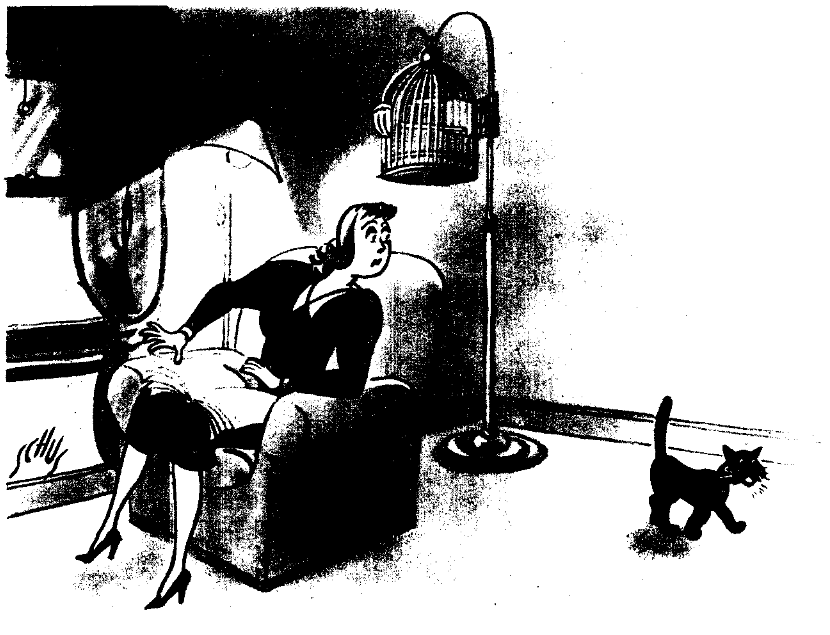
Then there are the Balkan states—Rumania, Hungary, Jugoslavia and Bulgaria—with 50 million people. This area normally produces a considerable surplus. In 1939 this area produced 14 million tons of bread grains. This year, 1940, the crop is under 10 million tons. That is apparently less than their need for home consumption.

It seems unlikely, therefore, that there will be any consequential export surplus from the Balkan states. In any event, they will naturally retain a 100% food supply for their people if they produce it within their own borders. No country will reduce its people to a 70% basis or any other basis below normal in order to export supplies. In other words, these nations will use 100% if they can produce it.

The 45 million people in Italy produce somewhere in the neighborhood of 90% of their normal food supply. Is it likely that Italy will reduce its people to a 70% basis in order to divide up with other nations?

The 40 million people in Spain, Portugal and Greece are short of food. So long as Spain and Portugal remain neutral they can import food from overseas. Sweden, with 6.3 million people, is very nearly self-supporting. Switzerland imports nearly half her food but has accumulated considerable reserves. While there may be privation, it does not appear that they will be plunged into the area of famine.

The situation in Denmark is not yet clear. Her 3.7 million people ordinarily



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ADOLPH SCHUS

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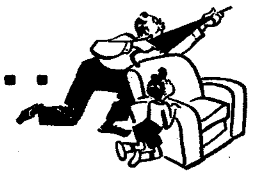

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import large quantities of feed and export meat and fats. The blockade has made it necessary to kill a considerable amount of livestock. She should have a fat supply but may have some shortage of breadstuffs.

Thus about 245 million out of the 325 million total will apparently have enough to get through on restricted rations. But they will not be giving away much to the other nations.

France, with her 42 million people, presents an uncertain situation. She is normally almost self-supporting in her food supply, especially if her North African possessions are included. This year, however, due both to the mobilization of man power and the destruction of battle, there is some substantial reduction in crops. It is both claimed and denied that the Germans have taken considerable quantities of food from the occupied areas. These occupied areas are the more fertile parts of France, but the crops are both less and greatly destroyed. The so-called Free France is the most sterile part. Certainly, unless some aid is given to the 15 millions of French people and refugees in this area, there will be very acute suffering. In any event, at the time this is written the amount of available food is not clear.

These Will Bear the Brunt

There remain Finland with 3.7 million people, Norway with 3 million, Holland with 8.7 million, Belgium with 8.3 million and central Poland with 14 million. Here about 37,000,000 people have a different story. They have the full impact of the European shortage.

Finland must import a considerable part of her breadstuffs. The destruction of her war has created a shortage in fats. She has an Arctic port open and until recently was allowed to import food in supplement to her sparse domestic production. But with the German placing of troops in Finland, the British are hesitant to allow food imports. There may be a sad time before this brave country.

If we calculate the values of feed imports as they result in human food, as well as direct food imports, Belgium normally imports 50% of its food supplies. Holland imports 30 to 40% of its food supplies. Norway imports from 50 to 60% of its food supplies. "Central Poland"—the industrial area, which is now separated from its agricultural provinces by the Russian annexation—must import 30 to 40% from over its borders. The crops in all these countries are below normal from war causes.

Nor is the position in these little countries as simple as it might appear even from these percentages. The agricultural population in any country will retain close to 100% of its families' normal food supply. No government yet has been strong enough to get away from the farmers food that deprives their wives and children. Moreover, the agricultural villages get the second call on the farm products, because of their close relation with the farmers. Thus in these countries the agricultural and village population will absorb a very large portion of the domestic production.

The consequence in these small countries is that the main impact this winter will concentrate upon cities and towns. That means a total of about 15 to 18 millions of people in these places will sooner or later be practically without food. They are the sort of final resting place of the European shortage. The surplus native production over the farmers' needs will supply the cities and towns for a certain period following the harvest. But if the cities live on these supplies during the fall, then even more complete catastrophe comes with the winter and spring.

The essential foods to prevent famine are breadstuffs and fats and there must be some provision of milk for children. A population can get over a famine period only if it has a supply of both breadstuffs and fats. Holland and Norway have normally imported considerable feed from over their borders, through which they have raised more cattle and hogs and sheep than their own soil would sustain. Holland normally exports fats from these sources. Norway exported some dairy products but imported other fats. With the German and British blockades these countries are without sufficient feed and are compelled to kill a considerable part of their animals in order to preserve a nucleus for the future. It would appear that the Dutch may be able to sustain on their own feed enough animals to provide their people with a fat and meat supply over the winter. They, however, must have imports of breadstuffs. The Norwegians, the Finns, the Belgians and the Poles, on the other hand, must import fats as well as breadstuffs.

Barely to tide over above the famine level, it would seem that this group of little nations must import monthly a total of 10 or 12 million bushels of breadstuffs, about 30 million pounds of meats and fats from somewhere outside their borders. And also there must be preserved milk for the children in the cities of Belgium, Norway, Finland and central Poland.

It is impossible to conceive the source of so much food from anywhere on the Continent. A large part of it must come from overseas and thus through the blockade, either from North or South America.

When the food supply falls to famine levels people don't lie down and die from starvation. Long before they get to that point their physical resistance is so lowered by malnutrition that they die of disease. The children weaken first, the women and the old men next. The common cold turns to pneumonia. Influenza seems to become very much more virulent and deadly in its passage through nonresistant populations. Typhoid and smallpox are more prevalent because of lowered resistance. Typhus always appears, for when a population is approaching famine levels it will eat all of its fat supplies and thus deprive itself of soap. Soap is the greatest disinfectant that the human race has discovered. With the absence of soap, lice at once spread, and from lice comes typhus.

This problem of great cesspools of contagious disease not alone concerns the victims directly but it also concerns the entire world.

Consider the Next Generation

These conditions are already beginning to show up. In Brussels the bread ration is only 7 ounces per day per person, being about one half of the normal. In Warsaw, typhus has already appeared.

But beyond contagious disease and death are the stunted bodies and debilitated minds of the children—that is the generation we next have to live with.

The word "relief" as we use it in America connotes individual service such as that performed by our Red Cross and our multitude of relief organizations. The problem we are discussing is the mass food supply of a people. The operation required in these countries is food administration, not individual relief in the ordinary sense. Food administration means requisition of the native food supply beyond the need of the farmer's family. It means purchases abroad and the management of ships, cars, barges, flour mills, bakeries, dairies, abattoirs, retailers and restaurants. It means setting up soup kitchens to get the maximum use of meat and fats. It means that all the food must be rationed equally so that rich and poor share alike. It means all machinery for issuing ration cards to every person, every month. It is a tedious and heartbreaking job. But in this fight against famine in any nation there rises the highest devotion of a race. For it is a fight to save the race.

The world has had experience with this problem under precisely the same conditions that exist today. In 1914 the Commission for Relief of Belgium was created under my direction. It was a body without nationality. It secured permissions from the British to operate through the blockade and guarantees from the Germans then occupying the country, protecting the food supplies. It set up all of the machinery mentioned above and operated it for four years in relief of ten million people in Belgium and northern France.

In that undertaking we created a central committee of devoted Belgians for Belgium and Frenchmen for northern France. They controlled the central warehouses and the food in transit or in manufacture and distribution. Every province had a similar committee in charge of the provincial warehouses into which imported food was poured from the central warehouses. Into them also was brought all the harvest beyond each farmer's own need. Every city and commune had its committee and its own distribution stations from which food was issued to the ration-card holders, the soup kitchens and the child-feeding stations.

Every member of these committees was Belgian or French. No one was allowed a ration card but Belgians or French. Every pound of food was receipted and accounted for to its final destination. Over all were the American and other neutral supervisors and protectors. There were over 50,000 Belgians and French. They were mostly women and nearly all volunteers. The first purpose of organization was an ironclad system by which none but Belgians or French could even touch the food. And no food could escape without its being known.

Over eleven billion pounds of food was imported to Belgium through the blockade during that war and distributed together with the domestic food. Nearly 900 million dollars was spent. None of this food went to the Germans. Where there were occasional infractions it was replaced from German stocks under agreement.

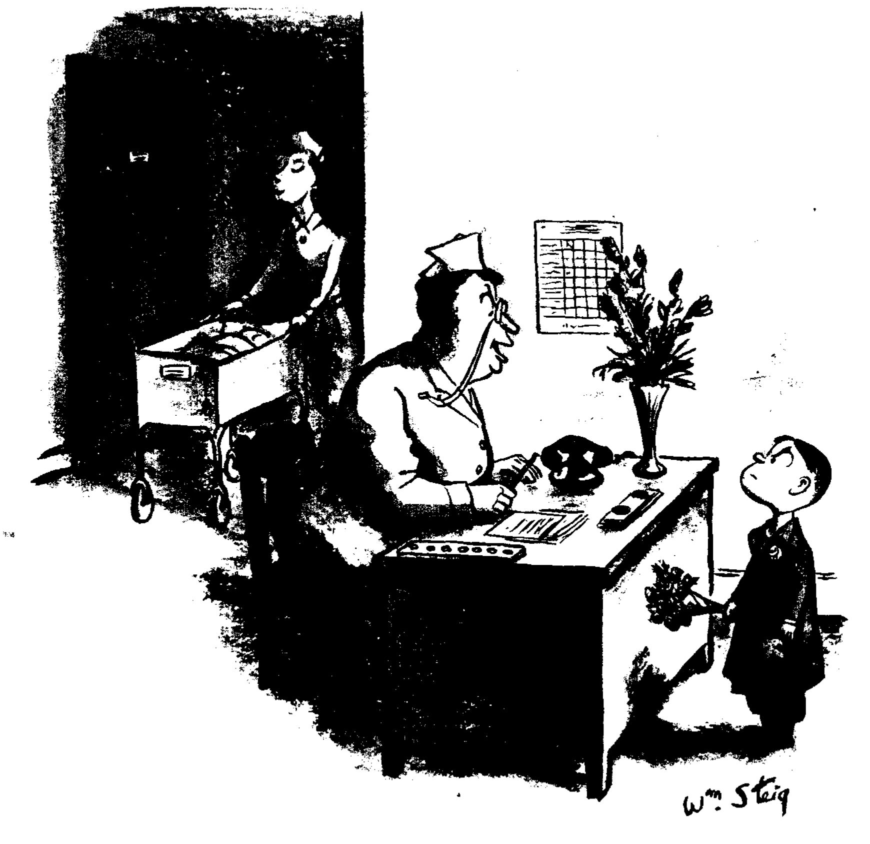
I can say this unhesitatingly, and there is the proof of it in a great series of reports and books written by many who participated, including statements of the American minister to Belgium and the British prime minister. It was attested by the detailed accounts of every pound moved, which accounts are still preserved. And to doubting Thomases I may point out that the last war was also a war where starvation was a major strategy. The British government contributed over 100 million dollars and the French government over 200 million dollars to the Belgian Relief. Their intelligence services functioned all over the occupied territory. Their representatives outside Belgium inspected every letter, every report, every item of movement. These governments would never have paid this bill month by month if they were not satisfied that the Germans got none of the food. Nor would they have paid the bill unless they were satisfied that the Germans received no military benefits from it.

When the armistice came, the people in Belgium and northern France were found to be in good condition, the people over the German border were near starvation.

Starvation as a Weapon

It is only the foolish who say that the hates and distrusts of the combatants were any less in the last war than in the present war. One major strategy of the present war is identic with that of the last World War: that is to cut off the enemy's food supply and starve her civil population until public health and morale break. The British therefore are maintaining a vigorous food blockade on all the area occupied by Germany and Italy. The Germans are trying to destroy British food supplies with submarine and air sinking of her food ships.

In the last war the Allied blockade did, after four years, reduce German food



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supplies to a point that greatly damaged morale and contributed to victory.

But in their preparations for this war the Germans and Italians have greatly increased the food production within their own boundaries. Germany within her own territory has lifted her food production by 20% in the past 15 years, thus rendering herself nearly self-sufficient. Taking the situation as now developing, there is much less prospect of starving Germany and Italy out in this war than there was in the last.

The prospects of starving out Great Britain are even much more remote. One million tons of shipping in constant operation between Great Britain and North America can carry the food they need and despite all the sinkings the British still have more than 20 times that amount of tonnage.

Altogether the part that starvation will play in the determination of the outcome of this war is much less than in the last war.

But it may mean the vast destruction of children, women and men in the little nations who also fought. The position of the small countries of Norway and Holland is worse than in the last war. They were neutrals then and imported their essential needs. Belgium is faced with identically the same disaster from which it was then rescued. Finland drew from Russia in the last war. Poland suffered dreadfully in the last war—millions of lives being lost by famine and disease.

Problems and Answers

With this background we may consider the present problem of these countries:

1. Something like 18 million people in their cities, mostly women and children, will be without food before the winter is over unless it is brought in from somewhere outside their borders.

2. With the situation in Russia and the Balkans there is little if any surplus to be had from there. The Germans and Italians are unlikely to reduce further the already reduced food supply of their own people.

3. If there are any supplies from the Balkan states, they ought, for transportation reasons, to be used for Poland. Finland is unlikely to secure much from Russia. Her hopes are also from overseas.

4. Belgium, Holland and Norway have always obtained their major imports from overseas. There appears to be no hope for them unless that door can be opened.

5. The people in these countries have appealed that these doors be opened.

6. These people fought and suffered for the cause of democracy in the world.

7. They have a right to live. The world to come needs their lives.

In response to their appeals that I raise a voice on their behalf, on August 11th last I proposed the following plan:

"If these little nations are allowed to keep their accumulated stocks of food and their present harvest the situation will not begin to be acute until some time in the fall and will become fatal in the winter and spring next year—as domestic supplies are exhausted.

"Something must intervene if these people are to be saved. There is no reason it should not be done again by a neutral nongovernmental organization as was done in the first World War. That case as applied now would require:

1. The Germans to agree:

(a) To take none of the domestic produce of these people.

(b) To furnish an equivalent of any food already taken.

(c) To permit imports from Russia and the Balkan states.

(d) To allow free passage of ships without attack.

(e) To permit adequate control of distribution by the organization so as to enable it to assure that these guarantees are carried out.

2. The British to agree that ships carrying cargoes solely of food for these people should be allowed to pass their blockade so long as the guarantees are fulfilled.

3. The defacto or fugitive governments of Finland, Holland, Belgium, Norway and Poland should finance such an organization with their resources in the United States and elsewhere—which are considerable. It would probably cost 20 million dollars a month at the start and 40 million dollars a month before the winter is over.

"This sort of method applied to the then circumstances worked for 4 years from 1914-1919 and can be applied again if there is the good will to do it."

There are people who refuse to believe that agreements and organization can be formulated that will not result in feeding the Germans. They refuse to accept any previous experience as evidence that it can be done. To them may I suggest that whatever is done in war rests not upon altruism or humanity. It rests upon self-interest of the belligerent nations. One can expect nothing more than that when their own women and children are being daily slaughtered. But it happens to be in Germany's self-interest to the extent that such relief prevents a cesspool of contagious disease with dangers of their own infection. To the British there is a measure of self-interest in the fact that it preserves the good will of millions of the nationals of these little nations.

And there is a more direct interest. If these people are not fed, their skilled workmen, to protect themselves and their families, will accept jobs in Germany to make munitions, for there they will be both paid and fed.

Those who are timid about the Germans' seizing the food under these circumstances could bear in mind one protecting circumstance. The total stock of imported food under such an operation would not exceed 140,000 tons in all these countries at any one time. About this amount is necessary in order to maintain regularity in distribution. But as Germany consumes 1,400,000 tons a month, if the Germans seized it all, it would be only a three-day supply. And if they seized it, then the operation necessarily and automatically ends. Therefore, the danger amounts at most to prolonging the food life of Germany by three days. And Germany seems to have enough food to live for years anyway.

It is assumed by many that the Germans have already taken large amounts of food from Norway, Holland, Belgium and central Poland. My own advices are that it has not been substantial, simply because no large stocks of food are carried in these countries. The domestic food largely rests on the farms until it is needed. Nations that feed themselves by imports do not carry large stocks for the reason that food is perishable and the services of daily supply are open in peacetime. Be that as it may, the proposal above is conditioned upon a return of the equivalent of any food taken.

Why America Has an Interest

It is true America is not in this war. We have no right to dictate its policies. But we are daily asked to aid in "every way short of war." Many Americans will have little enthusiasm for this support if this war is to be fought on the basis that not even an attempt is to be made for the saving of these people.

These little nations fought and sacrificed for the preservation of democratic institutions. That they are to be deserted without even a trial at their relief is not a pleasant argument. And the more do these arguments become potent when experience shows that they can be saved without prolonging the war a day or giving important military advantage to either side.

And there is even a more positive American interest. As I have said, there are some 10 or 12 million Americans who are descendants or relatives of the Finns, the Norwegians, the Dutch, the Belgians and the Poles. They have a concern for the welfare of these people that will be satisfied with no arbitrary decisions.

And in the final analysis, those whose fates we are discussing are millions of children. Yet some would think military gains or losses are to be calculated in terms of their life or death. Nor am I oblivious to the suffering children of other nations. But does that justify the abandonment of these? Should Americans decide that these millions of children and women are to be a sacrifice that must be made to protect America in this war?

We hear much of the purposes for which this war is being fought. They include the upholding of the standards of Christianity. One of the major distinctions of the Christian faith is mercy and compassion. The parable of the Samaritan has played a large part in the moral foundations of all these nations and has a live hold upon the hearts of their people and our people. And compassion is part of the woof and warp of democracy. From this ethic has sprung our vast fabric of benevolent institutions, the relief of our unemployed, our hospitals, our solicitude for the weak and the unfortunate. Today the Christian world is confronted with preserving the lives of 10 or 15 million people.

We cannot as a Christian nation dismiss our concern that some solution be found by which they may be saved. And the parable of the Samaritan has pungent implications other than the compassion of the Samaritan alone. Perhaps some will remember the condemnation, which has echoed over centuries, of the priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side. And perhaps some will remember that the Greatest Teacher of all time did not allow His immortal vision to be clouded by a debate on the previous sins or the ideology of those who "stripped him of his raiment and wounded him . . . leaving him half dead. . . . He had compassion on him."

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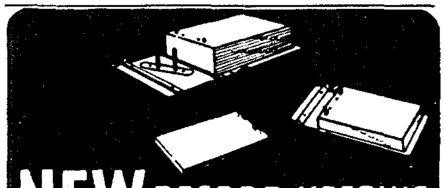

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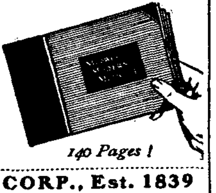

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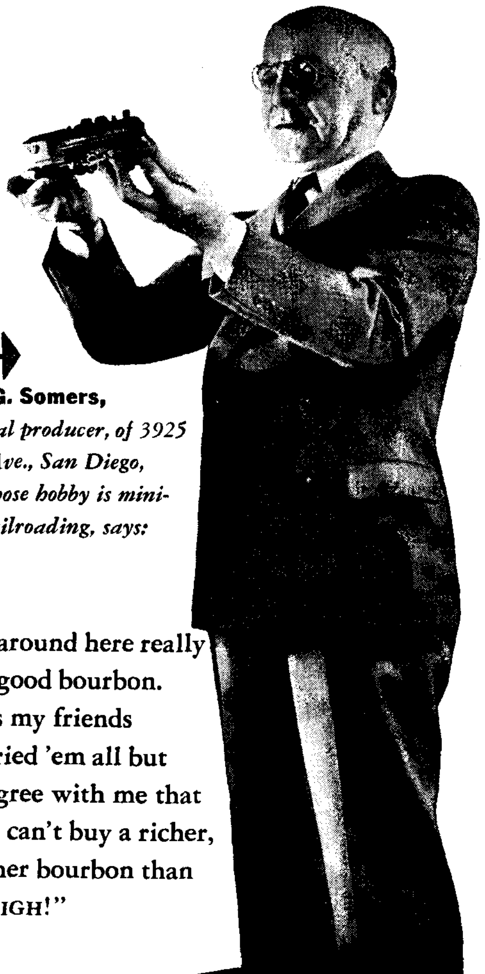

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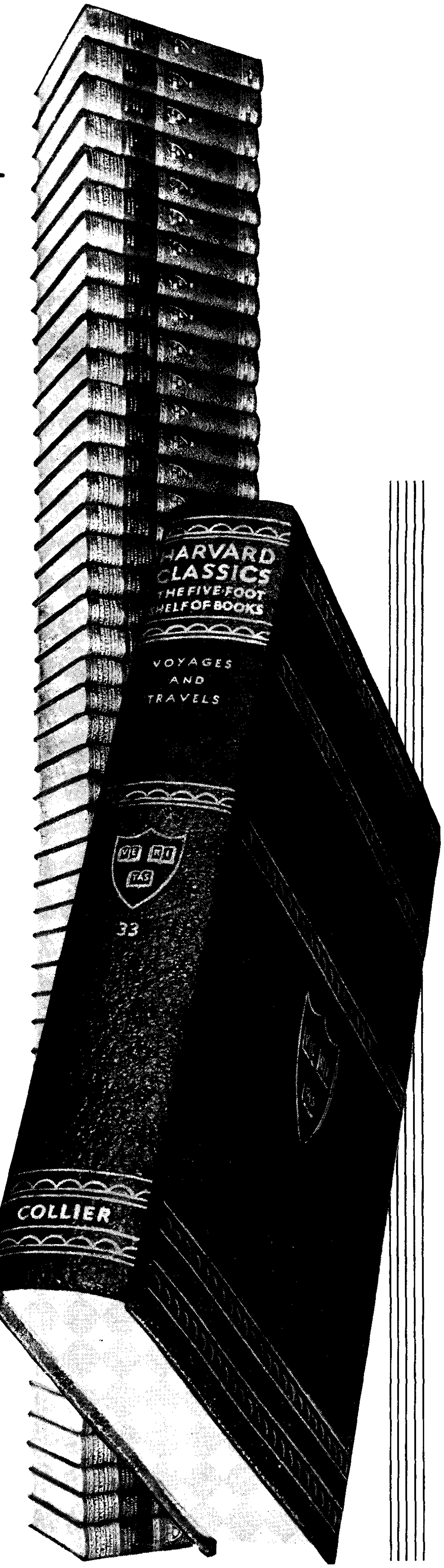

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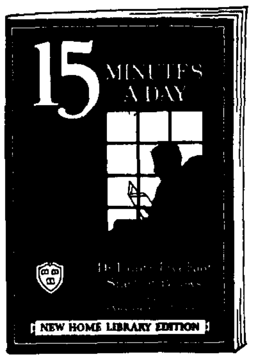


Return of the Hero

Continued from page 10

was a smart caller of plays, could field punts as well as anyone ever did and come back up the field with them; stopping and going, in a kind of stuttering run that left tacklers tumbling after thin air. And not knowing whether he was going to pass with his left or right hand was more of a hazard to an opposing team than you might realize.

Toward the end of the season he was in pretty bad shape. Publicity, adulation, perhaps his being so much with someone like Helen Marquell, made him take chances a small man ordinarily shouldn't. He was wearing a brace with a steel hinge in it on one knee, and he was always having his upper body strapped because there were things wrong with his ribs.

It's easy to blame Morgan for what happened because in his own way and like most successful football coaches—successful in the matter of winning games—he was pretty ruthless. But the fault was partly Joe Belfonte's too, if only because Joe was what most of the rest of us weren't—old enough to know better.

We were losing the next-to-last game of the season to a team that shouldn't have beaten us. Joe had limped when he ran signals with one of the teams before the game. We were losing and needing a touchdown badly in that last quarter, when Tug Morgan turned to Joe and said: "You think you can do it, kid?" and Joe said: "You bet, Tug."

There were a few newspapermen scattered around the bench and Tug knew this and I imagine Joe was aware of it, too. "A great kid, Joe," Tug said, as the little man trotted out. "All the guts in the world."

MAYBE that was the word for it; I don't know. Never having been very brave myself, I know that there are a lot of things mistaken for courage that aren't courage at all.

It was all over quick, in one play. Joe faded back to pass and seemed uncertain—maybe it was the bad knee, maybe it was because the other team was so hot because they knew they had a chance to upset us—but they were all over Joe hard, as he went down, as if they had been waiting for this and were going to get rid of Belfonte quickly, as though realizing that only by actually putting him out could they be rid of the scourge that the small man's cleverness and skill was to their strength and size.

He was unconscious when they took him out and, after we had lost the game and were in the dressing room, we heard he was at a hospital. No one seemed to know just what was the matter.

The most we could find out was that in some way his chest cavity had been depressed so that the ribs had touched the heart and apparently there were a lot of subtle complications. But as I say, as though by design, perhaps unconscious design, no one, particularly Tug Morgan and the people officially connected with football, did anything to let other people know exactly what it was.

Some of us were let in to see him just before the Christmas holidays and he looked pretty good although thinner than ever, the beard black in his pale face. He didn't even know, himself, exactly what was the matter. "Something the matter with my chest, I guess," he told us. He didn't want to talk about it.

"Pretty cushy," one of the older players said. "Lying here waited on hand and foot and that Marquell girl coming in every day I bet."

"Oh, yair," Joe said. "Sure." And smiled about as little as you can and still make it be a smile, and let it go at that. So we did, too.

When we came back from the Christmas holidays, he was gone. They had decided that he would recover better at home, we heard. He didn't come back.

IT WAS surprising how quickly he was forgotten, perhaps because he had never really been a great player or a real big shot. In the spring I recalled with surprise that it was months since I had thought of him, and then in the next two years he was spoken of only occasionally and as a great little guy, with a laugh. Helen Marquell left school in my senior year to marry the young vice-president of one of the local banks, which was very logical and obviously part of what you might call the destiny of someone like her. I was graduated and came back the next year to be what was flatteringly called an instructor in economics.

I was there the next year, too, and in the first week of school of that second year that I was an instructor I was sitting in the Gothic Cafeteria at one of the tables reserved for the faculty when, looking up, I saw Joe Belfonte standing near a door.

He was looking for someone but apparently I was the first person he saw that he knew. His face lit up as though we had known each other much better than we ever had, and he came over to the table.

"Gee," he said, "Gee. I'm glad to see you. I never see anything like it. I come back and I don't know anyone, not a soul, outside Tug and a few people in the A.A. office. How you been, huh?"

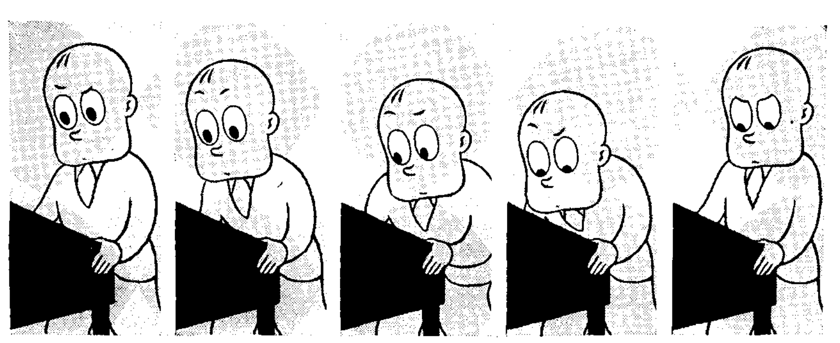
"All right," I said. "What are you doing back here? Just a visit, I suppose."

"Hah, that's good," he said. "That's good." He laughed as though it were something really funny.

"Sit down and have some lunch," I said.

"Say, that would be swell," he said. He accepted so quickly that something immediately began to disturb me.

"How about you, Pete," he said;



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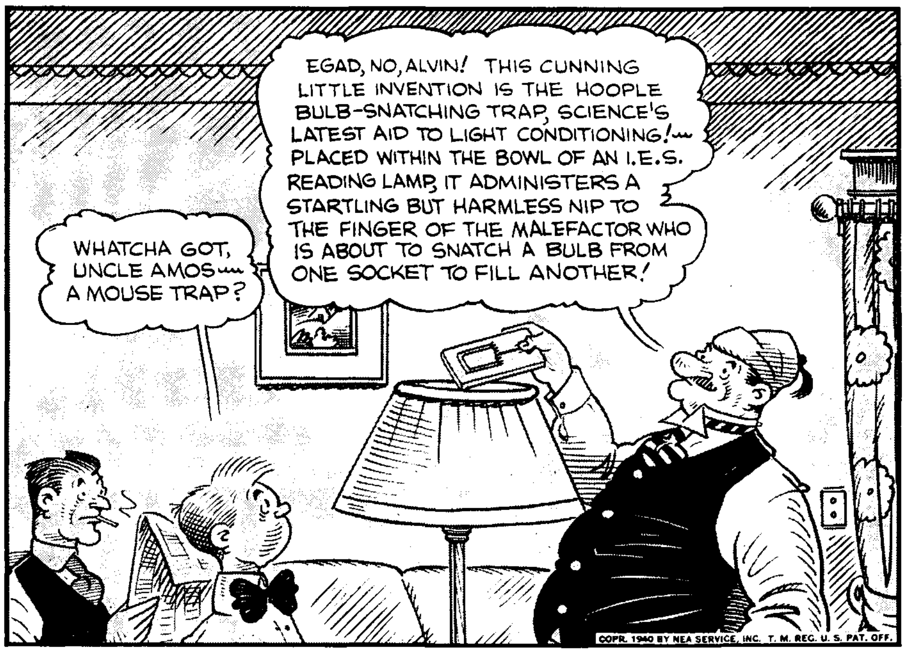
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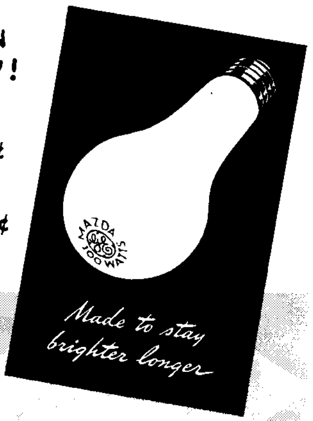

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"what you doing around, yourself? I thought you'd graduated by now."

"Oh, they've got me teaching. Economics." I felt apologetic.

He laughed again, a little too much. "Imagine," he said. "Imagine I'll probably have you in class."

"What do you mean? You coming back for your degree?"

"That's it," he said. "All I need is one year, if I keep my nose clean and don't fool around."

"That's good," I said. I was impressed. Not many people, particularly athletes, come back to take their degree if something has interfered with their taking it when they should have.

"It was this way," he said. "I was on my back for about six months after I got home that time. Then I was taking things easy for about a year after that until I got all right. . . . Then they started to give me part-time work in the local high school. I was coaching the backfield and subbing for history and general science profs. Some fun, all right. Me teaching and you teaching. So when they have an opening that means a permanent job with tenure of office and all that, they tell me I can have it but I got to have my degree. So I figure that would be easy. And I write to Tug, saying that seeing as how I played practically all the football I possibly could have while I could, couldn't it be fixed for me to finish out my degree on the scholarship I was supposed to have then.

"So his secretary writes back that Mr. Morgan is away and she's afraid they can't do much for me as they have been cracking down on too many scholarships and those only for people actually playing and so on. Imagine. And I been responsible for dozens of kids coming out here. So I figure that I had better talk to Tug personally and I come out here."

He looked away, scratching the closely cropped hair on his head, and I tried to think of something to say. "What happened?" was the best I could manage.

"I saw him yesterday. He was glad to see me and he said he'd see what he could do. Then today he says they can give me my tuition free and a room but that's all. So I said, what am I going to do about eating, I got to eat, and he says they were really cracking down on that end of it. And he says maybe he could get me a job, he'd see. But hell, he ought to understand. I can't take a job waiting table or washing dishes. There's a lot of kids out here from New England that come 'way out here instead of going to New England schools just because Joe Belfonte came here. Hell, I can't go around waiting table in front of all those kids. Why, some of them even know me. So I walk out of the office and maybe he doesn't like it. I don't care. Why, once I got home, after they paid my way home that time I was hurt, they didn't pay nothing but the doctor bills here in town."

HE'D been eating quickly as he talked. I could think of a lot of pretty banal verse that applied but not much else. "I think I'll go back," he said. "I might be able to get a job in the mills. What do you think?"

"I think you ought to try to stay here for a while. Maybe something will work out. Maybe there'll be some kind of work to be had in town."

"I'm going to have to carry eighteen or twenty hours a semester to get out in a year," he said. "There's not going to be much time for work. Hell—" He began to cough. It took him a while to finish coughing. "I get that every now and then," he apologized, "since they did that job on my chest."

"Look, stick around," I told him. "Maybe something will work out."

He looked at me. "All right," he said, "but get this straight: I'm not going to go on bumming meals off you, if that's the idea you had in mind."

I shook my head because it was the only idea I had in mind. "Don't be foolish," I said. "They're paying me twelve hundred a year and I'm trying to save enough out of that to get married."

"Gee," he said, "you're almost as bad off as me."

The autumn came on quickly, and we worked out something that helped a lot. Professional gamblers, bookmakers, have a bad habit of considering the men—or even the horses, sometimes—in their calculations, as though they were numbers, instead of things that are alive and subject to cycles of physical condition. Men coming up to or tailing off from a peak of physical condition often account for the upsets in football games and anyone who has played that game knows this. But to most bookies men are like numbers.

JOE had a little money, about thirty-five dollars, and I was getting my hundred a month and my room. We would meet in the cafeteria almost every day and talk football. We knew the New England teams and the Middle Western teams and we began making bets, small ones because we couldn't take a chance on big ones. We made seventeen bets that season and we won thirteen of them, and usually we were given the odds. If we'd had the money and the confidence we could have made a lot of money, but we had neither and the bets were hardly ever for more than five or ten dollars. But Joe could eat on about eight or ten dollars a week, so it wasn't so bad.

We used to go watch the practice and games of our team and we knew just how good it was and what kind of shape it was in from Saturday to Saturday. The week before the last game we talked over the team's chances and we thought the boys stale and wouldn't win. I went into Chicago to see some people and Joe stayed at the school that week end. He was about sixty dollars ahead for the season and he had fed himself; things didn't look so bad. "You know," I told him, "you could sink about fifty on State to beat us. You'll get about 8-5." I said this for two reasons, one was to make Joe some money, the other was to try to help rid him of his almost childish devotion to the school. He had never bet against it.

He nodded, without looking at me. "That's the smart thing all right," he said. "I'm going to take a flier on that. How about you?"

"I'll get a bet down in Chicago, all right," I said.

Saturday the team lost by two touchdowns and, while I was still young enough to regret it, I was glad for Joe's sake. At the last moment in Chicago, I couldn't bring myself to bet against the school, and so hadn't bet at all. Monday, Joe was waiting for me in the cafeteria. Usually, if he was waiting for me, it meant only one thing, that he was hungry.

"What odds did you get?" I greeted him.

He shook his head. "I laid them," he said. "I bet on the school and laid 6-5, sixty to fifty. Some dope, huh?" He ran his fingers through the short hair of his head.

I began to figure it out. If Joe had bet on State as he should have, and knew he should have, he would have had one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty dollars, enough to feed him well into the next semester.

"That's too bad," I said. He let me buy him a meal, but then I didn't see him for several days. I looked up his class record in the files and he was doing all right. I felt that somehow he would be taken care of. He was studying, behaving himself, not taking the crazy rides he did as an undergraduate, and generally acting as though he was grown up.

Although we had hardly known each other as undergraduates, we knew each other well now. When I next saw him, he didn't look particularly hungry. "What are you eating on and where?" I said.

He grinned. "If I told you, you'd be there yourself, saving money."

I SUPPOSE that some part of me was annoyed with him because of the foolish way he had bet, or maybe I was just trying to be funny to cover an awkward situation; or perhaps both. "I suppose you've been going to dinner at your old girl friend's house. Maybe she can arrange for a loan at the bank."

He looked at me, then said, quietly, "Grow up, will you."

"I'm sorry," I said. But we were never close after that. I saw less of him and he never told me how he was eating, but the story began to get around and the few who knew of it thought it was a pretty good joke.

The hall he lived in had a wing with separate entrances which was given over to older bachelor members of the faculty. The school tried to make it as homelike as possible for them and had a recreation room, a living room and even a kitchen with a well-filled icebox for any of them that might like a midnight snack. Joe had been coming down a fire escape at night, going into the kitchen through an unlocked window and raiding the icebox.

Then, one morning, just before the holidays, it was all over the school that the campus police, those sterling souls, had caught Joe climbing through that window. I went over to the dean's office during a free period and met Joe coming out. "How did it go?" I asked him.

"I'm going home," he said. He looked tired and, for the first time, not childish.

"What do you mean?"

"Just that. The dean said he thought that was the best thing. He's even giving me the carfare home."

"What about Tug?"

"He's down in Florida. I wired him but we haven't got an answer yet."

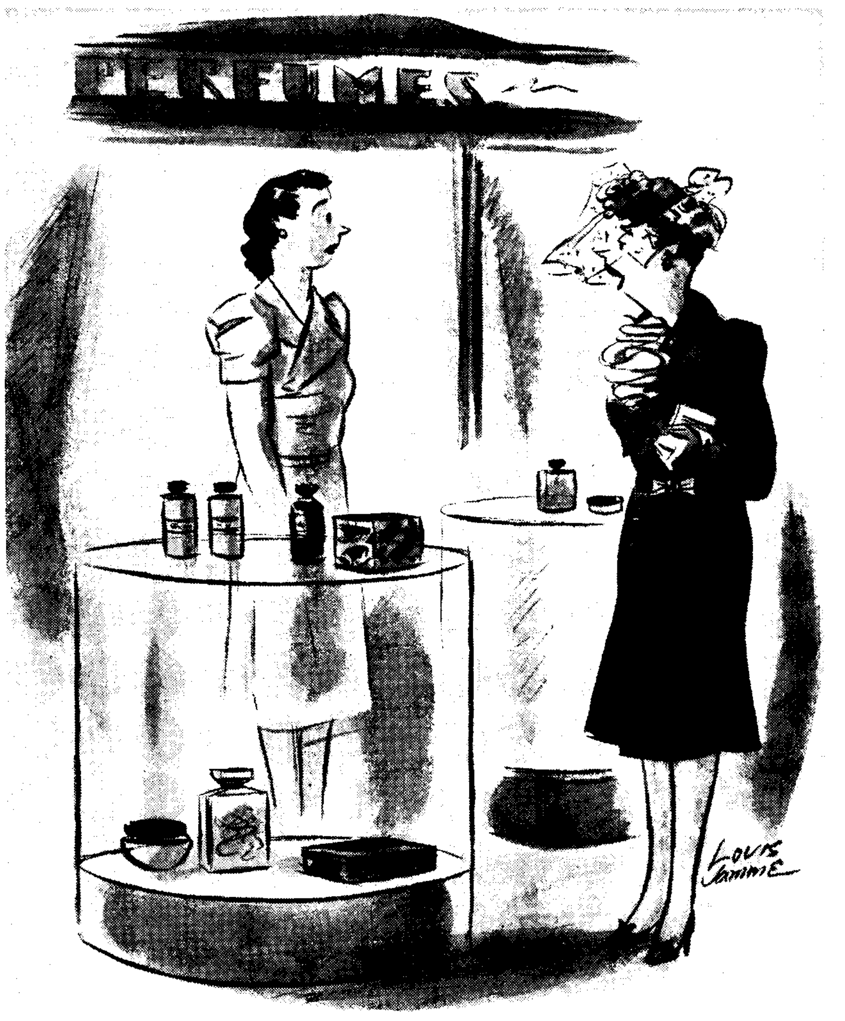
He didn't get any answer, either, and that afternoon I went to the train with him. I should tell you here that there are two papers in the city near the college, with the usual amateurs who write sports for the papers of small towns and go about making believe they're hard-boiled.

A couple of these sports were at the train to see Joe off and it was pretty obvious that they thought it was a great joke and Joe kind of a goof. But Joe was too bothered to notice that, and when one of them asked him, as Joe started to get into the train, if he had any message for the boys who would be playing football next year at the school, Joe looked out into distance over their heads—he was standing on the train steps—and said: "Tell them to stay in there and pitch for old Tug and he'll make men out of them."

The train pulled out and the two sports burst into laughter. "That little guy," one of them said to me, "punchy as a hoot owl. He just got hit too much playing football." He was still laughing when I swung and clipped him, dropping him in the snow. He was out but I didn't feel bad.

"Say, what's the idea?" the other one said. "If you're going to hit a guy why don't you say something about it?"

"All right," I said. "I'm going to hit you." But he went away and called one of the station guards, and I saw that the one lying in the snow was starting to sit up, so I turned away myself and began the long walk back to the school in the snow.



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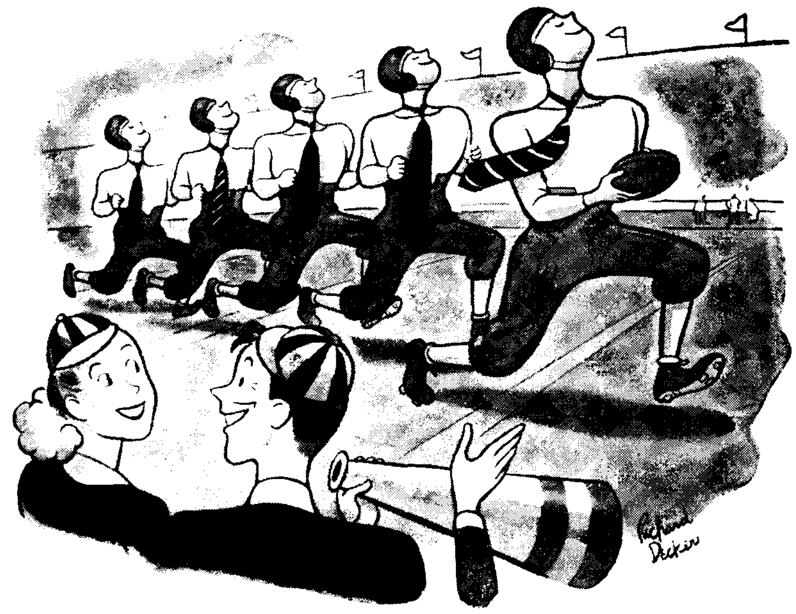

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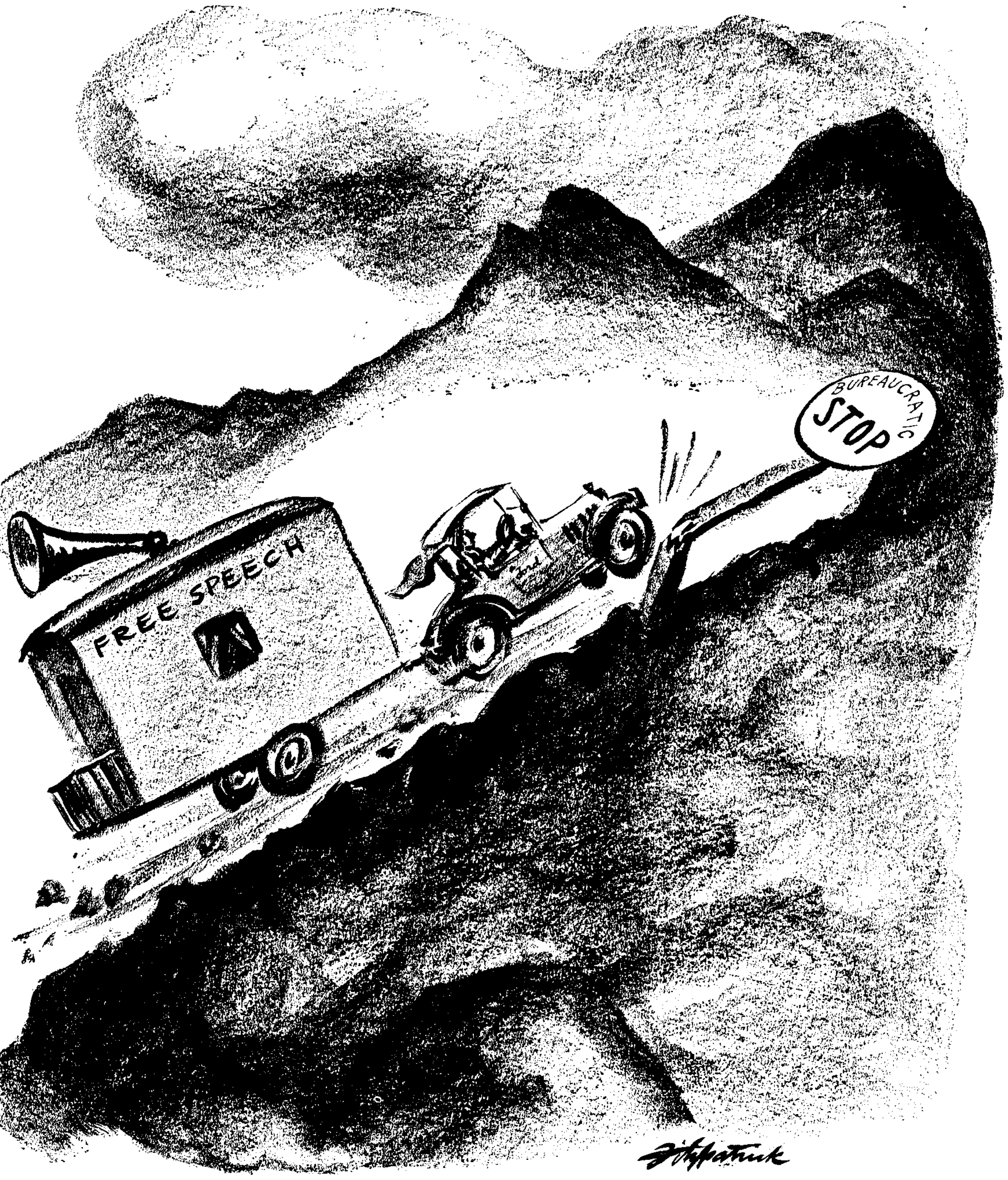


Henry Ford vs. NLRB

HENRY FORD lost out on most counts in his battle with the National Labor Relations Board before the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati, but he won on the count that seemed vital to us.

This was the point concerning an employer's right to voice his opinion of labor unions to his employees. The court ruled that the employer has such right, until and unless the First Amendment to the Constitution, guaranteeing freedom of speech, is repealed.

Thus the court overturned the National Labor Relations Board's theory that the employer violates the Wagner Act if he utters a peep about labor unions and his employees get wind of said peep. Rival unions can battle with soapboxes, pamphlets and even brass knucks to organize a plant, but the NLRB feels that for the owner to say anything about labor organization would be somehow coercing labor.

Mr. Ford, as we understand it, intends to fight this theory through the Supreme Court. He has won the first round, and we're glad of it. The Court of Appeals decision seems the commonest kind of common sense to us. Especially these remarks of the court in its opinion:

> We have previously observed: "Unless the right of free speech is enjoyed by employers as well as employees, the guaranty of the First Amendment is futile, for it is fundamental that the basic right guaranteed by the Constitution belongs equally to every person."

Should the NLRB's theory become part of the law, the next logical step would be a ruling that only a labor organization favored by the NLRB could speak its piece in any given plant.

This NLRB effort to nullify the Bill of Rights, in part, is of a piece with Attorney General Robert H. Jackson's recent odoriferous attempt to engraft on the Wagner Act a provision denying government contracts to firms said by the NLRB to have violated that Act.

We were glad to see American public opinion rise up and blast Jackson almost out of his shoes when he attempted that stab at the national defense program. We're glad to see Henry Ford stand up to the NLRB in a last-ditch fight that is a fight for freedom of speech for everybody.

Massacre for Millinery

THE National Audubon Society is off to the wars again. It seems that bird feathers of various kinds are once more in demand for ladies' hats. Also for some gentlemen's hats; a development which gives us a rolling sensation back of the third vest button when we think of it.

There is now a big market for feathers of some forty species of birds; both legal and illegal feathers. On the illegal list are feathers of such valuable American birds as the whistling swan, the osprey, the great blue heron, the bald eagle, the golden eagle. Illegal foreign feathers come from the European bluejay, steppe eagle, condor, eight kinds of pheasants, lesser bird of paradise, great bustard, Indian kinghunter, red macaw, blue macaw, crested screamer, and many others.

Feather bootleggers are perfecting the vicious "art" of painting, dyeing and otherwise disguising feathers so that even experts are hard put to it to tell where they originated.

Net result of all this: a serious threat to one of the earth's most beautiful and most useful divisions of wild life.

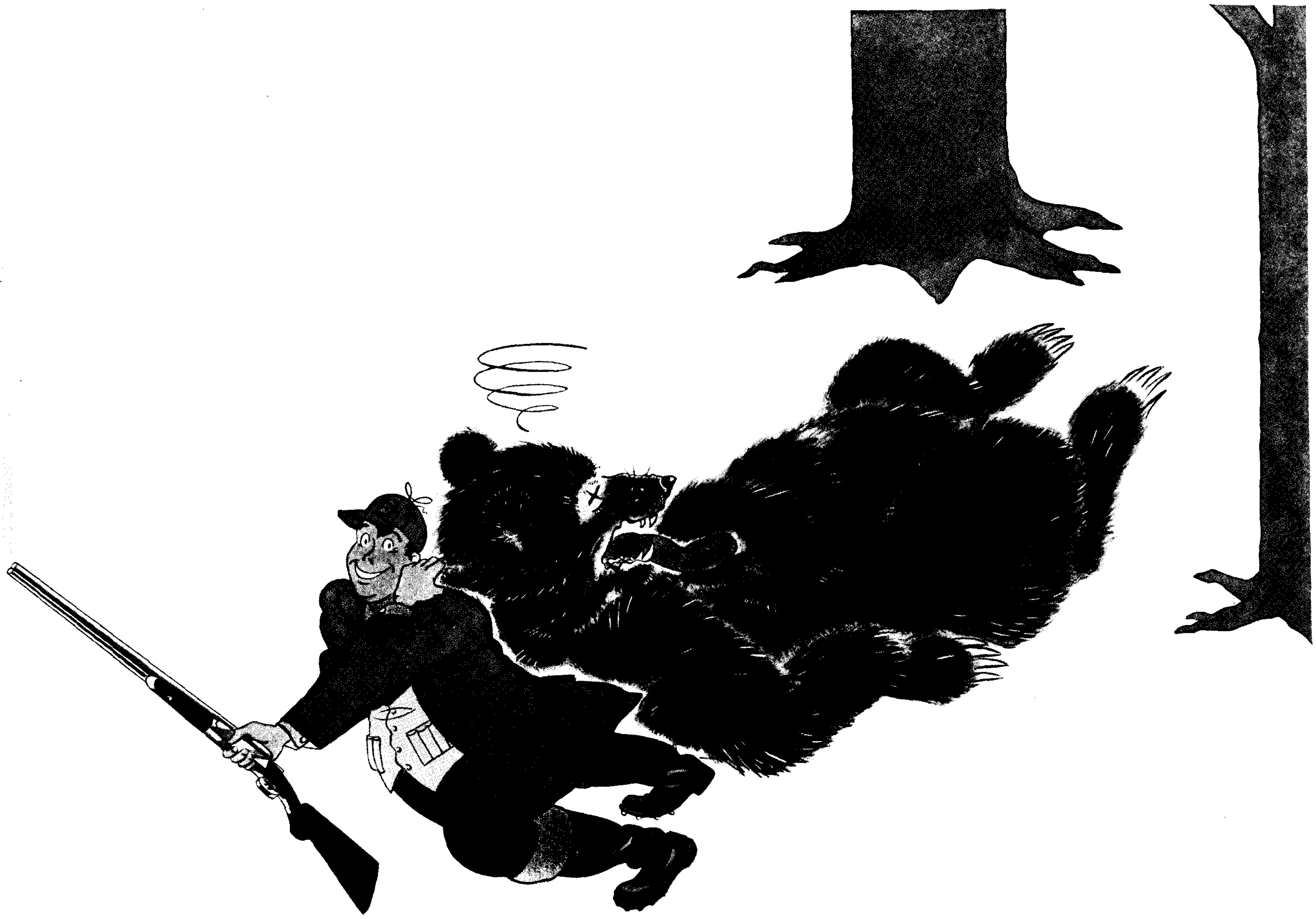
The Audubon Society says it's a crime. We concur.

The remedy? It was stated in Collier's Weekly thirty years ago, at the crest of the last wave of what the Audubon people call "massacre for millinery":

> It's up to you, ladies. Solely because women will buy hats trimmed with plumage, certain of our birds are nearing extinction; if they declined to buy such hats, there would be no market for the plumage, and consequently no butchery of the birds. The matter rests absolutely with the women.

And, we can now add, with such men as have been falling for hats with dinky feathers stuck in them.

How about hat designers going elsewhere for ornamentation? For one suggestion, why not see what various new plastics and synthetic fibers have to offer? We'd bet they have plenty. At any rate, let's call off this mass murder of our birds, which are among the best friends the human race has.



"And to think I went out after Rabbits!"

THE MAN IN THE PICTURE has nothing on us.

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Of course, Paul Jones has been famous for its *dryness* for years. But for years, this and other great qualities made it expensive. Connoisseurs turned to it, for they knew the difference *dryness* makes in whiskey drinks—as it does in champagne and sherry. But there were others who also prized *dryness*—who wanted Paul Jones but couldn't afford it.

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